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"I WENT OUT THERE LATE ONE NIGHT, AND SET IT AFIRE."—*See "Schmidt."*

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EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII. JULY, 1905. No. 1.

SCHMIDT

By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of "The Renegade," "Motormaniacs," etc.

Illustrations by Allen True

IT was in my early days that I first met Schmidt—at the time of my literary beginnings, before the sun of my prosperity had even dawned faintly over the horizon of Third Avenue. It was the long, long Arctic night of my career, and I used to descend stealthily from my rooms over the shoe-store and buy pemmican of that redoubtable German. Pemmican is my fanciful way of describing eggs, milk, cheese, and the products of the pig, which in the delicatessen-store opposite could be bought in fractional quantities for the sustenance of literature.

In those days it was an article of my belief that every human being is interesting. I have long since outlived that conviction, but I was young then, and Balzacian, and Schmidt tempted me by the defying dulness of his outer personality. He was a bulky creature, with enormous hands and a cold, calculating eye. His expertness in slicing off an exact quarter-pound of ham was truly astonishing. He could also treat butter in the same unerring manner. With a single look he could give you the weight and price of a turkey drumstick. Here, thought I, is some raw material for my mighty pen. Let me probe these depths, and disclose the human soul, the hidden joys and sorrows, the hopes, ambitions, and dreams of this man of ham and sausage.

Alas for my good intentions! The probing revealed nothing but more Schmidt, identical inside and out. He had no dreams, no unsuspected ambitions, no hidden joys or sorrows. The inner Schmidt was as much a butter-slicer and ham-shaver as the outer article. He was consistently Schmidt all the way through. Incidentally, of course, I learned certain material facts about him: that he was unmarried; that he was forty-one years old; that until recently he had been the sole support of a widowed aunt; that he lived in a cheap boarding-house nine doors down the avenue; that his business was steady and prosperous; that he had three thousand dollars laid away in the bank. He seemed to have no friends, no relaxations, no anything outside his shop. Day in, day out, he stood behind his counter; on Sundays he slept away the morning, and spent the afternoon in reading a yellow newspaper, and balancing his accounts. Such was Schmidt and his nickel-in-the-slot existence.

He received my first advances with a cow-like suspicion and reserve. He would loudly ring my money, and even bite my quarters, while the rest of his customers were spared such mortifying ordeals. That any one should take the faintest interest in him filled him with vague alarm. I could see him counting the pigs' feet, and looking for gaps in the little cheeses. He always shook the till as I went out. But I persevered, on the principle of the drop of water wearing away the stone, and in time Schmidt relented, and called me to his bosom. Nothing particularly happened after he did so, for he was as empty as a drum, and childishly self-centered in his business. He would tell me how he took nine dollars yesterday, as against seven dollars and eighty-five cents the day before, and inveigh warmly against the "truss" (trusts) that were steadily advancing

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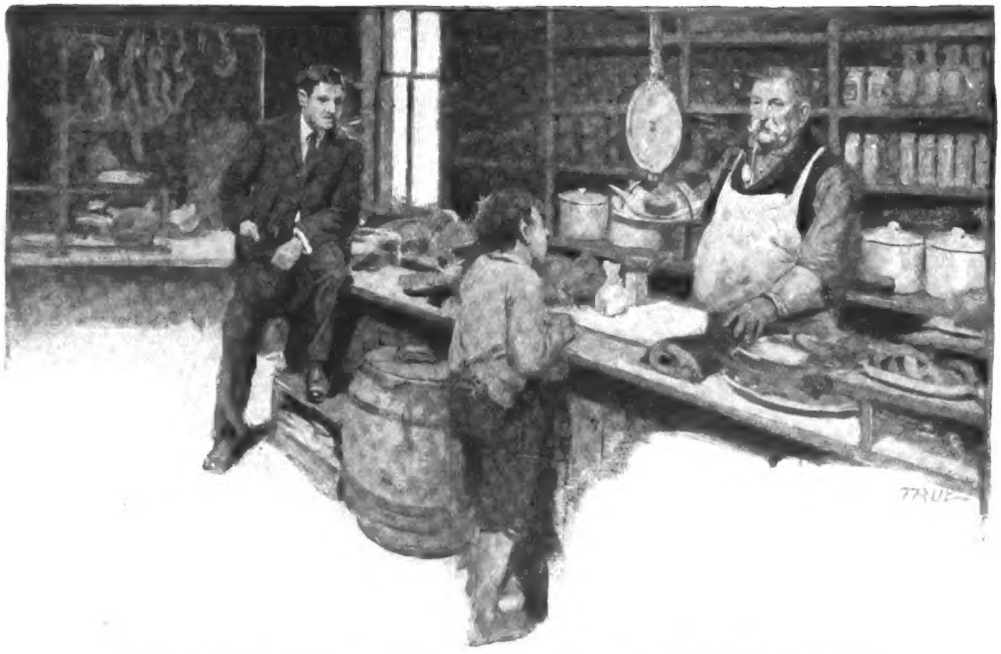

HE WAS A BULKY CREATURE, WITH ENORMOUS HANDS AND A COLD, CALCULATING EYE.

the price of pork. In fact, having won my point, my interest in Schmidt rapidly declined, and his friendship even took on some of the aspects of a burden.

Once when I was ill he came to see me in my dreary rooms; rocked in my rocking-chair; told me that he had taken eight dollars and forty-four cents; that lard was up; that chicken had declined two cents; that good eggs were scarce; and then went on, with more finesse than I should have given him credit for, to skirt the subject of a small loan. I did not want his loan, but his clumsy kindness and good-will appealed to me not a little. I tried, with a new-born enthusiasm, to draw him out; but as usual there was nothing to draw. The abstract had never touched Schmidt on any part of his stout surface. Religion to him ended with the minister's salary; love turned more on the price of flats than on affinity; the eternal verities only came home to him in a dollar-bill form.

Yet he was not mean nor miserly nor mercenary. It was more a hopeless literalness. The only part of the universe he could understand was the exchange of commodities for coin. The idea of friendship worried him by its profitlessness. It made him feel that he was drifting on wild waters. I could see his triumphant relief when he found that, through me, he could buy my books at the trade price. Here was dry land at last. Here was the dollar bill! They were mostly essays in criticism—Walter Pater, John Addington Symonds—and that kind of thing. I was too poor to present them to him myself, and begged him earnestly to refrain from buying them. He would not even take my advice to begin with one as a sample. He recklessly purchased the whole seven—less author's discount! Having committed this fatal deed, I thought it would comfort him to know the possibilities that lay in first editions. I had to save my self-respect somehow, and this seemed the likeliest way. He was immensely impressed, and put them by to appreciate in value. I warned him against cutting the pages, and thus impairing the desired result. He promised that he would do nothing so foolhardy, and I had opportunities later of seeing how faithfully he kept his word. They were all still uncut—and still appreciating.

One afternoon, as I was buying a slice of Virginia smoked ham, Schmidt indicated a retiring customer with the tip of his knife. She was a pale girl of rather ladylike appearance with candy-colored hair.

"Did you see her?" he asked.

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"Why, yes, I saw her," I answered.

"That's Ella," he said. "Ella Einfurer—parents dead—works in a photographer's as a retoucher—gets nine dollars a week."

I tried to look interested in the young lady.

"I'm going to marry Ella," he said confidentially. "Yes, that's right, and it's all settled. Sorter grew up here in the store, when we had a fight over a lost cream-bottle! Re-fined, ain't she? Real sensible-looking and pretty. Don't wear all she earns on her back, and keeps her eyes straight ahead of her!"

I proffered my congratulations.

Schmidt listened in dreamy silence.

"I don't know how it all happened," he said. "Somehow it got fixed up in no time. I paid sixty-five for the ring, and would have gone a hundred; but she said: 'No, Carl, put it in the bank!' That's the kind of girl Ella is—easy satisfied and careful."

The wedding took place not long after. At the promptings of romance Schmidt would have it in the store itself. Here was where they first met, he said; and he saw nothing grotesque in the juxtaposition of love and sausage. My natural outburst of laughter at the idea gave way to a sort of admiration. There was even a rude poetry in such a conception, a noble simplicity. Why should he be ashamed of the scene of his humble labors? The store was his home, his life, his all. For sixteen years he had stood behind that counter, waiting—waiting for Ella. He explained this to me with his eyes shining. The thought seemed to stir him inexpressibly. After all these years fate had crossed his threshold, and had asked him, with dove's eyes, for five cents' worth of milk. It had hallowed milk. It had hallowed everything. That nickel had bridged two human souls, who, through the wide, wide world, had been seeking each other out. Of course, Schmidt didn't say it like this—but that was what he meant. It was a great consolation to him that I could understand. He was artlessly astonished at my comprehension. He had been less successful, I gathered, with Mrs. Jackson, his landlady, and with his timid Ella. The female mind is always conventional.

It was nine o'clock in the evening when we assembled there—Ella, Schmidt, Mrs. Jackson, the German-Lutheran minister, and myself. A few flowers and creepers lent a festive air to the occasion. On the counter was a tray with bridal cake and sweet wine. An anxious hilarity reigned. There was a far-away smell of burned feathers, mingled with scent, and appetizing subcurrents of frankfurter. Schmidt, stiff and uncomfortable in his best clothes, was a beaming picture of good-will; and received with deprecatory smiles those broad innuendoes that have done service for fifty centuries. Ella, pale, pretty, and demure, exerted herself to keep the ball of conversation rolling. Yes, she had often heard about me from Carl. Carl was very proud of my acquaintance. Wasn't it remarkable that both her grandfather and Carl's had come from Dantzic? Had I ever seen Dantzic? No? Neither had she, but it was said to be a very fine city! Mrs. Jackson must tell her what Carl liked to eat. It would be dreadful if she gave Carl the wrong things! Suppose Carl should say: "I am tired of being married and want to go back to Mrs. Jackson's!" She told the minister that she also was a Lutheran. She went to Dr. Staffel's church in Irving Place. Wasn't Dr. Staffel a wonderful man? You could go into Dr. Staffel's church feeling as

THE OLD MINISTER AND I CONTINUED PART OF OUR WAY TOGETHER.

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good as gold, but you always came out knowing that you were a sinner.

The minister, a kind, dignified, threadbare old man, with benignant hair and shoes an inch thick, made a very good appearance in our midst, and contrasted, I thought, to advantage with the sleek and fashionable divines who tie up the higher classes of society. He put a lot of ginger in the service; and afterward, as he sank on his knees, his prayer was beautiful and affecting. I had gone there in a spirit of amiable condescension, but I put it by me with almost a twinge of shame as I listened to the old fellow, and realized his transparent goodness and sincerity. Kneeling there in the stuffy little store, with his gray head bowed, and sublimely unconscious of the cheeses, the sausages, the serried hams, he invoked, in a rich German accent, God's blessing on every one of us, name by name, and (if I may say it without disrespect) hitched all our little wagons to the stars.

Then congratulations were in order. Also sweet wine and cake. Schmidt was stunned at the ease of the whole performance.

"Like falling off a log," he said in helpless wonder. "Like falling off a log." He gazed sheepishly at Ella and reminded her of the introductory milk. "I stood there," he said, indicating the place with the particularity of a witness at a murder trial. "I stood there, and here was you, Ella!" He waited for her to confirm the extraordinary fact. "Ach, Gott, and all the time you were my wife though I knew it not!"

We left them on Mrs. Jackson's doorstep, and the old minister and I continued part of our way together. . . . A beautiful old man. . . . You felt that he knew God personally. . . . I wrote down the address of his little church on a cigarette-paper. Afterward I smoked it inadvertently. Well, no matter! The memory of him lives with me untarnished after all these years. We parted at a corner with mutual professions of friendship, and he walked out of my life on his inch-thick shoes.

Schmidt and Ella did not remain many months at Mrs. Jackson's. He bought a two-story cottage on 184th Street, and the "L," he told me, could take him out comfortably in forty minutes. An afternoon's agony in a department store had sufficed to furnish it from top to bottom. "Real elegant;" he said. "Not a thing in the house that ain't bran-new!" He indicated that he was very happy. "This getting married is a great idea," he remarked. "A man that ain't married don't know what he's missing. Ella and me often says that if it's a boy we'll see he don't wait as long as I did!" I asked him—? He smiled a portentous smile. "Bet your life!" he said.

It was a boy, sure enough. Schmidt was again helpless with astonishment. "Like falling off a log," he said, making a renewed use of his married metaphor. "But it was a great idea just the same. This having a child of your own is a great idea, now, ain't it?" He laid his huge hands on the counter and mutely approved of the universe. It weighed ten pounds. It was a bouncing baby, and you could hear it roar for blocks. "No cheap skate of a Dutchman," said Schmidt, casting a humorous aspersion on his own naturalized status, "but a native-born citizen of the United States!"

"That puts him in line for the Presidency," I said.

Schmidt's laughter was a little perfunctory. Perhaps he had been already turning over the thought in his mind. Why should not so phenomenal a child accomplish anything?

"That boy shall have the best education that money can buy," he said gravely. "I see now why I worked and worked, and put by my money so careful in the bank. Them nickels and dimes were building up my son's college course. Knowledge is power, and he shall have all he can hold."

The implication was that Schmidt Junior was going to hold an amazing quantity.

"That child's a wonder," said Schmidt. "I do not say it because I'm his father. But if I was a perfect stranger to him, I'd say it just the same; that child's a wonder!"

He was certainly a wonder in one respect. He seemed to grow faster than any baby I was ever connected with. In my own busy and engrossing life I would completely forget his diminutive existence. On my haphazard visits to the delicatessen-store I was always prepared to take up Schmidt Junior where I had left him off—but he took advantage of these intervals to shoot up in the dark, so to speak. I had no sooner realized the fact of his being a ten-pounder than he had jumped a whole year and was teething. After this was borne in on me, he took a second skip, and landed among the two-year-olds. He could say "dada" now, and would run and fetch his father's carpet-slippers on the latter's

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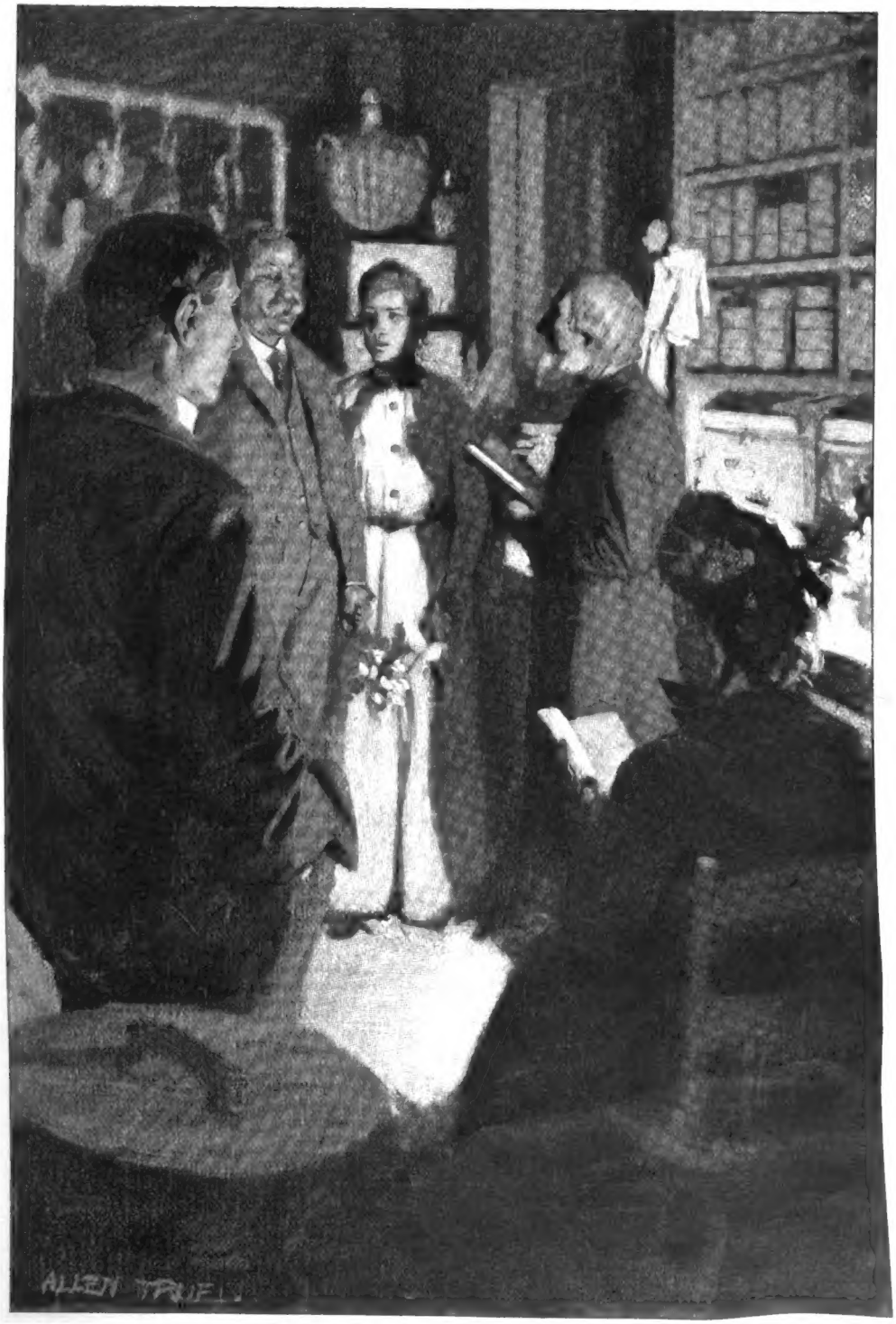

SCHMIDT WAS STUNNED AT THE EASE OF THE WHOLE PERFORMANCE. "LIKE FALLING OFF A LOG," HE SAID IN HELPLESS WONDER.

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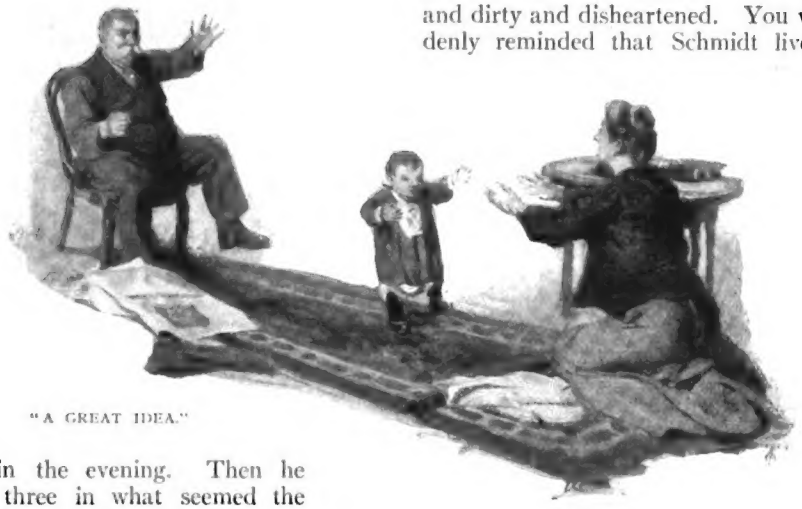

"A GREAT IDEA."

and dirty and disheartened. You were suddenly reminded that Schmidt lived somewhere hereabouts. One hundred and eighty-fourth Street? Why, that was the very road you were on. You had read it two minutes before on a blue notice. And that bald, two-story cottage in yonder isolation of eligible real estate, with its jig-saw ornamentation and its front door framed in little squares of red and yellow glass? The voice of hope within you piped up and said: "Schmidt"—and the voice of hope, for once, thank Heaven, was right.

return in the evening. Then he became three in what seemed the twinkling of an eye.

This was about the time that will probably descend to history as the Great Bicycle Era. We were all bicycle-mad. We were under the impression (since given up) that bicycling was a profitable, easy, and delightful pastime. People went through Maine on bicycles—went through the Holy Land—even crossed the continent. Sensational ladies rode gold bicycles in Central Park. The poor and lowly bought bicycles on the instalment plan. The thrifty and dishonest stole them off your front stoop. In the general bicycle convulsion behold me also keeping up with the procession, and treading that heart-destroying measure. Not that I crossed any continents or assailed any Alps. I poked about the outskirts of New York with an enjoyment now extraordinary to look back upon. Is there anything so dead as a dead fad? Can this be I, this purple-faced individual, with sunburned and scaling legs, panting out his life on the dusty hills? What tempted you to risk your being in such arduous joys? What toil and sweat you purchased with your hundred dollars! What aches down the middle of your back, what saddle-weary thighs, what stupors of fatigue! And you used to think you loved it!

This digression brings us, if you please, to 184th Street. It was late in the afternoon of a summer's day—a Sunday. I can see you dejectedly trundling your bicycle along a suburban road. The rear tire was punctured—one of those mean, invisible punctures. You needed a tub of water for that kind of puncture—and tubs of water there were none. You were miserable and tired

With what welcome I was received! Schmidt led me into an excruciating parlor and loved me. Ella appeared—pale Ella, with her candy-colored hair and shy company manners. A pale child peeked in at the door—*the* child—Schmidt Junior—in a blue dimity frock and lace collar. He was with difficulty prevailed upon to enter and hold out his little hand. I said the appropriate things. I said that he was the image of his father, though there was something in his face that reminded me strongly of his mother. I sat him on my knee and pinched his little thin leg. Schmidt beamed on us both, and said it was a great idea, now, wasn't it, this having a child of your own? He leaned over and pretended to box with his son and heir. The son and heir solemnly boxed back. Ella pressed the family photograph-album on my attention. The atmosphere of a happy home enveloped me like a blanket.

The ugliness of everything in that house was enough to make one's æsthetic gooseflesh creep—the clash of raw colors, the staring chromos, the all-pervading plush and gilt and varnish, the machine-made ornateness

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that disfigured the humblest article of domestic use, the intolerable cheap pretentiousness and gimcrack splendor that met your eyes whichever way you looked. The general spick-and-spanness even intensified one's first feelings of resentful disgust. It seemed an added insult to good taste that such enormities should be so carefully dusted and rubbed and taken care of. They were the family gods, these pitiful Penates of the department store, and you were reminded of the heathen in his blindness bowing down to wood and stone—veneered wood and imitation stone at that!

"Pretty nice little home, now, ain't it?" said Schmidt, "and mighty nicely fixed up, I call it. Ella did it all in one afternoon at Milo Miller's!"

I was becomingly impressed.

"When I think of Mrs. Jackson's," he went on, "and them dark and lonely old rooms on the Avenue, I can hardly believe this is all true, or that it's me at all who's sitting here so cozy and comfortable."

"The touch of a woman's hand—" I began.

"That's right," he said heartily. "A woman knows how to make a home. A woman knows how to put an Eye-talian scarf here, or a fancy lamp there, like no man would ever think of doing!"

As he spoke he looked so fondly at Ella coming in with a tray of sweet wine and biscuits; so tenderly at the pale child in the corner playing with his little bricks. His honest heart was full. "Say," he said, leaning forward and laying a heavy hand on mine, "you orter try it for yourself. It's a great idea, and you can take it from me straight. Yes, a great idea, this having a wife and child and a little home!"

Afterward as we walked to the station together (the bicycle meanwhile remaining in his wood-shed) he continued the artless tale of his happiness. "Never had a bit of trouble with Ella. Me and the boy—that's all she ever thinks about, and how to make us comfortable and contented! Saving, too, and economical to beat the band. Nothing stingy or that—but no waste. Another dollar for his college course, she says, as she comes out ahead on the week's housekeeping. Another dollar to help make him the great man he's going to be!"

I went back to town, feeling that, after all, you don't need good taste to be happy. You can sit in the midst of a screaming green Milo Miller suite, with curly gold legs, and cherish the domestic virtues as well as those on the highest planes of culture (and in many cases better). I could see, in imagination, my friend Schmidt arriving in the evening after his long day's work; see the pale child running forth with dada's carpet-slippers; see the pale wife kiss her man and hold his hand as they exchange their small-beer conversation. Of course, it was all as dull as ditch-water. A week of it would have made me a suicide. But Schmidt liked it; Ella liked it; the pale child liked it. They didn't know any better—or was it, perhaps, that I knew too much? I gave all three my unspoken blessing. The Schmidts and the Schmidt "ideas" are the pillars on which the Republic is founded. A sufficiency of Schmidts insures a nation's greatness; too few Schmidts spell ruin and decay.

I was called away to Europe about this time, and the few months of my original intention easily spun themselves beyond a year. I had become a prosperous man now, and there was even a mild rivalry among publishers to secure my forthcoming books. This left me very free to suit my own inclination, which was slow in suggesting a return to New York. But at last I booked my passage and came back. I reported myself at my club, looked up a few of my friends, and finally dropped in to see Schmidt.

He received me with less cordiality than I had expected. An unaccountable change had taken place in the man. Outwardly, he was still the same stout, fair, placid Schmidt of old; but his greeting was awkward; he kept looking at me in a strange way; there was an evident constraint that increased rather than diminished as we continued to talk. Suddenly, and with an abruptness almost startling, he interrupted me in the middle of a sentence, and asked me to come into the back shop. He made me sit down on the only chair, while he drew out a kerosene-case for himself.

"They are dead," he said quite simply. "The wife—the little child—both are dead."

He raised his hand to forestall the expression of my sympathy.

"Let me tell you," he said, in the colorless voice of extreme emotion. "Mein Gott, yes, let me tell you! . . . The kid he went first. He was sick a long time. The doctor was a very good man. He was named Simpson. He told me to take Ella away—far away. But Ella she wouldn't go. No,

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nothing could make her go. It was the child, you see — leaving the child—like it mattered to him any, where we was, he in his little grave. I guess losing him just broke her heart. Then she died, too. I locked up the place and came back here. But it was very hard to go on living. It was terrible. Often I would forget, and start off for the 'L' like I used to do. Sometimes I'd be half up the stairs before I'd remember. Ach Gott! and then I'd turn around and come down again.

"The real-estate man wanted me to rent the house or sell it, but I said No. It seemed awful to me to think of the house at all. It was there they had died—both of them had died. It became a kind of nightmare to me, that house It would come over me that it was still standing there, so empty, so silent, with everything just like it had been left. Have you ever had an idea take hold of you like that? I was afraid I might die, and then people would want to live there. Then I did a queer thing. Perhaps it was a crazy thing. Anyway, I did it, and I'm glad I did it. I went out there late one night. I built up the basement with wood and kindling and coal-oil. Yes, that's what I did—though it was worth eighteen hundred dollars and full of elegant furniture. Set it afire, and watched it go up in smoke. Perhaps you can understand—yes, you can understand—but everybody else said I was crazy. I dropped in to tell the insurance man I had burned it down on purpose. 'But why?' says he, and edged away from me. I had slept out all night on the bare ground, and I guess I was a sight. What's money, anyway? It was worth eighteen hundred dollars to me—it was worth eighteen thousand. It sorter finished off the whole business the right way. As I saw it flaming up in the sky, I kep' saying: 'Good-by, little Carl, good-by, Ella, good-by everything that I loved and cared for!'"

He stopped and looked up at the ceiling.

A woman had come into the store, and she began to rap with a quarter on the counter. Schmidt rose slowly, and went out to serve her. I heard him saying: "Yes, miss—fresh in to-day, miss—thirty-two cents a pound, miss."

The Deeper Note

By ARTHUR STRINGER

THE hurrying throngs drift idly past, and hear
And yet hear not the notes tuned to their ear.
Where by the curb, life's street-musicians play—
And still earth's restless thousands go their way!

Yet see, where through the summer night unknown
Beneath some window dark one sings alone.
One, gloom-enwrapt, pleads some proud heart to take
Love in at last for all his passion's sake!

The world waits with him at his window there;
The world sways with his song and his despair;
But what to him is all their phantom throng
Since one voice sleeps and answers not his song!

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The King of Gee-Whiz

By EMERSON HOUGH

Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," "The Law of the Land," etc.

Illustrations by Will Crawford

THE wagons of the Quivera cow-outfit came into Arroyo City with a requisition for all the loose .44-caliber ammunition that could be bought, begged, or commandeered under plea of urgent necessity. The owners of the two general stores burrowed through their stocks from top to bottom, and even the sheriff's office contributed a few boxes; but still the foreman growled at the insufficiency.

"There's more'n five thousand sheep in that bunch that has just crossed the Nogales," said he, "and we've got to kill 'em, every one. Do you suppose my men is goin' to take to clubs, like Digger Injuns?"

The storekeepers could only shrug their shoulders. There had always been ammunition in Arroyo City sufficient for all social purposes. No one had anticipated sheep. The Pecos Plateau had been sacred ground, and it was unsupposable that it could ever be desecrated by the trampling hoofs and scissor-noses of these woolly abominations. Grumbling, the foreman rode away with his wagons, surrounded by his group of be-Winchestered cow-punchers.

It was two days before they returned. When they did so, two of the men were not in their saddles, but at the bottom of a wagon. Beside them, bucked up and bound, lay a strange and long-haired figure, at which the foreman occasionally looked back with a gaze of mingled curiosity and respect.

It appeared that Quivera cow-honor had been maintained. The five thousand sheep had been rounded up in a box-cañon, and scrupulously killed to the last item, while two herders had been sent westward in fright such as might have warranted euchre upon their coat-tails. Beyond that, however, there had been a hitch in the proceedings. This man, now prisoner, had been presumptuous enough to make a stand against the lords of the earth! Arroyo City, confident that the Quivera foreman knew his business, asked few questions as it gathered about the wagon and gazed at the silent captive.

He was a singular-looking man, tall, lean, sinewy, with a high, thin nose and a square chin which seemed not in keeping with his calling. His left nostril was indented by a scar, which ran across his left cheek and one ear was

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notched well-nigh as deeply as that of a calf at a spring branding.

"This feller," said Doc Williams, "looks like he come from Arkansas."

"Maybe *so*," said the foreman. "Anyhow, he shot up two of my boys and killed a horse for us before we could get to him. We was out of ammunition—I *told you* we didn't have enough. After we killed the woollies and run off them two herders, we rid on up the cañon. There was him, a-settin' in the door of his ole Kentucky home, with a Winchester that'd go off—which it stands to reason couldn't of happened if he was a real sheep-herder. I can't figger him out."

"He ain't sayin' a word," said Doc Williams.

"He's happy enough without. He was livin' like a lord there in his shack—four hundred paper-back novels, a keg of whisky and a tin cup, and a lot of funny snuff that we throwed out; which was the only thing he hollered over."

Doc Williams's face assumed a certain look of professional conviction as he gazed steadily at that of the man recumbent in the wagon. The latter smiled up at him amiably. His bonds were presently loosened, and a moment later he might properly have been called the prisoner at the bar—for Arroyo City was catholic in its hospitality. The newcomer, however, was not content. He edged over toward Doc Williams and spoke some whispered words. Williams nodded, and presently departed, to return with a package which he handed to the prisoner. A peaceful smile dawned upon the face of the latter.

"I'm awfully obliged to you, old fellow," said he, "awfully obliged"; and he helped himself.

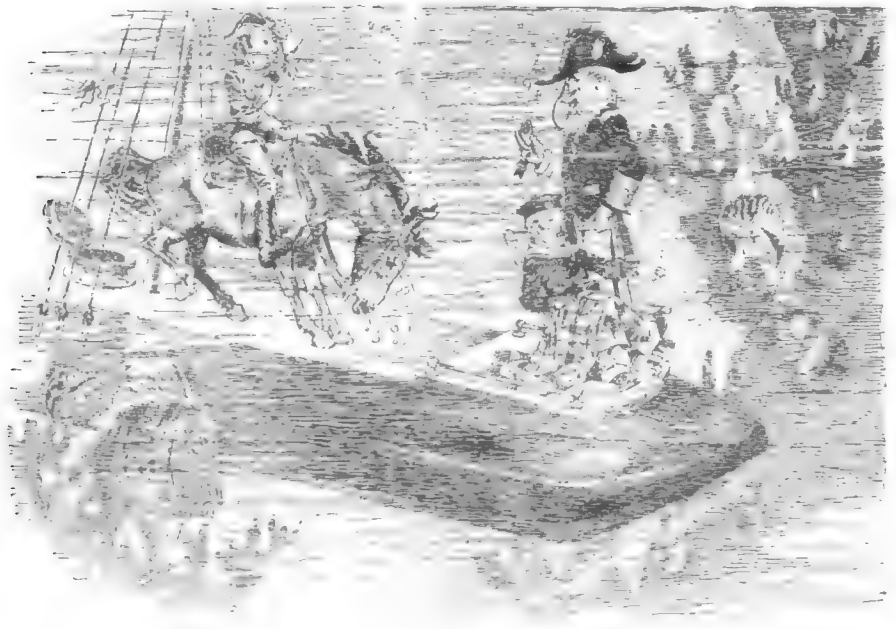
"Oh, you've got some more of his snuff," said the foreman. "*I* know. It's 'hop'! Sheep, 'hop,' and whisky! With that for a life and them for a steady diet, I don't believe our friend here'd lasted more'n about thirty years more. How're you feelin' now?" This to the captive, who by this time was leaning back against the wall in his chair, the central figure in what every one knew was to be some sort of preliminary examination.

"Much better," said the prisoner. "Thank you awfully. I was beginning to feel deucedly seedy, you know."

"I'd like to know," said the foreman, "what in —— you're doing in here, anyhow. Where'd you come from? Where've you been?"

A half-humorous smile came to the face of the captive.

"You seem not to know a Sandhurst man, gentlemen, when you see one," said he.



"'THE OFFICER OF THE DAY BEGS TO SAY THAT THE EXPLOSION WILL OCCUR IN ABOUT THREE MINUTES.'"

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"I said he was from Arkansas," remarked Doc Williams.

"No foolin', now, young feller," said the foreman, frowning. "You may have more trouble than you're lookin' for. What's your name?"

"I really forget my first name," replied the prisoner blandly but not discourteously. "Of late I have been addressed customarily as the King of Gee-Whiz."

"Well, King," said the foreman grimly, "you'd better turn loose and tell us your sad story about as brief as you know how."

"Very gladly," said the other, "very gladly. You seem a good sort, and you fought fair. I'll tell you the absolute truth.

"I came from England originally, and not from Arkansas, as my friend supposes, although I don't know where Arkansas is, I'm sure. I was long in the British Army or Navy, I can't remember which. I'm quite sure it was one or the other, possibly both."

"I wouldn't kid too much, friend," said the foreman, warningly.

"I beg pardon?"

"Drop the foolishness!"

"You misunderstand me, I'm sure," said the King of Gee-Whiz. "At that time it was quite customary, indeed very fashionable, for young gentlemen to belong both to the Army and to the Navy. Now, I remember with perfect distinctness that I shipped before the mast on Her Majesty's submarine, the Equator."

Doc Williams drew a long breath. "A submarine ain't got no mast," said he. "It crawls on the bottom of the ocean."

"Don't mind him, friend," said the foreman. "He come from the short-grass country of Kansas, an' he don't know a submarine from a muley cow. Go on, King."

"As I was saying," remarked the latter, frowning in annoyance, "I shipped before the mast on Her Majesty's submarine, the Equator, Captain Harry Oglethorpe commanding—a great friend of mine and a deucedly brave and clever fellow. I knew him well before I got so deucedly down on my luck. But what was I saying?"

"About submarines?"

"Ah, yes! I remember we left Portsmouth Harbor the 12th of August, 1357. It seemed a grueling hard thing to us, to sail just at the opening of the shooting-season, but the Wuzzies were troubling a bit; and Britons never will be slaves."

"He's getting mixed," said the foreman.

"I REMEMBER SAYING THAT IT SEEMED TOO BAD THAT WE'D NOT HAD TIME TO GET TOGETHER OUR PERSONAL KIT."

"Doc, feed him some more. What'd you expect of a country that ain't got no Fourth of July?"

The narrator frowned icily at this, but went on:

"As I was saying, we sailed for a great distance, all the time, of course, quite at the bottom of the sea, among the rocks and most extr'or'nary fishes—all that sort of thing—most extr'or'nary, I assure you. I frequently call to mind, even yet, some of those fishes—pink, blue, green, with most extr'or'nary bulging eyes.

"One day, as Sir Harry and I were sitting on deck before the mast, having a cigarette——"

"At the bottom of the sea—on deck!" gasped Doc Williams involuntarily.

"Pray don't interrupt me, or I'll never get

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on," chided the King of Gee-Whiz, politely frowning again. "We were smoking, as I said, after dinner. It was a most pleasant afternoon, and I remember distinctly looking toward the east and seeing the sun sinking in a series of most remarkable purple clouds. You will observe we were now in the tropical regions. I was remarking to Sir Harry that we were having a very good voyage over, when, as he turned to reply, an orderly rode up to us and saluted."

"Rode—rode—rode up!" murmured Doc Williams, uncertainly.

"Let him alone," said the foreman. "Didn't he say he couldn't remember whether he was in the Army or the Navy? The horse goes."

"The orderly saluted," resumed the King of Gee-Whiz, "and said he: 'I beg pardon, but the officer of the day presents his compliments, and begs to report that the ship's afire, sir, and upon the point of exploding.'

"Sir Harry looked at his watch. 'Thanks,' said he. 'Present my compliments to the officer of the day, and ask how long it will be before the explosion occurs.'

"'I beg pardon,' replied the orderly, 'but the officer of the day presents his compliments, and begs to say that the explosion will occur in about three minutes.'

"'Very well,' said Sir Harry, 'you may go. That will give us time to finish our cigarettes,' said he to me. The orderly saluted and rode away. We never saw him again.

"The officer of the day was a very accurate man, very accurate indeed. In three minutes to the dot the explosion did occur. We never knew what caused it. No doubt the Admiralty Board determined it, but we were not present at the session.

"The explosion was most violent, and no doubt the submarine was quite destroyed by it. Sir Harry and I were blown to an extr'or'nary distance from the spot. I remember saying to him as we reached the surface and started upward, that it seemed quite too bad that we'd not had time to get together our personal kit for the journey.

"It's no use my mentioning how long we traveled thus, for I'm not in the least clear about it myself. All I can say is that in course of time we descended, and that we found ourselves on solid ground, on the island of Gee-Whiz. That, you'll understand, was an uncharted and hitherto undiscovered land, lying near the 400th parallel west of London—and somewhere below Sumatra—several weeks' march from Calcutta, I should say. We'd never seen the place nor heard of it, but were jolly well pleased to find it, under the circumstances. Of the rest of the ship's company we never heard.

"You may fancy the situation! As it was, Sir Harry and I were obliged to make the best of it. We concluded to remain and to take possession of the region in the name of Her British Majesty."

"That's the most natural part of your story," said Doc Williams with conviction.

"Thank you. But I must tell you of the complications which now arose. You will see that all these people were sun-worshipers, or something of the sort, and they'd a beastly unpleasant habit, you know, of offering up a sacrifice now and again to appease the spirits, or the like. We learned they'd a valley of gold hidden away somewhere back in the island, and from this the king got all his gold, though even under these circumstances, not as much as he wanted at all times. He'd the troubles of most royal families.

"The ruler of this golden valley was some sort of princess, and she was downright niggardly with her money, as some of these heiresses are, you know. She'd promise the king to bring him an apronful of gold if he'd give her a sacrifice to offer up, but he'd no way of providing an offering. For years no one had come in the line of a sacrifice, excepting ourselves. You can imagine the situation this created. The king wanted to sacrifice us, one or both, directly. The princess, who, by the way, was a regular ripper in her way, was quite gone on Sir Harry, and he on her as well. At this point my own personal fortunes were much involved, as you may understand.

"Sir Harry explained that, while he wished to be quite the gentleman about it, and accord me every courtesy, he'd be obliged if I'd be the sacrifice, and leave him to represent Her Majesty in the new territory. We talked it over a bit, but came to no conclusion over the matter. It was at this time that one of the most remarkable portions of our experience occurred. But, I say, fellows, couldn't you do a B. & S. for a fellow who is deucedly down on his luck? I'm dry as a fish, that I am."

"If whisky and water'll do you any good," said Billy Hudgens, proprietor of the Lone Star, "I'll have to go you."

"Thank you very much," replied the prisoner, gulping eagerly. "Thank you.

"Now, as I was saying," he went on, "one morning Sir Harry and I were standing in

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front of our residence in our part of the island, talking over matters. Sir Harry was taking a bath in a wash-hand-basin——"

"What's that?" asked the foreman.

"I reckon he means a wash-pan," explained Billy Hudgens.

"At least, Sir Harry was making a deuce of a row with the soap, and he'd a wash-hand-basin quite full of bubbles. Just then the King of Gee-Whiz came by and chanced to notice the bubbles. You should have seen his expression!

"You must remember he'd never seen a bit of soap in all his life; no one who has been without it—like the king and myself—can tell what that means. He was completely infatuated with the bubbles. In short, he valued them, at once, far more than all the gold in the valley; and he wound up by telling us flat that so long as we could make bubbles for him, there would be no sacrifice. He commanded us to appear before him every day and make these bubbles—Sir Harry showed him how to do it with his pipe—every morning and afternoon.

"After he'd gone, Sir Harry and I looked at each other. 'It's death or bubbles,' said he to me. I pointed out to him that it was either death or no bath. He was much shocked. Evidently the thing could not go on, for our soap was already very near exhausted. Sir Harry was a sad dog. Said he to me: 'While there is soap there is life,' meaning to say, you see, that while there was life there was *hope*, ha, ha!"

"Leave that out," said the foreman. "Go on."

"Precisely. Things went thus for a week, and Sir Harry and I were most uneasy over the situation. It was at this time there occurred a shipwreck which saved our lives."

"Sometimes," said Billy Hudgens, *sotto voce*, "it does seem like this feller is tangled permanent in his mental works. He gits everything wrong end to."

The narrator looked at him reprovingly, but resumed:

"There went ashore on the island the private yacht of a gentleman whom we found to be Sir Isaac Morgenstern, of London. He was a retired soap-maker, of wealth and station, and was on a voyage to Samoa with his daughter, his household servants, and the like. He'd with him, as chaplain, a missionary, William Cook, a person of very fat habit of body.

"When the boat went ashore, Sir Isaac, his daughter, Miss Sophie, her maid, a Miss Eckstrom, Mr. Cook, and one or two others were saved, together with certain of their effects—an auto-car or so, a piano, a harp, some books, pictures, and a number of other items which made our life much pleasanter for the time.

"TELLING US THAT AS LONG AS WE COULD MAKE BUBBLES FOR HIM THERE WOULD BE NO SACRIFICE."

"The king, by this time, was becoming most annoying again about his sacrifices.

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Sir Harry was a sad dog. 'Sacrifice Morgenstern,' said he, 'he's used to sacrifice.' You see, in the retail business——"

"Never mind about that," said the foreman sternly. "What happened?"

"'SACRIFICE MORGENSTERN, HE'S USED TO SACRIFICE.'"

"A great many things happened. For one thing, the death of Sir Isaac."

"How come that?" asked the foreman.

By this time, it need not be said, all Arroyo City was crowded in and around the Lone Star. The late prisoner was distinctly in command of the situation, and any man who at that moment would have suggested his removal, by hanging, deportation, or other means, would himself have been an object of public execration. The foreman knew that the story must go on. It did so.

"One day, Sir Harry met Sir Isaac in the woods, and they'd a bit of talk. Without thinking much about it, Sir Harry explained that he was called on to blow soap-bubbles for the king, and that he was in great need of soap, which at that time was worth far more than gold."

"And Morgenstern a retired soap-maker!" exclaimed Doc Williams involuntarily. "Now wasn't that hard luck for *him*?"

"You may quite believe so," said the teller of the story gently. "And, the saddest part of it, he'd nearly solved our problem before he left us. Soon as Sir Harry began talking of soap, Sir Isaac was wondering how he could make soap. At once he thought of Mr. Cook, the missionary. 'Soap-making is simple,' said he, 'if one has fat and alkali. Now there is Mr. Cook——'

"'You can't have the missionary,' said Sir Harry, 'until after he has married me and the princess. Then I don't mind.'

"'Even then, we'd have no alkali,' said Sir Isaac.

"I've said Sir Harry was a sad dog. 'I don't mind giving you my copy of Corelli,' said he. And, by Jove! I believe he and Sir Isaac made it up in some way, for presently the missionary disappeared, although I rescued most of the book later on. Miss Eckstrom, Sir Isaac's cook, protested against the use of the missionary, whom she'd fancied for a barbecue.

"'He's too big,' said Sir Isaac, and though she insisted that the guests could take home what they did not eat, he insisted on his right as master; and I've every reason to believe Mr. Cook was made over into soap."

At this point every man in the Lone Star quietly arose and sought refreshment. The King of Gee-Whiz remained leaning against the wall, blinking at the sun, a set expression on his face. His auditors looked back at him, half in awe, but presently, drawn by the spell of his speech, reformed their listening circle.

"For once Sir Isaac was wrong," said the chronicler. "He oversold the market, and that was his mistake. As soon as the King of Gee-Whiz found that there was an abundance of soap, he lost his fancy for bubbles. The shock at this lost opportunity was too much; it prostrated Sir Isaac, and he presently passed away. We mourned him for a time, but presently other events occurred which deadened the loss. I say, my dear fellow, I'd thank you awfully for just a nip, you know. Thanks.

"You will understand that the King of Gee-Whiz was a deucedly good sort. He'd take a nip himself, now and again, of course.

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The only thing he had to drink was palm wine, which he got by chopping a notch in a tree, and catching the juice in a cup."

"That sounds like wood-alcohol," said Billy Hudgens, in a professional tone of voice. "It ain't safe."

"Quite right. It wasn't safe. The palm wine itself caused the king to cut a pretty caper now and then; but after his mistake he was far worse—far worse. He never got over that, never. Never in the world!"

"What happened to him?"

"A most extr'or'nary thing. I never knew anything like it in all the world.

"You see, there were two trees which grew close together near the royal palace. One of these was His Majesty's private drinking-tree. The other, as it chanced, was a rubber-tree."

The foreman at this point removed his hat and placed it on his knee, wiping, as he did so, a brow now dotted thick with moisture. No one spoke.

"You will easily understand," said the central figure of the scene, "that the King of Gee-Whiz had chopped into the rubber-tree with his little gold ax, drinking afterward a cupful of pure caoutchouc—rubber-juice, you know. It did not take him long to repent of his inadvertence. The results were what I may call most extr'or'nary indeed. I should judge the rubber-juice to have been of very high proof, indeed."

There seemed nothing precisely fitting to say to this, and the narrator went on:

"To be brief, I give you my word of honor, the king was turned into an absolutely elastic person on the spot! When he stamped his foot, he bounded into the air. 'He's a regular bounder, anyway,' said Sir Harry, who would always have his joke. 'And,' said he to me, as I remember distinctly, 'if his *conscience* gets elastic, we're gone, the same as Cook and Morgenstern.' Sir Harry was a great wit.

"Now, the more furious the king became, the more helpless he became as well. He simply bounced up and down and around and about. Reigning monarch, too—lack of dignity—all that sort of thing—must have been most annoying to him. In all my travels I have never seen such a state of affairs. I haven't, really."

"Nor me, neither," said Doc Williams, sighing.

"But what happened after that?" said the foreman.

"Everything that could happen," said the other, bitterly. "Miss Sophie and her maid, Sir Harry and the princess—the entire household suite of the King of Gee-Whiz, were mad enough to taste also of the juice of this rubber-tree. It had the same effect upon them. I say to you, my friends, that then and there the island of Gee-Whiz was inhabited by the maddest population ever known in any possession of Her British Majesty."

"They must have been a hard bunch to hold," said the foreman. "But what happened then?"

"THE KING WAS TURNED INTO AN ABSOLUTELY ELASTIC PERSON ON THE SPOT."

"I am not quite clear as to all that happened after that. I know that I was the only sane man left on the island. I reproved the others, and they resented it. There was a great battle with the natives one day, of which

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I remember but little. I seem to have been left insensible on the field. When I recovered, I saw, dancing off across the sea, the figures of all these different persons, except that of Sir Harry, who, of course, was with me in the battle. Sir Harry was still with me, quite sober at last, and quite dead. I do not know from what cause. I was left alone.

"It was thus, gentlemen, that I acquired, by right, as I think, my title of the King of Gee-Whiz, which I assumed after acting for a time as viceroy to Her British Majesty. Afterward, in some way which I do not quite call to mind at present, I appear to have been discovered. It was shortly after that I received my decoration—I beg your pardon." He flushed a dull red. "It was nothing, of course," said he. "As to saving Sir Harry, it was only what any other fellow would have done in the Army, or the Navy—I don't remember which.

"So, gentlemen, I've told you my story as a gentleman should. I've been deucedly down on my luck ever since then, as Job said, and I can't tell you, really I can't, how I happened to be here and in this business where you found me. There's many a younger son, in the Army or the Navy, who knocks about a bit and gets down on his luck. I hope you'll not lay it up against me, I do, indeed!" His head drooped forward on his chest. "I was stone broke," he whispered, "and I'd not a friend on earth."

A dozen hands motioned toward the bar, and the piteous object before them was presently revived to a certain extent. Dollars dropped into the hat which went around. That the trial was over every one knew perfectly well.

"It wasn't so bad," resumed the stranger presently, weakly passing his hand across his forehead, "it wasn't so bad down in here for a time. I didn't mind being alone—that sort of thing—for you see I was alone on the island for so long. But the trouble was that I was followed all the time—have been for more than a year now—by that cursed king—that damned bounding rubber sovereign that I thought I'd left long ago! I'd go out into the sunshine, and there he'd be, walking and bounding and jumping along beside me, any way I'd look. He'd follow me like a—look! look! there he is now! See!"

He raised a trembling finger and pointed to a spot in front of the open door. A black shadow was cast upon the floor by the strong sunlight which shone upon the figure of a leaning spectator.

"Look," cried the King of Gee-Whiz. "He's there! He's there!" His eyes started in horror. He slipped and sank to the floor, rolling over into an utter insensibility.

The foreman put on his hat and stood looking down at him. "Sand, sunshine, and sheep-herdin'," said he, "will do up any man in time. I'd 'a' made a good cow-puncher out of this feller, too, if I'd got him in time."

They turned over the King of Gee-Whiz gently, that he might rest more easily where he lay. His coat and waistcoat fell open. Underneath them, upon the left side of his chest, appeared a small, dull-colored cross of metal.

"For Valor!" said the foreman, in a puzzled way, reading the letters which it bore.

"Why, that's the V. C., man!" exclaimed Doc Williams, from out his larger experience.

"I *knowed* it!" declared the foreman, "I knowed he'd been a cow-puncher some time, and just went wrong. But 'V. C.,'" he added doubtfully, "I don't know that brand. It ain't registered for this range. But anyhow, V. C. or D. T., I reckon he's good for a job with me. This country can't afford to be too damned particular about a man's past."

Bondage

By ERNEST NEAL LYON

LOOK! How th' imprisoned lion shakes his bars –
His great eyes glow with kingly majesty;
So lofty spirits, yearning for the stars,
Would break the body's chains—again be free!

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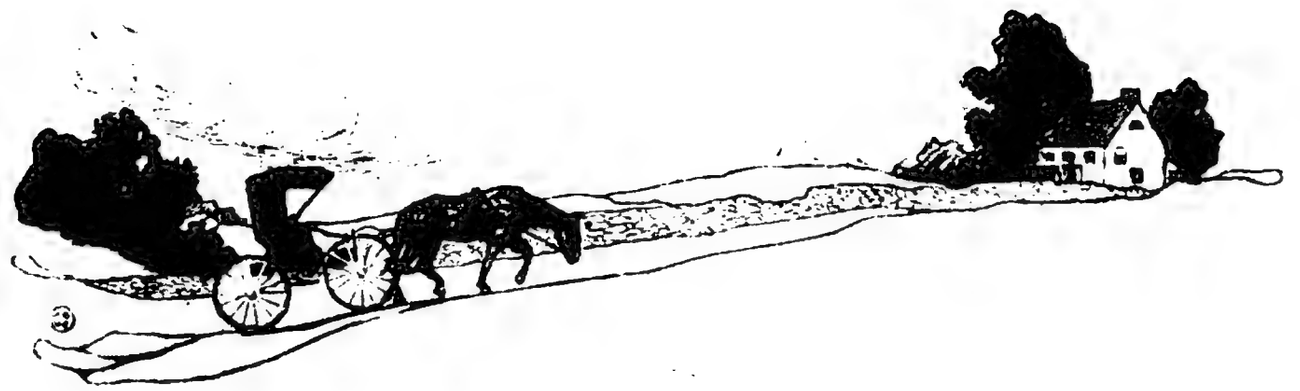

Jerusha and Giuseppe

By DOROTHY CANFIELD

Illustrations by Mary W. Bonsall

"THIS is the very road, I do believe," I said, as Billy turned his drooping and resigned head up the hill.

"What very road?" inquired Cousin Patience.

"Why, the road where those people lived I told you about—the old man and his wife who had lost so many children. Don't you remember? I spoke about them when I came back from my last visit to Aunt Elvira. It was that fall."

"Well, what about them?" inquired Patience.

"Oh, there is really nothing much to it! The daughter was a *protégée* of Aunt Elvira, and the last time I was here—the summer she died, you know—she was worrying about what would become of them when she was gone. It was just such a situation as you so often find on these New England mountains, only usually there is in the background a son who is making a living and can turn up when conditions become impossible. But there didn't seem to be any hope anywhere for these three forlornities. You see the father was quite on in years. He must have been nearly seventy then, and that was ten years ago; and his wife was sixty, at least. He was spry, though, and managed one way and another to scrape enough off their rocky little farm to support them. Aunt Elvira had helped the daughter more or less and she usually sent for her to spend part of the winter in the village.

"When I was with her Aunt Elvira would have me come up here—yes, I'm sure it was the same road—and report to her how they were getting on. The daughter had to stay at home because her mother was rather feeble. I remember it as though it were yesterday. It was a lovely day like this, and just in haying time, too; and it was a beautiful drive up this hill. Only I kept thinking the whole time how it must be in winter. They are as badly off as real prisoners, the people who live up on a hill like this in winter. Well, I called there and they did seem so pitiful. The girl had the fragile, pale, snowdrop kind of beauty you see so often in young girls up here. Blond hair and skin as white as—*too* white it was, like paper. I suppose that was from staying in the darkened house all day to help her mother. They kept the house dark as a tomb, in that irritating New England fashion, to keep out the flies. Flies up on this mountainside!

"The daughter, that slender, anemic girl of eighteen, was the only prop of the family. All the possibility of their living in the future depended on her teaching school, and that very summer she had lost her place. Since she was fifteen she had taught the little district school up there—only five or six children—but that spring the town decided to send a team for the children and bring them down to the village every day, to the graded school. So the little old schoolhouse was boarded up, and there was nothing, just nothing at all,

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"FATHER! FATHER!" SHE SCREAMED INTO MR. PENTON'S EAR.

for those people to look forward to. The girl could not hope to have a place in the village school, for the teachers there were obliged to have diplomas. They had about enough pork and cornmeal and such things to last through the winter, and then what were they to do? Aunt Elvira was so distressed about them, even in her last days. She used to say, 'There's no chance for Jerusha to marry, for there simply isn't a marriageable man among the people they know. Jerusha's as pretty as can be, if she only wasn't so white, and she's just made for a wife; but she'll dry up and blow away, like all of us New England old maids. Can't you think of something for them to do?'

"Dear Aunt Elvira. She was always worried about other people's troubles. I worried about them almost as much as Aunt Elvira did, after I'd once been to see them. The girl herself was so appealing. She didn't say much, but you could tell she was just about desperate. She was worse off, in a way, than her parents, for they were devout persons who could deaden the pain once in a while by saying over and over mechanically, 'The Lord will provide, the Lord will provide.' But Jerusha was the quiet sort of unbeliever that the last generation of these mountain-people often contains, and she had no idea whatever that the Lord *would* provide unless she did something herself. Such a child, Patience; only eighteen, to stand so helplessly trying to shield those helpless old people.

"I suppose, of course, they didn't actually starve or die of the cold. Something always comes up to prevent that. They probably sold the old farm for a song, or else abandoned it and went to the village, and Jerusha to work in the shops. She's probably dead of consumption now, and in a few minutes we'll pass the wreck of the old house where her father and grandfather lived. There will be goldenrod growing where I saw haircloth furniture and wax flowers."

Patience did not contradict my gloomy prophecies. She knew the country as well as I, and knew that I was probably quite right. "I only wish," she said, "that they would tear down the deserted houses along the roads instead of letting them fall to pieces. It makes any drive so melancholy to come across those dreary wrecks with staring, empty window-holes. The very roses and lilacs, all run wild, are sad."

We were both silent. Billy plodded up the steep hill, his head almost to his knees. From time to time as he struggled to the top of a water-bar, he stopped, drawing a long sigh, and rested. Then the silence became oppressive. The mountain slept above us in utter stillness. Not a leaf stirred. The sun came down steadily from a cloudless sky.

Patience broke the silence. "I remember hearing grandfather say that in his day all these hillsides in haying time fairly rang with the whetting of scythes and the shouts of the haymakers."

"And now there is no one but two old maids even to notice the silence."

Patience smiled a little ruefully.

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"I suppose all people past middle life look at conditions around them with a gloomy eye, but it does seem to me there is no future at all for this country we all love so much." There was another pause.

"We shall soon pass the house," I said. "I've a half a mind not to look at that side of the road. I can see that pale, flat-chested girl now." We passed a turn in the road.

"Why, Lucy," exclaimed Patience, "only look!"

I looked where she pointed. There stood the old house as I had seen it, but in much better repair. There was no one in sight, but a thin column of blue smoke arose delicately into the still air. As we came up to the house, Billy stopped resolutely. It was the first bit of level road he had seen for over a mile.

"Patience, do let us get out and ask for a drink of water, and find out who lives here."

Patience needed no urging. "Billy could be resting and eating the grass," she said as she descended from the phaeton.

We went to the side door in the L and knocked. Light, uneven footsteps came across the floor inside, and, to my amazement, Mrs. Penton herself opened the door. She did not look ten years older than when I had seen her last; younger, certainly quite different. The drawn, anxious look on her face was gone. She was almost plump—at least not so dried and withered as before.

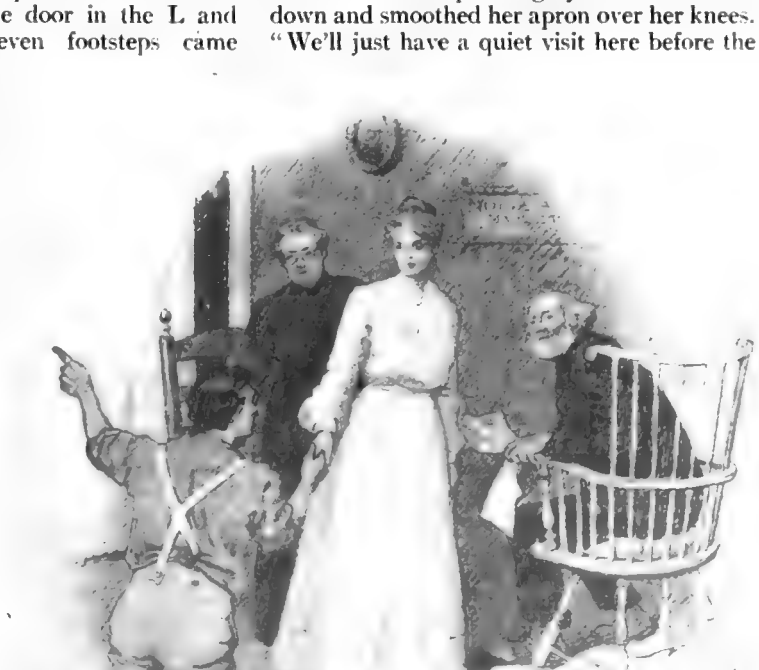
"How do you do, Mrs. Penton," said I. "I don't believe you know who I am."

She looked at me a moment, hesitating, and then her face cleared.

"Oh, it's Miss Elvira's niece! Why, Miss Lucy, how ever do you come 'way up here? Walk right in and make us a visit." She threw open the door hospitably. "I'm going to ask you right in where we all are. Jo says it's the nicest place in the house, anyhow."

She led the way out to a broad porch across the back of the house, where the view was superb. Patience exclaimed with delight, and I said, "Why, Mrs. Penton! Was there always this lovely view of the valley?"

"I guess the view was always there," she said whimsically, drawing up some chairs for us, "only we never see it. We wa'n't gre't folks for views. There was a corn-crib stood there ever sence I can remember. Jo, he moved it. Father! Father!" she screamed into Mr. Penton's ear. I saw him now for the first time. He sat in an armchair, in a sheltered corner of the porch, and had dropped asleep. Mrs. Penton's call did not wake him. "Father's so deef," she explained. "He's right in the middle of his nap. I don't believe I'll wake him up just yet. He don't talk much anyway, and he's real feeble; but his mind's as good as anybody of his age I ever see. He's past eighty-two." She sat down and smoothed her apron over her knees. "We'll just have a quiet visit here before the



"I NEVER SEE ANYBODY KNELT DOWN BEFORE EXCEPT IN PRAYER MEETIN'"

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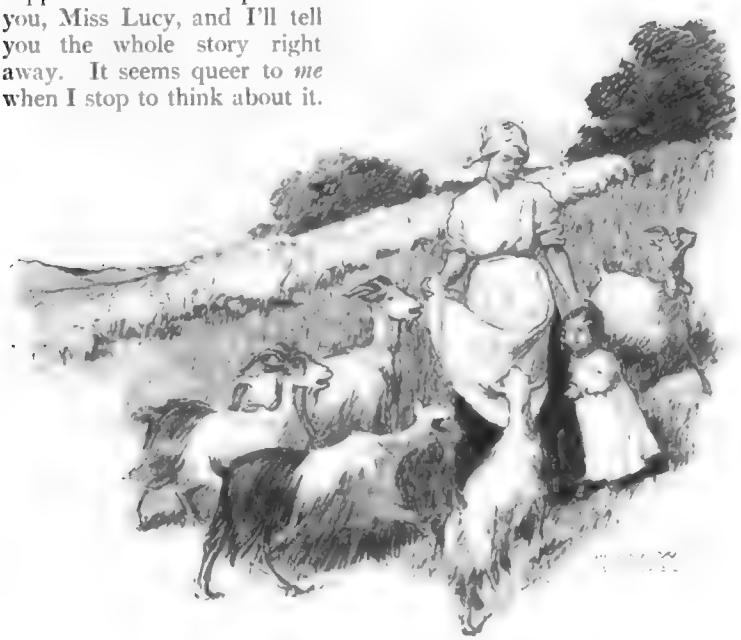
folks come up from the field. Our talking won't disturb Mr. Penton a mite, he's so deef. Now, how do you come up here, Miss Lucy, and what's the news from your folks?"

"Mrs. Penton, you don't suppose," I exclaimed, "that I'm going to speak a word till I know who Jo is, and what has become of Jerusha, and how it is you are still here."

Mrs. Penton laughed. "I suppose it does seem queer to you, Miss Lucy, and I'll tell you the whole story right away. It seems queer to *me* when I stop to think about it.



"AND SHE HELPS FEED ALL THE GOATS."

Jo? Why, he's my Jerushy's husband. She's been married ten year come November." I opened my lips in amazement.

"Now don't you ask a question," interposed Mrs. Penton hastily, "and I'll tell you everything, just how it happened. You was here in June of that year, wasn't you, and Miss Elvira died in July. Poor Jerushy! How she did feel your aunt's death! I never see her so forlorn as she was that July. You know"—she hesitated a little, with New England reticence, before speaking of money-difficulties—"you know we wa'n't very well off that summer, and Jerushy'd lost her place, and we couldn't see how we was comin' out. Jerushy, she just got peakeder and peakeder every day. There was a gang of Eyetalians to work on the railroad, and she couldn't even walk down to the village because we was afraid to have her pass by where they was to work. We thought Eyetalians was about the same as Injuns.

"Well, one evenin' we was all sittin' in the dinin'-room. Jerushy, she'd been paler 'n' stiller'n usual that day, and I remember I sat there and thought, 'O Lord, if you're ever goin' to provide you'd better do it now, for we'll never need it any worse.' We was as still as could be. We didn't talk much those days — not even me. All of a sudden the door opened and a man stepped into the dinin'-room quick, and shut the door after him. He had on a red shirt and that was the most we could see, for 'twas just before candle-lightin' time. He'd been runnin', for he was pantin' like a dog.

"Jerushy jumped up. 'What do you want?' says she, 'What do you want, walking into our house like that?' The man looked around desp'rit like, and then he run over where Jerushy was standin', and he knelt down in front of her. I never see anybody kneel down before except in prayer-meetin', and it made me feel queer. He took hold of Jerushy's hand, and begun to talk in the wildest kind of a way. But you couldn't understand a word he said. It was all in some furrin' language and he talked so fast I don't believe you could 'a understood him if he'd 'a talked English. He talked, and pointed down the road, and he begged Jerushy to do somethin', and he pretty near cried, and kept lookin' over his shoulder. Jerushy, she stood as still as a rock, and she never said a thing. Father, there, was pretty nigh as deef then as he is now, and he'd had his back turned, and hadn't seen any of this. 'S far as I'm concerned, I was that taken aback I couldn't so much as open my mouth.

"After a while Mr. Penton turned around and see what was goin' on. He stared for a

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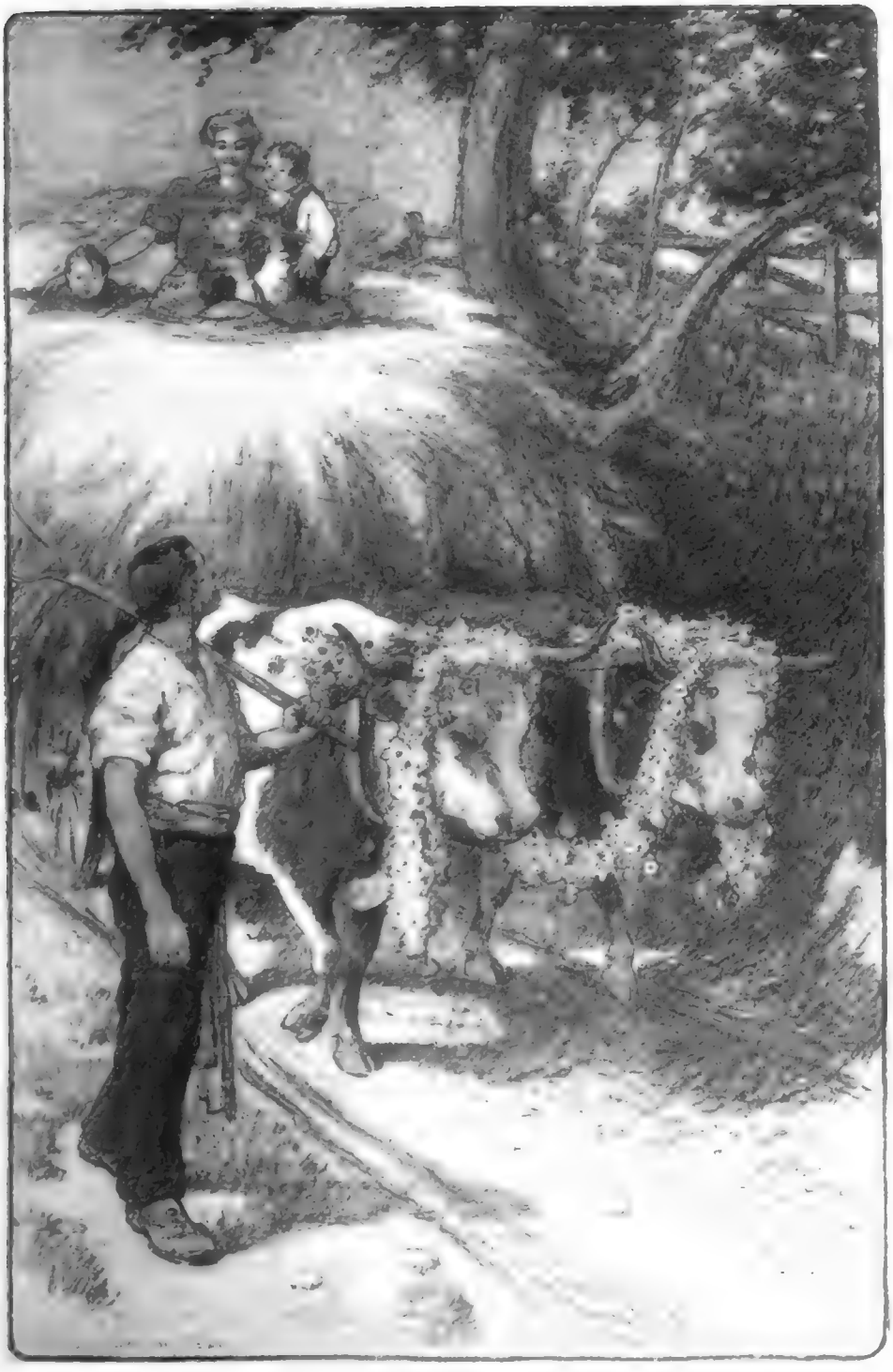

"WHERE, LAUGHING AND BLOOMING, SAT JERUSHA AND THREE BLACK-EYED LADS"

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minute, and then he jumped up like lightnin', and he said, 'Who's that man? What's he doin' to Jerushy?' and he started over toward them. Then Jerushy spoke: 'I don't know who he is, Father,' says she, 'but he's in trouble and we're a-goin' to help him,' she says. Father's jaw dropped, and he was just a-goin' to say somethin' when he pointed down the road. 'There's some men a-comin' up to the house,' says he. The strange man jumped up and looked where Mr. Penton was pointin'. Then he looked around, as wild as a scared cat. Jerusha threw open the parlor door. 'Go in there,' says she, 'and I'll see the men.' He couldn't ha' understood her, but in he went, and Jerushy went to the outside door and opened it. The men had just opened the gate. They come up to the door. They was dretful rough-lookin' men, but Jerushy she never give back an inch. 'What do you want?' says she, just as she had to the man. I heard one of 'em say, 'A workman on my gang has run away and I wanted to know if you'd seen him go by.' Jerushy, she never waited an atom. 'No,' says she, as cool as you please, 'no, we haven't seen a soul go by the house.'

ONE OF THE LITTLE BOYS WAS TICKLING NINA'S BARE FOOT.

"I just had to laugh to see how she got out of tellin' a lie. The men all began talkin' at once, and then in a minute or two they went out of the yard and on up the road. Jerushy stood by the window and watched 'em till they went by the turn of the road, and then she stepped to the parlor door and opened it. 'They are gone,' says she, and out come that strange man and begun talkin' faster'n ever, only now you could see he was thankin' Jerushy. All of a sudden he caught up her hand and kissed it and kissed it. Jerushy didn't pull it back. She stood and looked at him as if she was in a dream, and just then father lit the lamp. She and the man looked at each other, and the man dropped her hand. He was most as black as an Injun, with big black eyes. Mr. Penton took the lamp over where they were. 'Jerushy, are you crazy?' says he. 'Are you crazy, Jerushy Penton?' 'No, Father,' says she, and then turns to me. 'Where can he sleep, Mother?' says she. 'Jerushy Penton!' says I, 'you ain't a-goin' to have that strange man stay here overnight!' 'He can sleep in the barn,' says she, under her breath, and she took up the lamp. 'Come, Father, you show him where the barn is, and I'll fetch him a blanket.' She took the blanket out to the barn and come back with Mr. Penton. She didn't say anything, only good night; but she rubbed her hand where he'd kissed it and said: 'How warm!'"

Mrs. Penton paused for a moment, and then burst out with all the breath her rapid narration had left her, "Well, that's Jo!" She had been talking even more rapidly than usual and there was a faint flush of excitement on each of her old cheeks. "I can't never think of that evenin'," she said, in half apology, "without gettin' that worked up!"

"Do go on, Mrs. Penton," I urged.

Mrs. Penton reflected. "I never could begin to tell you all that happened in the next four months. I'll just tell you the main things. He stayed right on, he did, and we kept him till the gang of workmen was gone. He told us his name—Giuseppe, *he* called it—and where he come from in Italy. Now don't you go and think he is a *common* Eyetalian," she interrupted herself hastily to say; "there ain't another one as good as him, I know. He helped all he could around the farm and he was real handy. Father said he never see a better hand to work. Jerushy, she learned him English, and he learned her Eyetalian, and they could talk together long before we could understand him or he us. He said he come from just such a country as this—'way up in the mountains, and he wanted to know why we didn't keep goats. He said he was used to all such kind of work, and he only left

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home because they was so many in the family. When he got to New York this dretful man, the head of the gang, the *padrone*, got hold of him, and worked him 'most to death, an' treated him like a slave. Jo 'most died of homesickness, and finally he just got desp'rit and run away. That's all there was to his story.

"Well, he stayed, an' stayed, an' helped around, an' he was always up to somethin' new. One day he come in with a lot of little willow sticks he'd cut from alongside the brook. He dried 'em, and then evenin's he'd weave them into the nicest little baskets you ever see. He said they always did that where he come from. He learned Jerushy how to make 'em, and they'd work together in the evenin's, and Jo, he'd take 'em down to the village to the summer boarders, and you'd never believe the price he'd get for 'em. And all this time anybody could see he thought Jerushy was a regular angel. He'd look at her so out of his black eyes an' Jerushy'd get as red as a peeny. I was 'most wild about it, for it seemed to me as though I just couldn't have my darter marry a furriner and a Cath'lic, too. For he was a Cath'lic, and the priest from the valley come up 'most every week and talked to him and Jerushy. I didn't dare say a thing to Jerushy, for she didn't seem like herself. Seemed as though she was holdin' on to herself hard, and 's though 'twas all she could do.

"An' then one day in October says she, 'Mother, Jo an' I are goin' to be married.' She said it so queer and kind o' fierce that she fairly scared me and I just burst right out crying. She come over and patted my cheek. 'Don't cry, Mother,' says she, 'I'm so happy it seems as though I couldn't stand it,' and her voice trembled and the red come up in her face like flame. Jerushy, for all her mild, soft-spoken ways, was always just as sot as her father was, so there wa'n't no use sayin' a thing. I thought 'twould kill me, though, to have my darter, that'd been to meetin' all her life, git married in a Cath'lic church. Yes'm, she j'ined the Cath'lic church, an' she was married there, and the children is bein' brought up Cath'lics, and there's a picture of the Virgin Mary a-hangin' up in the front parlor! I never thought I should live to see the day, and it did seem for a while 's though I just couldn't have it so—the neighbors a-talkin' an' all. But Jo, he's a Cath'lic, and it ain't never hurt him none, and I guess it won't Jerushy an' the children. 'Tis better'n bein' the way she was before, anyhow; she was gettin' that hard an' unbelievin'."

At this point in Mrs. Penton's story there was a stir in the next room and a childish voice called out, "G'an'ma! G'an'ma!"

Mrs. Penton's face softened. "That's little Nina. I'll go and bring her in here." She disappeared for a moment and then——

"Oh!" said Patience. "What a beautiful child!"

Mrs. Penton sat down with the plump little thing on her lap. "Turn around, Nina, and speak to the ladies," she said coaxingly; but Nina was shy and hid her face in her grandmother's dress. "She ain't hardly waked up, yet," apologized Mrs. Penton, "and she's some bashful too. I'll just put her down on the floor with her blocks and if you don't pay no attention to her she'll soon get used to you. She's just Jerushy all over, at her age. She's the only one that takes after Jerushy any. The other three are all as black as Jo, specially little Beppo."

"Three!" exclaimed Patience. "Have they four children?"

"Yes'm. Three boys and little Nina. The boys are out in the field with Jo and Jerushy."

"What's Jerusha doing?" I inquired, suddenly aware of the strangeness of finding a New England housekeeper away from her kitchen.

Mrs. Penton hesitated.

"I expect you'll be some surprised," she said dubiously. "I thought it was dretful at first. Jerushy, she's helping Jo."

This conveyed no very definite idea to my mind.

"Well? What's Jo doin?"

"Hayin'," said Mrs. Penton. "Yes'm," with a sudden little whirl of defiance to tradition, "yes'm, my Jerushy's out a-workin' in the field, helpin' get in the hay, and I don't care if she be! It's all along of Jo. I can't begin to tell you how queer we live. I never hearn tell of folks livin' the way we do—but it ain't killed us yet; no, nor a healthier family don't live in this country. We don't have hardly *no* cooking done, compared to what I always uster. We don't never have cookies, nor pie, nor cake, an' as for doughnuts, I'd clean forgit how they tasted if father, here, didn't get doughnut-hungry once in a while and I make a batch for him an' me. Jerushy, she helps Jo, and Jo, he helps Jerushy, an' they ain't hardly ever apart. Jerushy don't have it as lonely as *I* uster up on this

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hill," she said a little wistfully. "I don't mean she plows or swings a scythe or anything like that. She don't never do what you'd call heavy work, but she helps load the hay, and she drives while he holds the plow, and she helps feed all the goats. We've got a *sight* of goats, you know. Jo, he was just possessed to get 'em, an' he begun with a few an' now we've got most two hundred. He sells the hair and he makes cheese out of the milk. Mean-tasting stuff 'tis, *I* think, but he sells all he can make to Eyetalians down in Boston. *They* like it, an' they pay a good price for it. They ain't many makin' it in this country, I guess. Well, Jo, he's as handy in the house as he is out and he helps Jerushy do the work here."

There was a moment's pause, then Patience asked:

"Well, is Jo perfectly contented so far from home? Has Jerusha made him into a regular New Englander?"

Mrs. Penton answered promptly: "Land sakes, no. He has made her into more of an Eyetalian. And I've often thought Jo must be lonesome all among strangers. But he's written home for two of his brothers to come an' take up the Barnes's farm that there ain't been nobody on for three years. So that'll be better. And then he and Jerushy—well," Mrs. Penton hesitated, with the New England distaste of speaking of intimate personal matters or strong feelings, "well, Jerushy she just worships Jo, an' he does more'n worship her. He looks at her as he would at—well," she said, relinquishing the unwonted attempt at metaphor and relapsing into ordinary speech, "well, they set gre't store by each other."

There was a moment's silence after this statement, Patience and I quite realizing the depths of meaning the plain words expressed. Then Patience looked at her watch and said she was afraid we must be going. Mrs. Penton regretted volubly and made us promise to come again, apologizing for talking us to death, as she put it. She went with us out where Billy was cropping the short, sweet mountain grass by the roadside. Observing the length of the shadows, she said again that she just couldn't imagine where the folks were. They ought to have been in a long time ago.

Just as we were getting into the phaeton, she said: "Sh!" and held up a warning finger. Around the turn of the road some one was singing, and then several voices joined in the chorus.

"They're comin' now," said Mrs. Penton. "Well, I'm glad you're goin' to have the chance to see Jo, after all I've talked about him."

The singing grew louder and then suddenly stopped, and a peal of childish laughter came instead. "Jo's that full of jokes with the children," said Mrs. Penton.

Billy began to move toward home. Evidently his manger was calling him, for I had some difficulty in stopping him. When I finally did so, we had gone a little distance and could see around the turn of the road. Patience exclaimed: "O Lucy, what a picture!" and I saw Jerusha and Giuseppe and their children.

Giuseppe, stalwart and dark, walked at the head of the oxen, certainly unlike any New England oxen I ever saw before. Their yoke was covered with black-eyed-Susans, and heavy chains of white daisies hung about their necks. Giuseppe did not see us. He was looking back toward the wagon heaped high with hay, where, laughing and blooming, sat Jerusha and three black-eyed little lads. The sun was setting and sent long shafts of light through the thick screen of blackberry bushes and sumac trees which lined the road. Giuseppe's sash glowed scarlet in one beam, and another lit up the yellow hay. The sight was fairly unreal, so ideally pastoral was it.

Then Jerusha caught sight of us and motioned Giuseppe to drive the oxen to one side.

"No!" I called out to her. "I don't want to go by just yet. We've been making a call on your mother."

Jerusha looked blank a moment, and then she cried out: "Oh, I know who you are! You're Miss Elvira's niece that came to see us once, long ago." She put the children on one side, slid nimbly down the side of the load, and came running toward us.

Even in the few words she had spoken I had heard a fuller, more resonant note than in the voice of the delicate girl of ten years ago; and, as she came up to the side of the phaeton, I saw that Jerusha Penton had vanished. There was no trace of her in the radiant creature who stood before us, her white skin touched with the ruddy gold of the sun and her fair hair uncovered, gleaming in the light.

"I'm so glad to see you, and to show you my husband and children. You know I loved Miss Elvira, and I've always been so sorry she couldn't know about Giuseppe."

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By this time the sleek, slow-moving oxen had brought the wagon up beside us in the road. Jerusha called to her husband to come and see some relatives of Miss Elvira. "You, too, boys!" she added, and they all came forward together. The mention of Aunt Elvira's name made us all seem like friends at once, for Giuseppe and the boys evidently knew her well by hearsay.

Giuseppe's black head was uncovered like his wife's fair one, and so he could not take off his hat; but he bowed as he came up to us and began saying eagerly, with a slight accent, though fluently and correctly, "I'm glad to see some friends of the lady who was so kind to my wife. I have so often wished I might thank her for what she did. I feel as though it is partly due to her that I am a so happy man." He drew the children about him and looked at Jerusha with a sudden flush of tenderness that Cousin Patience said later went quite through her heart. Jerusha smiled even more radiantly than before.

"I suppose mother's been telling you about the queer way she thinks we live? It *is* queer; but—" she stopped a moment and then burst out with fervor, "Oh, I *do* wish Miss Elvira could know!"

This mention of Aunt Elvira made us fall to talking of her: at least Jerusha and I did, while Patience sat and stared at the picturesque group before her. Jerusha was in a blue dress, with short sleeves showing her round arms, with the same golden glaze over the white that made her face so ruddy. The black-eyed, black-haired little boys hanging about her brought out her blondness. Giuseppe loomed like a kindly shadow in the background, with his sturdy body and dark, gentle face.

I was promising to come again and saying good-by, when a scream of delight from the house announced that little Nina had caught sight of her parents. "Babbo! Babbo!" she shouted, running down the road, her fair curls twinkling about her face. They were just turning away from us to go on, and Giuseppe ran forward to pick her up. He set her on his broad shoulder, from where she leaned to kiss Jerusha.

"I'm going to watch and wave good-by to them as they go into the house," I said, reining in the impatient Billy. But when the laughing, chattering group reached the house, one of the little boys was tickling Nina's bare foot and she was screaming and wriggling with delight. They had quite forgotten us in the fun. They stood for a moment by the door, the blue smoke from the chimney going straight up above them into the gold of the setting sun. It was very quiet and we could hear their gay voices and laughter resound clearly. Then Giuseppe put his arm around Jerusha's waist and they all went into the house.

Cousin Patience and I went down the hill in silence. Indeed, it seemed oppressively still after all the gay tumult of children's voices. We were both a little tired, I think, and neither of us spoke at all. But once or twice I thought I heard Patience sigh.

NO MORE ROOM.

MARY: "Oh, dear! I wisht I had a 'lastic stummick."

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Frenzied Finance

The Story of AMALGAMATED

By THOMAS W. LAWSON, of Boston

PART II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Treachery and greed are the key-notes of this instalment. In his most graphic vein the author describes the immediate consequences of the Crime of Amalgamated, the brutal repudiation of pledges, the uneasiness of Wall Street, and the determination of Rogers and Rockefeller to turn their allotments into money after organizing a pool of insiders to hold up the market price of the stock. The attempt of Rogers to deprive Mr. Lawson of millions—his share of the flotation profits—and its frustration, together with the subsequent reconciliation of the belligerents, are among the most dramatic episodes in the story. Some new personalities come on the stage; and it is made plain how "Standard Oil" takes care of its political friends. In "Lawson and His Critics" new phases of the insurance problem are discussed.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE AFTERMATH

IT was just past the midnight of May 4th. The last newspaper man had taken his departure, my friends had all retired and I was alone for the first moment since the news had come from the City Bank. I had not then stopped to analyze its character, for there had been only time to announce it. Now, however, I sat down at my desk and with a pencil and a piece of paper began to cipher out what the "412 millions" meant. As I figured, cold sweat began to gather on my forehead, and the further I figured the colder the sweat, until at last in an agony of perplexity I again called up Mr. Rogers. My agitation must have betrayed itself in my voice, though I tried to assume a tone of calm inquiry.

"Mr. Rogers," I said, "I've been vainly trying to figure out the meaning of the subscription figures you gave me and I cannot make head or tail of them. You said '400 to 425 millions'; of course that means you have put in our dummy subscription, but what was the real subscription? It is absolutely essential that I know to-night, for in the morning I shall be besieged for information and my ignorance may get all hands into trouble."

"Lawson," he replied, "you must not talk such things over the wire—you don't know who is listening. You must not."

"I can't help it," I replied earnestly. "I positively must have the real figures, for even you and Mr. Stillman may have made a slip-up and I want to work the thing out so I may have it clear in my head for the morning. It is essential."

He saw it was useless to try to escape my insistence and he snapped out:

"All I can say now is, it is between 125 and 150 millions real, solid subscriptions, backed with actual money. We haven't got it figured out within some millions, and won't before to-morrow, when we will put in our subscription for the right amount, but we know it is surely between these two figures, and that each subscriber will have about one share in five, so we shall have a good, strong twenty-five per cent. margin. That is all I will or can say to-night."

I heard the sharp click as he hung up the receiver.

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I went back to my pencil and pad and began again the interminable figuring. My head throbbed and my senses reeled, and in those still, dark hours of the early morning I covered sheet after sheet with figures, all of which had for a basis 125 to 150 millions, 400 to 425 millions, one in five, and twenty-five per cent. margin, and these I turned and twisted in a vain, vain effort to bring out something with fifteen millions for an answer.

"No, it will not come," I said to myself at last, as does the man who after working hour upon hour in a frantic attempt to bring back life in the body of the friend he has inadvertently slain, at last realizes his efforts to be vain. "They have really taken twenty-five or thirty millions of the people's money, and I have been completely undone."

Numb and dull, like the unintentional murderer, I leaned back in my chair with half-closed eyes, while night, the master phantom maker, played upon my harried nerves and seared mind. Stealthily out of midnight's caldron the ghosts and goblins crept. I saw the specters of all my dearest dreams trail slouching by, prodded and cuffed by sneering bullies; I saw a great company of scowling men, wailing women, and little children with drawn, pinched faces, and all seemed to point to me as they plodded past, muttering, "But for you!" Then I heard the clanking of chains, hoarse curses and the sharp whipsnap, and there filed by lines upon lines of men in striped suits, with cropped heads and faces branded by despair. Faintly a dreadful mutter of groans and sobs echoed, "But for you!" The clanking ceased, and there came the slow shuffling of many feet, and a procession of men bearing stretchers on which lay shrouded figures advanced into view. Like a passing bell upon my ears smote the reproach, "Suicides because of you!" Now out of the caldron sprang a mob of goblin dollar-signs compounded of blood-red snakes and copper bars, that danced a mad saraband around my chair to a weird chorus of, "But for you." Transfixed and aghast I stared at the train of awful forms that seemed to sweep through my soul, till at last, with a mighty effort, I threw off the spell, banished the phantasms of my frightened brain, and shook myself together with a: "You have work ahead and dreaming will not do it for you."

Back into my mind trooped the hard, cold realities of the situation. There could be no doubt that the announcements in the morning papers would surprise those who had been led to expect an allotment of one share in twenty or thirty and had subscribed accordingly, and likewise those who had expected to get all, or at least one out of two. There might be murmurs of foul play and a general suspicion that trickery had been practised. However I looked at the situation, I saw that upon me the chief blame must fall, and it behooved me to think soundly and quickly what had best be done to protect from the impending massacre those whom I had lured into the ambush. The smoke-wreaths were all out of my brain now, and as the known factors began to group themselves symmetrically before my mind I steeled myself to face certain all-too-evident facts: Rogers and Stillman had plainly hoisted the black flag; they had broken all their promises to me and assuredly had no intention of carrying out the pledges to the public I had made on their behalf; they would handle this affair as they had others I knew about—to extract the greatest number of dollars from it—and accordingly I and my friends would probably be sent through the crusher with the rest. All this being true, I could do little by denunciation or exposure, for these men, caring nothing for the sufferings of others, would not fear the consequences of their own acts, and my only hope was to meet them on their own ground and outplay them at their own game. Then and there I determined on my course— to compel them to undo the wrongs they had done and, if so great an achievement were possible, put the people in position to do to them what they had done to the people. A desperate resolution at that juncture, perhaps, but, as results have shown, by no means out of the power of man's accomplishment.

This is what I reasoned out before I retired to bed: If the actual subscription were 125 to 150 millions, then six to eight millions of real cash had been paid into the National City Bank. On an allotment of one share in five, these six to eight millions represented a margin of about twenty-five per cent.—big enough to cover any ordinary drop in the price of the stock, and also to compel those to whom shares had been assigned to make good the balance. But to meet this allotment, a very large bogus subscription had been necessary, and therein I saw the weakness of Rogers and Rockefeller and the weapon that the special Providence which watches over the fall of a sparrow had entrusted to my hands.

Mr. Rogers's uncertainty as to the totals of the subscription made it evident that the

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bogus subscription was not in the bank even yet, and as it must be for a definite amount and backed up by a five-per-cent. check, it could not be put in until James Stillman's clerks had computed to the last cent the public's applications, and that would not be possible on the next day or even the day following. This bogus subscription was already outlawed—its insertion even then would have been criminal; how much worse the criminality if days were allowed to elapse between the legally fixed last moment for bids and the actual time at which this outlawed subscription was admitted. And as the transaction involved the making of a large check and other formalities, it was clear it was not one that could be easily concealed. It must be a part of the bank's records. If I but dealt aright the cards Dame Fate had put into my hands, I might yet redeem myself and save the public I had led into the trap. But as clear as the new moon against a November sky stood forth the condition that if I attempted to cut into a "Standard Oil" game, I must play cards their way—dispassionately, scientifically, with no sentiment or consideration for adversary or partner. With this conviction I went to bed.

It was quite early on the following morning that I met Mr. Rogers, and without giving him time to begin the conversation, for I was determined he should have no provocation for the break with me that I guessed he had on his program, I began:

"I have been figuring this thing out, Mr. Rogers, and I think I see things as they are, and although I might not have handled it as you and Stillman did, it is done, and the only thing to do now is to make some arrangements to keep the subscribers feeling good until the stock gets to a round premium. Of course it would not do to have any slump below par until after the receipts are issued, and they have paid up their whole amount."

Mr. Rogers looked me over, very suspiciously at first, then brightened up, and it did not require an extra eye to see he was agreeably surprised at my cheerful attitude. Doubtless he explained to himself the change on the ground that "He at last sees the dollars he is to have."

"What suggestion have you, Lawson, as to what should be done this morning?"

"Only that all hands look happy, talk big and do all possible to keep a good premium on the stock to be delivered when issued. By the way, have you and Stillman changed the plans about putting all the cash received behind the stock?"

This I asked in as cooing a tone as possible, and tried to make my voice convey the suggestion, "Because you may have had good reason to, and if you have I will not kick over the traces." It took every ounce of will-power in my armament to keep from grating my teeth as I said it.

Again his eyes bored piercingly into mine and I felt as though all the man's mental faculties were ranged to assail me, but I guess I ran the gantlet.

"Yes," he said slowly, "we have changed it some. The fact is, Lawson, I have agreed to leave that part wholly to Flower and Stillman, while I run out of town for a few days." I had steeled myself to play the game and said not a word, but it was a mighty effort. "And," he went on, "if I were you, Lawson, I should just dig out too for a while."

"What a heartless rascal!" was on my lips, but I gripped myself hard and pushed it back—clear way back, and made never a protest by word or look.

"I am afraid that won't be best," I said in an every-day, pondering tone. "There are lots of sharp chaps on 'the Street' who will insist on asking questions, questions Flower can not possibly answer, and in a jiff they might start in to offer the subscriptions down, and before one could whistle a bar from 'Wait Till the Clouds Roll By' the air might be full of falling stars."

This seemed to strike home.

"Well, what have you to offer?" he asked.

"Some one should be ready in the market to take any amount of stock—" I pursued.

He interrupted in his old aggressive way before the sentence was half out of my mouth.

"Cut that line out, Lawson; I told you Flower has that end of the affair entirely in his hands."

This was the crucial moment, for it was at this point that my resolution to keep quiet and play the game almost went by the board. For a second I boiled, but there flashed before my mind's mirror the dreadful procession of the night before and I held tight and, oh, so deferentially and politely, like a chastened schoolboy, went on:

"Oh, that will be all right. I was not going to suggest that you let me interfere with Flower's plans, for I can see, Mr. Rogers, that you and the others have decided on doing things your own way, and you can rest easy I will not interfere."

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"That's something like, Lawson," he said, with a heartiness I could see was from the lower deck. "That's the way to look at a big thing of this kind, and if we all just pull together for a while we shall have your old plans going like oil again."

Mr. Rogers was plainly pleased at my complaisance and the prospect of using me to gather in another harvest of dollars later. Inwardly I swore softly but, without a trace of feeling, pursued:

"Is it fair, Mr. Rogers, to ask what arrangements Stillman has made for loaning money to those who may want to borrow on their subscriptions? You know we gave out before the subscription was opened that the City Bank would loan on the stock?"

"That is one of the things I was going to tell you, Lawson. Flower is going to let it be known that any one and every one who cares to, can borrow the remaining seventy-five per cent. at the City at going rates, so there will be no excuse for any one selling."

The game was as plain as a haystack. It was the old trap, the old ambush; within were the victims led in by the cupidity which I had played upon; the bars were up now and "Standard Oil" was ready to begin its familiar trick of going through their clothes. At least that is what it amounted to. I remember reading a story of an old Spanish freebooter who from an impregnable castle in the mountains ravaged a fair, rich valley below him. The inhabitants at last learned all his tricks and refused to be robbed any longer. So he pretended to have turned virtuous and sent out his chaplain, a sincere and holy man, to go among the peasantry, tell them of his penitence for past misdeeds, and invite all who had ever lost anything to come up to the castle and have their possessions restored to them. In great numbers they gathered, and as soon as the freebooter had them inside his courtyard, the portcullis was dropped and every man Jack imprisoned and held for ransom. It was the finest haul the old rascal had ever made, and he owed it to the eloquence of the good priest who had imagined that his master's protestations of repentance and benignity came from the heart.

In the instance of Amalgamated, the victims themselves were, of course, subject to no duress, but their savings were just as surely in the trap. Already "Standard Oil" had laid its hands on the amount each subscriber had paid in, which represented twenty-five per cent. of the total value of the shares allotted. The National City Bank would generously loan the balance. A little later an accomplice would cause a flurry in the market. The loans would be called and, automatically, the stock, together with the money that had been paid for it, would fall into the greedy maws of Rockefeller and Rogers. No fluttering fly was ever so surely enmeshed and at the mercy of weaving spider as the unfortunates whom I had so beguiled to the "Standard Oil" web. Remembering my rôle, I derived a certain consolation from the knowledge that the cleverest of thieves stumbles sooner or later and my conviction that as surely as murder must out, this crime would yet afford the means of punishing its perpetrators.

It was with the most valiant assumption of indifference that I continued:

"That being the case, it can not possibly interfere with Flower's set-out for me to spread the news, too, that any one who wants to borrow the balance of his subscription can get it from Stillman's Bank?"

"You can do better than that, Lawson," said Mr. Rogers with an air of real cordiality. "You can let it be known to the brokers and the Wall Street men that any good house can borrow all it wants on Amalgamated to the extent of ninety cents on the dollar. Of course, this won't be for irresponsible outsiders, for the stock might break below ninety, but give the word that any responsible broker can always borrow as high as ninety dollars a share for those who want the stock on margin."

"That will help things," I answered. "Now, Mr. Rogers, let me tell you what I have decided to do on my own hook. Don't misunderstand me; it has nothing to do with you or the rest, and, of course, none of you will object to my doing all I care to on my own account. As you said yesterday, one stage of our job is done, and we have thirty-six millions' profit. This means either cash or its equivalent, stock, which at par or over is as good as cash, at least as good as ninety, which I can have my brokers borrow at the City. I calculate that my share is nine millions less whatever you have given away in the handling of the enterprise."

I paused as I saw a black cloud gathering on his face at my mention of nine millions of dollars, but before he could object I went on:

"I understand, of course, that the expense and the shares you have had to give to others represent a huge total. At the same time

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there have been huge profits on the side. No necessity to enter upon what is coming to me just now, but what I intended to say was this: I have millions with you and Mr. Rockefeller—millions more than I owe you on account of Butte and other Boston stocks of the second section. Now, I propose to take a million or two of that and start in on my own account to support the market right from this morning, and, independent of Flower or your other operations, I will see if I can not get up a good feeling."

At once the frown relaxed and his set features broke into a smile of gratification.

"That's something like it, Lawson," he said. "When you get down to real business we never have differences. It is only when you start up that confounded croaking about what we must do for the people, that I get sore."

"All right, Mr. Rogers," I answered. "Let those things drop and, as you say, we'll keep down to business. How much can I depend upon drawing from my account this morning, provided I want it?"

"How will two millions do?" he answered cheerily.

"Plenty," I said.

"All right; I will notify Stillman that you or your brokers may want to borrow up to that, and if you need the Amalgamated stock, you can have it at any time. I will leave word to that effect with Curtis."

Curtis was William Rockefeller's secretary and right-hand man, who then handled the details of all their financial matters.

Before leaving I indicated to Mr. Rogers the details of what I proposed to do, and explained that I had sent for my principal Boston brokers, who would be with me on Wall Street to help steer the craft. Evidently my plans met his personal approval. Indeed, from the change that had come over his manner I realized that he felt he had been spared a disagreeable task and that my shift had been a pleasant surprise to him. It was plain that he and Stillman had decided that I must be thrown to the sharks if I kept on my old tack, and were therefore gratified to find that I was not only ready to steer the ship their way, but also willing to feed the engines coal at my own expense to keep up her speed. In spite of Mr. Rogers's confidence in Governor Flower's ability to take care of the market, it was a great relief to his mind to know that I should be there myself, for he realized that no one, however able and popular—and Governor Flower was both to an unusual degree—could possibly take up such an intricate bunch of ribbons as those with which we had been driving, without a lot of feeling-out practise.

There was another aspect of the situation that had been suggested to me by a certain passing twitch of his lip that I had noted when I had said I proposed putting some of my own millions behind the market. It was as though the tongue had involuntarily started to lap the chops for blood, and I scribbled a memo on my mind's chalk-board, "Think over whether he does not intend to set traps for your share of the spoils."

CHAPTER XXXII

THE MORNING AFTER

It was with a feeling of intense relief that I left Mr. Rogers and returned to the Waldorf. At last I knew where I "was at": I was to play a lone hand; my enemies were in front; there were no partners from whose treacherous knife blades I should have to protect my back. The path was clear, and as I examined my position, I felt my old self again. Promptly I called up my Boston brokers, who were at the Holland House, to say I would drop in for them on my way down-town, and with a clear plan of campaign in my mind, I determined to face the breakfasting crowd in the big café down-stairs.

It was into a cold, freshly swept and garnished world I descended; a shadowy world from which the sparkle had fled. Long perspectives of onyx corridors peopled only by bell-boys and tall porters in livery yawned wide before me. Hurried, harried men in dark business suits darted past the desk and through the great glazed swinging doors. The huge dim rooms, alive so recently with the color and fragrance of feathers and flowers and silken garments, the glimmer of light on snowy shoulders, and the liquid brilliance of flashing glances, were Saharas of Aubusson carpet and Turkish rugs; regiments of luxurious fauteuils and carven armchairs accentuated the contrast by their dull staring emptiness. Under the tired and drooping shrubbery in the palm room portly men and plain, sedate women sat over their morning coffee and eggs. A heavy silence brooded over the place, disturbed only by the rustle of morning newspapers and the occasional clatter

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of cup against saucer. At one table a group of younger women in short skirts and Scotch caps, evidently accoutered for golfing, chattered intermittently, but their voices and laughter amid the leaden stillness sounded shrill and discordant. Faded and vanished the glamour and the dazzle of last night's glory. Well groomed and richly gowned these men and women were, but surely of a race different from the butterfly breed that had clustered here under the electric lights only a few hours before. Could these be the scions of American royalty—the kings, queens, and princesses of High Dollardom who flaunt long lines of ancestors in the purple—these commonplace, corpulent, pallid, well groomed and frocked persons laboriously breakfasting? I would cheerfully have wagered that nine-tenths of them owned memories of the old farm, the kitchen stove, the brown crockery teapots, the waiting dinner-pails, honest old dad in his field-stained boots, and mother and grandma in calicoes and unspotted muslins—memories of the good days before they had struck oil or found coal, or their green fields had been converted into building lots, and the professor of genealogy had introduced to them their aristocratic ancestry. I smiled to myself as I thought of all these contrasts and, looking up, I thought I saw leering behind the tapestry a saturnine face with one eye closed in a mocking wink, a long pointed nose, and red lips that seemed to be saying "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity."

The silence was of brief duration, for soon I found myself in the center of a knot of men who began eagerly to press me for further particulars of the Amalgamated subscriptions. We all know the story of the comedian informed in the midst of the performance of his beloved wife's death, who yet must laugh and antic to the end of the play. I appreciated the heavy-hearted actor's plight as I surveyed the little throng so vitally interested in their dollar affairs. I longed to mount a chair and tell them how they had been duped, but my rôle called for different lines. It was my part to feign satisfaction and my duty to keep every cent invested in our enterprise from shrinking a mill. I pumped as much enthusiasm into my speech as possible.

"You see what the papers say," I said. "That gives you all the information I have, for although you may not think it, I have been spending the night just as the rest of you have—in lands where all flotations sell away over par. I'm going down to Wall Street just now. After a while I'll have more to tell you."

The flutter of an eyelash, a hair's-breadth of hesitation, a mumbled word and there may be born in the mind of the investor that instinctive distrust which is the bacillus of panic. In a stock market as in a powder magazine there are always dread possibilities of explosion and he who would survive must have incombustible nerves and an ice-packed brain; asbestos assurances and an unblushing swagger have averted money avalanches and set prices hill-climbing just as cool thinking and a deftly handled water bucket have nipped many a budding conflagration. No one ever heard of a church fair being stampeded at ice-cream time, and in the stock market conditions are always stable as long as those in interest are swapping each other's sweetened icicles.

My little congregation had all the fluttering fugitiveness of the investor-out-for-quick-profits, and after a few generalities, I got down to the one question they all longed to ask but none dared to voice—"What can I sell my subscription for if I want to part with it?" Raising my voice a trifle and looking straight at them:

"Don't get excited about what you read in print these next few days," I said, as though some one had asked me the question, "for there will be hogsheads of rumors unhooped, and remember that rumor prices are never real money. The papers this morning say that any one can sell at 40 to 60 per cent. profit, but that hardly seems reasonable to me; in fact, if I were any of you who have been allotted stock and could get such profit as that overnight, I'd take it. All I'll do just now is this: I will give 110 for any amount any of you want to sell, provided you sell right now—and 10 per cent. profit is not so bad when you come to think it's 40 per cent. on what actual money you have put up."

In the vernacular of stocks this process I used is called "molding public opinion" and "making a market," and it had the expected effect on the bright May morning which followed the closing day of the Amalgamated flotation. I was not offered a share; in fact, there was a loud guffaw, and it was a hundred to one wager that as I passed on to another group each listener tumbled over his neighbor to get in first. "110! That's a good joke! I wonder if he takes us for children!

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Evidently he is out early this morning to catch any stray worms napping! 110 for something worth 160!"

Inside of ten minutes it was all over the Waldorf and on the wires, "Look out for Lawson! He's trying to get Amalgamated at 110." And by the time I got to the Holland, a block down the Avenue, the brokers and investors gathered there were ready to give me the laugh with "You're out early, we see, to pick up a bundle of easy money."

The first task had been accomplished to my own satisfaction. Inside of an hour it would be flashed over the world that there was a firm reliable market at 110 bid and most any old price wanted for Amalgamated, and while 110 was not anything like the wild 140 to 160 that rumor gossiped of, it represented such a good profit that it was sure to set the market off with an all-round chipperness.

My readers must bear in mind that as yet there was no real Amalgamated stock which could be sold, and no place to sell it if there had been, for until each subscriber received official notice no one really knew for certain that he had been allotted any stock, and until the Amalgamated shares were listed on the Stock Exchange, there could be no reliable market, although they could be traded in on the curb.

At the Holland House, I quickly outlined to my chief brokers my plans for the day. Then together we started for Wall Street.

The hours that followed were busy ones, and confusing as well. Wall Street was abuzz with curiosity and from all sides poured questions. "The Street," it was evident, had awakened to the fact that the situation in Amalgamated disclosed a different line-up of conditions from that which it had anticipated. As to whether the change was good or bad no one dared hazard a guess. For the first time in my experience, Wall Street was at sea. The shrewdest plungers and manipulators, men to whom the tape yields up its secrets as the penitent to the priest; to whom the ticker babbles the inner mysteries of directors' meetings and deep-down deals—these men whose eyes, ears, and noses decades of stock-play had trained to supernatural prescience were as impotent to scent the truth as the veriest tyro. All admitted that the conditions were unusual, that the subscriptions had far exceeded expectation, that time would be required to get them straightened out. Because of this it was natural that the market should be slow and in the absence of definite facts it might easily look one price and be another. If the subscription really were 412 millions and if each subscriber would have a fifth of his allotment, then there was the usual chance for trick playing and "Standard Oil" might be scheming to gather in this valuable stock at 110 when its proper price mayhap was 140 to 160 or more.

In Wall Street the best brains of all the Western world center. Fortunes are there waiting for brains to carve and take; stacked up there are millions which he who has brains can pocket without a "by-your-leave." Wall Street is the millionaire's checker-board, but brains direct the moves and make the plays. And with all its mordant wisdom, cynical cunning, cold suspicion, Wall Street was baffled.

There was nothing to do but to continue my campaign of smiles and cheerfulness, repeat my 110 bid in every quarter possible, and so keep up the delusion. Late that afternoon I saw Mr. Rogers, who eagerly interrogated me:

"Well, Lawson, what do you make out?"

"It is the most mixed-up mess 'the Street' has ever wrestled with," I replied, "but one thing is clear: no one will dare to sell much until he receives notice of just what he has been allotted, and then most will be timid about selling until they have received the receipts. I don't see how, if nothing definite leaks out, there can be much danger until after they get their hands on the receipts, and by that time, of course, you will have a fine market organized to take care of any offerings."

He flinched. I saw again that I had touched his sore spot, for at the faintest suggestion that our profits should be used to protect the market, he became as shy as a pickpocket at a police parade.

CHAPTER XXXIII

I WALK THE PLANK

HAVE you ever seen a bunch of schoolboys who, having sneaked under a corner of the circus tent, are prowling furtively round the show in holy terror lest some one who has seen their entry may be awaiting a chance to nab them? One minute they are tasting the raptures of being in; the next, longing to be safely outside. That is about how Wall Street felt on the memorable Friday after the

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Amalgamated flotation. The same feeling prevailed generally on Saturday, though I was obliged to buy a few blocks of the stock at 110 from Wall Street men whose sharp noses had sniffed a carrion scent in the air. Sunday was uncomfortable, for I realized that I might have to face bad conditions on the morrow. On Monday an ominous feeling began to rise and pervade "the Street" like a miasma mist in a tropical swamp. The impression that something was wrong had started its infection. I had to buy quite a lot of subscriptions and was now varying the price from 110, for it seemed possible any moment that something would break loose.

These were the conditions when on Tuesday a telephone call came from Mr. Rogers asking me to slip round to 26 Broadway, as he had an important matter to talk over with me. I reported at the appointed time. Mr. Rogers was evidently full of business.

"Lawson," he said, "we have figured everything up and balanced accounts, and each member of the different syndicates is to be given his share, cash and stock, at once."

"All right," I answered. "That suits me."

"I thought so," he continued pleasantly. "Mr. Rockefeller has had Curtis figure up your account, and while in the rush he may not have got everything in, he's pretty accurate. From what you said about getting your things into shape to help the market, it occurred to me you might like to have your balance of this section in hand ready for use. I have the statement here, and if you find it all right I'll go up-stairs and get all it calls for fixed up at once."

Instantly I realized that he and Mr. Rockefeller had talked me over pretty thoroughly and had decided that they had best run this gantlet as soon as possible. Since Mr. Rogers had broached the substitution of Anaconda for the properties originally intended for the first section of Amalgamated, I had felt that this balancing of accounts would be a crucial affair, and after the recent turn of the screw, I hardly knew what to expect, but was ready for the worst. His manner keyed all my instincts of danger to fever pitch, for I saw something was coming, and I was fully clamped and stapled for the shock as I said naturally:

"All right. Now's the best time possible to clear our decks."

The scene was truly in keeping with the situation. We were in the little glass pen where most of our conferences took place. I, with my elbows on the small mahogany table, sat looking across at him leaning back in his chair. Without knowing what was to happen, but from a certain suppressed eagerness I had detected under his frigid composure, I had a strong conviction that he was nerving himself for a *coup* of some kind. Instantly a swift thrill of apprehension suggested I'd better look for real deviltry. There was perhaps a minute's delay while he fumbled in his pocket and drew out letters and papers. My blood steeplechased in my veins as I waited for him to deal me the hand that might decide my fate. In such tense moments thoughts flash in and out of the mind like lightning, and as I watched him rise, the fateful paper in his hand, it came over me with a sharp exultation that however the trumps fell it was a great game —great even for the king of gamesters who was about to play his hand. Just as the master card gambler who has lived for weeks and months with the *coup* by which he is going to make his killing, pauses for one last scrutiny of the victim before delivering the blow that will lay his fortune low, so Henry H. Rogers looked piercingly into my eyes and said:

"There's the account, Lawson." He laid on the table in front of me an oblong piece of paper. On it were some lines of words followed by other lines of figures. That was all. I spread it out carefully between my two hands and bent over it. Then I looked up. Before letting the significance of the figures penetrate my mind, I wished to know exactly to what they pertained.

"If I understand aright, Mr. Rogers," I asked, "this does not take in our Boston deals or my loans on the Butte and other affairs, but is a settlement of this first section only—a final clearing-up showing just what my twenty-five per cent. of the Amalgamated and the things connected with it amount to? Am I right?"

My voice was even and calmly business-like, and he answered in exactly the same tone.

"It shows where you stand on this particular affair, and gives your balance of stock and cash, which we are ready to pay over in whole or in part, in case you may want to leave some of it against the loans on the other section."

I turned to the paper; I leaned over it, letting my two hands with the elbows resting on the table support my head. Mr. Rogers

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could see only the back and top of my head, no part of my face. At the first glance I caught the balance—it was a little less than two millions and a half. At once the other lines upon the sheet became a crimson blur. Into my mind rushed an avalanche of figures and facts which proved irresistibly that I should have read nine millions in place of the numbers that were burning themselves into my brain. But what if it were rightly but two and a half millions, and the great sum on which all my market movements had been predicated was a hideous miscalculation? Then inevitably was I hopelessly bankrupt, or saved from that only to find my neck irrevocably caught in the "Standard Oil" noose. I tried fiercely to steady my nerves, to arrest the stampeding terrors that had broken loose in my brain. There flitted into my mind a feverish memory of the hideous procession of Thursday's midnight vigil. I fiercely asseverated to myself, "I must be cool, I must, I must." But all my resolutions went as goes the powder when touched by the match. In an instant nothing in the world mattered; all dams burst asunder; I sprang to my feet, kicked over the chair, and with an exclamation which was half yell, half imprecation, I stuck the paper under Mr. Rogers's eyes. On the balance line I beat a tattoo with my trembling forefinger. Then I caught my voice. Heaven knows what I said, for all barriers were down and a flood-tide of rage, overwhelming, terrific, swept my being. There was no chance for Mr. Rogers to answer or to interrupt me. Suddenly I became conscious that I was saying, "Am I to understand that this is final? Is this what I get for my cursed work?" My voice as I heard it was strange—a hoarse hiss—and the words fell on my ear like a death sentence. "No, by——, no!" I sprang between him and the door.

"Lawson, in the name of God, stop for a second; there is some mistake; I see there is some mistake, some terrible blunder that they have made up-stairs. Don't utter another word. Give me that paper and I'll take it to Mr. Rockefeller. He will see what is wrong; he and I'll go over it together and you shall have what's right. I will be back in a few minutes and I swear to you you shall have your full share. Yes, I swear to you you shall have what you say is right, even if it takes every dollar of the profits, every dollar."

I handed him the paper without a word. He was out of the room instanter. I heard gates bang and knew he had, as he promised, "gone up-stairs." I locked the door and waited. I shall never forget the racking torture of that interval. To make real all the terrors I was suffering it would be necessary for me to enter into elaborate details of the widespread financial commitment into which I had been led by my relationship with the Consolidation. I was staggering under immense lines of Boston "Coppers," which were to be included in the second section of Amalgamated, but had been purchased to make part of the first section. Some of these Mr. Rockefeller was carrying for me; the rest were portioned among two dozen banks, trust companies, and brokers. With the profits I had legitimately calculated upon, I had proposed to lighten my burden and with the balance attend to the personal contract I had taken on my shoulders to protect Amalgamated stock in the market. To do so on this showing would be out of the question; more than ever should I be at "Standard Oil's" mercy. The dangers that threatened me assumed cyclopean proportions as I marshaled them. Suddenly another contingency flashed across my brain, "What if they should tell you that having refused what was fair, you should have nothing—that you could go to the devil and fight? Then where would you be?" That meant ruin, crushing, irrevocable, complete; and instantly a series of disasters began a cinematographic procession across my disordered brain, so portentously realistic that I found myself shivering in anticipation, when suddenly the door knob clicked and I jumped to my feet to admit Mr. Rogers. In his hand was the paper. I had eyes for it alone. I took it from his outstretched fingers and devoured its contents. It was the same sheet, the same word "balance," but underneath the old figures was a line below which appeared a new set of ciphers, showing just a fraction under five millions of dollars. In the brief interval of minutes my balance had doubled. Before I could utter a word, with his hand on my arm to arrest my attention, Mr. Rogers was exclaiming:

"Lawson, one word before you open your mouth. Remember I said you should be satisfied. Mr. Rockefeller agrees with me. He thinks these figures now are right, but wanted me to tell you if you believe they are not, to make your own and you'll have what they call for."

Henry H. Rogers knows the human animal, and in the intimate intercourse of preceding

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years he had had ample opportunity to learn those very human characteristics which go to the blending of my individuality. It is a weakness of which I am intensely conscious, yet can not altogether regret, to be easily moved by any show of generosity and fairness, however specious. When I saw the new figures and realized that all the hell I had conjured up was no more than a nightmare, a very rapture of gratitude and relief seized me. It was not that I lost sight of the fact that this new balance was far below what I knew was my right, for according to the lowest computation my proper share was nine millions; nor did I fail to realize that I was in the power of this man whose greed, callousness, and brutal obstinacy in the face of opposition no one knew better than I. Still, though his unusual deference convinced me that by continued, fiery insistence I could force from him the remaining four millions (for the one thing Standard Oil never lets get into Court is a dispute over a division of profits on a joint stock deal), the first shock had been so awful, and the reaction was so sudden, that my whole being revolted at the idea of further business. Indeed, I was in the same condition as the man whose runaway horse suddenly stopped just as the children in the roadway seemed doomed to be crushed and beaten to death beneath its iron heels. He condones the running-away in gratitude for the stopping. A glad voice within me seemed to be saying, "It's all right, all right—that's money enough to fight him out with—that's ammunition for victory—victory for yourself, for the friends who have banked on your ability to protect them."

I said to Mr. Rogers: "Tell Mr. Rockefeller I thank him for his fairness. I thank you both. I'm satisfied and this is settled." I put my finger on the account which lay on the table.

Yes, I really thanked these men who had tried to rob me of seventy-five per cent. of all the millions that I had earned by all the laws *of the game*, and that I so urgently required to protect those I had lured to probable destruction; needed as a mother in the desert needs milk to keep life in her babe. I thanked these men in heartfelt terms because they had returned me an additional third of my own money. Idiot, you say. I went further; I shook Mr. Rogers by the hand, and as the tears gathered in his eyes I said, and it was from the heart, too:

"Don't think, Mr. Rogers, that I shall ever lay up this day against you and Mr. Rockefeller, or that I shall resent not getting all I thought I should have had. I want you both to understand that I do know I am entitled to more, but it ends here. I will cherish no ill-feeling, for this balance is amply sufficient to enable me to do what I will do with it, and—there is more on earth than millions."

We were both emotionally excited, I from relief at escaping the clutches of the dread hell of which for certain moments I had felt the flaming grasp; he because of the sudden degrading realization that he had attempted to perpetrate on a faithful comrade in arms a cowardly and contemptible piece of treachery. My impulsive gratitude for the measure of justice granted me made his avaricious greed seem even to him despicable, and for an instant Henry H. Rogers was honestly ashamed.

Some years have elapsed since this episode, but a thousand times I suppose the scene has arisen to rack Henry H. Rogers with bitter memories of his baseness. The severest punishments are not those that we mortals inflict on our fellows whom for violations of our little earthly laws we clap in striped suits and shackle with steel bracelets. What are striped suits which imprint no mark on the body of the wearer, or a cropped head which recovers its normal growth in the passing of a few days, or handcuffs that any blacksmith can strike off at a blow, in comparison with the ever-recurring torture of the white-hot iron with which God sears the hearts and brains of those sinners whose wrong-doing is beyond human retribution? What memories of prison and disgrace are comparable with the exquisite suffering of the undetected criminal who in the dark watches of the night pores over the bitter scroll of his delinquencies? When Henry H. Rogers reads the record I have set down here of this especially faithless and degrading action, he will suffer infinitely more than did I for the loss of the gold he and his associates so meanly filched. Nor will the knowledge of the seven and a half score of millions marshaled ready at his nod, abate one jot or tittle of the measure of his humiliation and shame.

Peace having been established, Mr. Rogers sent "up-stairs" for the checks and stocks to complete the settlement, and while we waited we talked, and, as was inevitable after so strenuous a session, we found ourselves back on the sincere and frankly friendly footing of our earlier intercourse. A knock-down and

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attempted drag-out which at the end is declared a draw invariably promotes cordiality between the principals, and ours was no exception to the rule. Evidently Mr. Rogers had been doing considerable thinking since our last conversation and had accumulated troublesome ideas which had to be worked off. My mood at the moment seemed made to order for the purpose, and he ran over our affairs, one after another, until he thought it safe to explode his climax. He rang for a clerk, and instructed that Mr. Stillman be called up and asked to send over "that paper if it was ready." Soon afterward the emissary returned with a big, square package. Mr. Rogers opened it.

"Lawson," he said, "here's the whole story. Stillman has been steadily at work and has just finished two copies of the entire subscription. I think you ought to look it over."

"Look it over," I repeated. "Why, it is of the utmost importance to the whole enterprise that I study every name. I alone can tell just what that list means. After I've been over it I'll know pretty thoroughly who will hold, who will want to sell, who must sell, and who will need encouragement."

"That's just what I thought," he answered, with an air of high approval. Then, dropping to his most friendly and confidential key, the tone of voice that never fails to persuade an associate that he is in on the bottom floor and that all others are outsiders, he went on, "And more than that, Lawson, why can not you get in touch with all those subscribers who are disappointed at the amounts they received and sell them what they want?"

Mr. Rogers leaned back to appraise the effect of this startling proposition on me. At any other moment I should inevitably have broken loose again, but the fascination of his personality was upon me and I let him spin his webs. Any man, and there are scores adrift, who falls under the spell of Henry H. Rogers, invariably, as did the suitors of Circe, pays the penalty of his indiscretion. Some he uses and contemptuously casts aside useless; others he works, plays, and pensions; still others serve as jackals or servitors and proudly flaunt his livery; a few, the strong, independent souls, tempted with great rewards and beguiled by the man's baleful, intellectual charm into his clutches, preserve a semblance of freedom; but let the boldest of these turn restive—he is maimed or garroted with sickening promptitude.

The man who at the present moment is distinguished by the fatal favor of Henry H. Rogers is the iron and steel, coke and coal magnate, ex-partner and opponent of Andrew Carnegie, Henry Clay Frick. This wonderfully able person fell under the eagle eye of the master of "Standard Oil" during the great "frenzied finance" market of 1901 to 1903, and was artfully enlisted in "Standard Oil's" conspiracy to draw and quarter that long-horned bull of them all, J. Pierpont Morgan, by taking from him the billion-dollar Steel Trust and shaking him out of his grip on the three big insurance companies, the New York Life, the Mutual, and the Equitable, and the dummy and stool-pigeon subcorporations which went with them. Rogers's blandishments easily captivated Frick, for the abler the man the more quickly he succumbs, and since that moment the great Steel Master has been growing and growing until his personality looms high above the narrow world of Wall Street, and older financiers "walk under his huge legs." Few of those who note his girth and bulk and the wonders he performs dream that this man is but the latest manifestation of Henry H. Rogers.

It was under Rogers's masterly guidance that Frick executed the tremendous Steel Trust *coup* and took control of that great organization. And could there be a more triumphant vindication of "Standard Oil's" magic than the fine supremacy of this Henry C. Frick in the Equitable scramble? My story had no sooner precipitated the wolf-eat-wolf exposure within the great insurance institution, than the fierce exigencies of the inside situation compelled all the frenzied financiers of Wall Street to range themselves with one or other of the thieving factions—all but Frick.

At the height of the howling, snapping, and biting, when the air was full of blood and hide and hair, then, as a god from a cloud, out steps Henry C. Frick and announces that *he* will head a committee to settle the whole trouble and turn over the Equitable to strong people who will know how rightly to administer it. To-day he is engaged upon this very project, and I have not the slightest doubt but that "Standard Oil" would eventually have had the institution manned with its own employees from top to bottom but for the uprising of the people throughout the country against the "System." And when the house-cleaning in the Equitable is over,

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and it comes the turn of the New York Life and the Mutual, in which the conditions are even worse than in the Hyde institution, "Standard Oil" will again be putting forward Frick, or whoever his successor happens to be, to go through the same lergerdemain. For Henry C. Frick, with all his eminence —and measured by the yardstick of modern business he is a great personality—will sometime find himself cast aside—like others—the rejected tool of the master of all frenzied financiers.

CHAPTER XXXIV

PERFECTING THE DOUBLE CROSS

To get back to my story. I realized that though one disaster had been averted, I was far from any haven of rest. Remembering my cue, however, I asked innocently:

"Have you all decided to sell more of the stock, Mr. Rogers?"

"All? Why no," he said. "Just let me show you where we stand now. All the unsold stock, roughly forty-eight millions, has been divided up and each man has to carry his own. That's easy, because Stillman will carry them all at the bank, for they are all good, Lewisohn, Morgan, Olcott, Flower, Daly, and the others. The only loose stock will be Mr. Rockefeller's, yours, and mine, and that we must turn into money before we can bring out the second section. You have been losing sight of the fact, Lawson, that we have millions upon millions tied up here, and Mr. Rockefeller has decided he will not go ahead until we have turned this venture into money."

Marvelous, marvelous man! He unrolled the new scheme as openly and as freely as though he were a world's philanthropist explaining a new benefaction and I an enthusiastic minister employed to carry the glad tidings to the people. The plot was obvious. In spite of Flower and Stillman and all the talk of our taking a rest, he was back on his black courser again, in a new saddle, with a freshly lighted lantern, and the old blackjack newly leaded. And I was the only one who could stalk the game. I listened.

"Now let me show you, Lawson, what a pretty campaign I have laid out," he went on. "I've pledged all the others to hold their stock and I've got it rigged in such a way they can't let go a share without my knowing it. Then I've got them all enthusiastic and have formed a pool at Flower's office which, if necessary, can buy 500,000 shares, and what with the money they have made and the promise that they will be let in on the second section if they're good, we ought to have things pretty much our own way."

The scheme seemed to be perfect for robbing every one in sight, and here was I being taken right in—I who had but one thought: to get those I had mired on to firm soil and myself outside the breastworks of this pirate stronghold.

"It looks perfect, Mr. Rogers," I said. "Now where do I come in on all this?"

He shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "You see as well as I can tell you," he replied evasively.

"I take it that you want me to unload our stock on to the pool and the other members of the syndicate?" I asked with a brutal frankness that I realized, after I heard the words, was almost indecent.

"What is the use of putting it that way, Lawson?" he replied angrily. "You know I mean nothing of the sort. You know I want you to keep every one you can from selling, and simply supply the legitimate demand that can be worked up among the subscribers all over the country. If worked as you can work it, this ought to clean up our stock without any one's being hurt."

I understood perfectly. If Mr. Rogers and I had been on terms of flippancy instead of dignity, at this stage we should have given each other the wink. Just what he wanted done I knew. He knew I knew what he wanted, and I knew he knew I knew, and yet we were pretending not only that we knew nothing but that there was really nothing to know.

Fortunately, at this stage of the duel Mr. Rogers's secretary arrived with my checks and stock, and while we were verifying these, I had time to scan my mental chessboard for the next move. The papers were all passed at last and then I entered into some explanation of my own intentions. I told Mr. Rogers that for the time being I would hold all my stock, but that I intended to borrow a stack of money on it from Stillman through my brokers, for I fully intended to support the market, as my belief in the stock was absolute.

I could have sworn Mr. Rogers inwardly chuckled at my fatuity, but I went right on:

"If Mr. Rockefeller has decided that your

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share and his of the allotment must, in whole or in part, be turned into money before the second section is tackled, there's nothing for it but to go ahead, and I will put in great work for you (I didn't add, "my work will keep you in as long as the public have a share"), because," said I, "my one ambition now is to complete the second section and get things in such shape that those people I have had locked-in so long can get out, if they care to."

It was an intricate problem that was thus settled, for Mr. Rogers well knew that it would be useless to attempt to sell big quantities of Amalgamated without my detecting it, and he dared not ask me to have a hand in his plot without including my own stock. When he saw I intended to stand by my baby, and yet was so anxious to get to the second section that I would accede to Mr. Rockefeller's wishes, he perceived that the situation was ideal for his purposes.

"Let me glance over that subscription list," I said; and I opened up the book, for book it really was.

My readers may surmise how intense was my interest in scanning the results of my work. This great stack of bank sheets before me was the official list of the subscription, stitched together in seventeen sections of twenty pages each, twenty-eight names, with amounts and city, State, and street number addresses, to a page, all in ink in longhand.

"Better take them with you to the hotel and go carefully over the names and amounts," put in Mr. Rogers. "It surely is a long job, but one that you must tackle sometime, and the sooner the better."

It was the missing link in my chain of evidence, and here it came delivered directly into my hands without a word of persuasion or cajolery. Providence played that hand for me surely. I concealed my jubilance by rattling along vociferously:

"I shall have to work over this a heap, sending out circulars and what not. It would have been better to have it in typewriting, but I suppose Stillman didn't dare entrust it to the machine people. However, I can divide up the seventeen sections amongst different people and none will know the whole story. I will keep it in Boston with the other papers, and—gracious! what's this?"

"What is it?" he asked, smiling at my excitement.

In front of me was the section beginning with the "Mc's," and the largest subscription on the page was 6,000 shares—1,200 allotment. I followed the line back to the name. It was that of Hugh McLaughlin, then the big "boss" of Brooklyn, who, like all the other big bosses of New York State, was a trusted lieutenant of "Standard Oil." I put my finger on the amount and said.

"You have taken care of your friend across the river, I see. No wonder all the politicians were so anxious to get in, for they know you would not put this old gentleman into anything that is not pretty sure."

Mr. Rogers nodded wisely:

"Yes, I told the old stalwart he had better have about half a million, but he went $100,000 better, I see. I sent the word around to the others, too, but have not had a chance to go over the list carefully. Have they all gone in under their own names?"

I ran over page after page, looking for names as he called them off, but most of them had disguised their ventures through dummies. We had no trouble in putting our fingers on their allotments, however; Mr. Rogers commenting in his sage and caustic way on men and politics. It was growing late, and at a natural stopping-place in our talk I sent for paper and string, tied up the book with my own hands, and—with all the airs of extreme leisureliness—literally bolted.

No schoolboy with a three-pound trout caught in a deep hole under a big willow bearing the sign, "Any one fishing here will be prosecuted," no burglar with an unexpected fat swag, was ever in such a fever to lug his booty to a concealed place as I to get this infinitely precious bundle to the Waldorf. At last I landed it in my room and began to scan the interesting pages. My first thought was to look for our own big dummy subscription. As I supposed, it was not there. *Roughly I added the totals of the different sheets and compared them with the 412 millions we had given the public, which was now indelibly, the world over, a matter of record.* Again I stopped to congratulate myself on my good fortune in securing this first-hand evidence of the fraud that had been practised on the people.

I leaned over the thick pages with their various inscriptions. The names and addresses carried me into every corner of the United States and into the great cities of

This instalment of ***Frenzied Finance*** is continued on Page 41 of the ***Advertising Section.*** It is followed immediately by ***Lawson and His Critics.***

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Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

A TYPICAL SPRINTER WITH "GREYHOUND" STRUCTURE: LONG, SLENDER LIMBS, SLIGHT UPPER PHYSIQUE, STRONG FOOT AND ANKLE.

Making a Yale Athlete

By DR. WILLIAM G. ANDERSON

Director of the Gymnasium at Yale University

OLD JACKSON, '80, was talking with young Jackson, Jr., of the class of 1908, just before this sturdy son of his was departing for New Haven to pick up a Freshman's burdens:

"I haven't been back to the old place for a good many years," said the proud father, "and you've prepared in a Western school, so I suppose we're both out of touch with what they do at New Haven. You want to play football, and your mother is just as flustrated at the notion as my mother was when I was putting up what they called a pretty stiff game as a Yale guard. But it won't hurt you, even if you do break a leg or two, and I take it for granted that you'll be getting into your football togs and trotting out to the field the day after you hit the campus. That's all there is to it, my boy. Put on your duds, tumble in with the 'scrubs' or the Freshmen, and play for your life."

The youngster flushed and gripped his father's hand, as he replied:

"I'll do my best to live up to your football reputation, if trying hard will do it."

A week later, young Jackson was unpacking the war-stained moleskins, tattered jersey, and cleated shoes of his "prep" school battles. As a plunging half-back of local renown, he was making ready to test his mettle on the Yale field, and the thought of it made his heart thump faster than its wont. Just then a Sophomore acquaintance from his own town strolled into the littered room.

"Just dropped in to see how you were getting on," he said. "By Jove, you haven't

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Photograph by Sawyer, New Haven.

THE SYMMETRICALLY DEVELOPED PHYSIQUE OF A TRAINED WRESTLER, SHOWING THE STRONG WAIST, CONNECTING POWERFUL LEGS AND THIGHS TO A WELL-MADE THORAX. THE MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT IS NOT EXAGGERATED.

lost any time, have you? Been through your physical examinations and assigned to the football squad already? You're a hustling Freshman, you are."

Young Jackson felt puzzled and guilty as he stammered:

"What do you mean? Father said all I had to do was to chase out to the field and play football to beat the band. Have I made a break?"

"You write that daddy of yours that he isn't up to date," was the Sophomore's prompt and insolent comment. "He was here in the Dark Ages. Before you can try for an athletic team, you must be weighed and measured and audited over in the 'Gym.' The new system is as stiff as a recruiting office. It isn't for you to say whether you can play football. Why, you may be drafted to the crew squad. Just put away those 'prep' school jeans and trot over to see the director of the 'Gym' and his staff, sonny. And don't be so chesty about running out to try for the team on your own hook."

The abashed Freshman was soon heading for the University gymnasium, convinced that his famous father was, indeed, "out of touch with the way they do things at New Haven." It was a timid young Jackson that sought the Director's office in the great building which swarmed with systematized energy. When his turn came, he asked the Director, with boyish earnestness:

"Please, sir, I want to try for the football team. How do I go about it?"

The Director surveyed the applicant, noted his well-knit frame, his heavy shoulders, and the glow of health in his frank young face.

"Why do you want to play football?" was the first question asked.

"Well, I like to play. I've had three years of it in school, and I felt like a two-year-old every season. It agrees with me, sir. And my father wants me to play, too. He was Jackson, '80, varsity guard for four years. And he hopes I may wear a 'Y' some day."

Timidity was gone. There was confidence in the set of the tanned jaw, and determination in the honest gray eyes. The Director smiled, for here was "Yale spirit" in the making, and ordered the youth to "strip to the buff." Young Jackson shed his clothes as if he were jumping out of them, and in a twinkling stood naked and unashamed, and wondering what was to be done with him. The Director pounded his chest and thumped his back, kneaded his stomach, and felt him over as if he were a promising yearling at a horse fair. Even his eyes and ears and nose and teeth were examined and tested with scrutinizing care.

"Heart, lungs, and vegetative organs sound," grunted the physician. "Now we'll measure you."

He busied himself about the Freshman with a tape-line, as if he were getting specifications for a duplicate pattern of the youth's anatomy. These measurements included the girth of his head, neck, trunk, arms, and legs, the depth and width of his head, neck, chest, abdomen, shoulders, and hips. His height, sitting and standing, the length of his arms and legs and back were not overlooked. Every item was carefully recorded.

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"Feeling pretty strong to-day?" asked the Director. "See if you can jerk some of these machines out by the roots."

Jackson scowled at the array of dynamom eters as if he were about to charge an opposing rush-line.

"Let me at 'em," said he.

First he strove with the machine which registered the strength of his grip; then, red in the face, passed on to the apparatus for testing the forearm, upper arm, chest muscles, back, and legs. Sweating, puffing, and heaving, the youngster asked breathlessly as he finished:

"Did I take a fall out of them?"

"You're strong enough to pull a house down," was the gratifying response. "But there's one more test. Inflate your chest and blow in this spirometer. I want your lung capacity."

The Freshman swelled and blew until his eyes were popping. The Director shook his head when the needle refused to move higher. "You've made an excellent record with this one exception," said he. "Your lung capacity is below the average for men of your height. You're smoking too much. You'll have to stop tobacco if you want to be an athlete, and you can't afford to smoke even out of training. It's a shame for a man of your build to have a blot on his physical record. Our records, kept for twenty years, show that smokers fail to reach the physical standards of the average non-smoker. Such figures ought to impress you."

While the Freshman, showing a somewhat rueful countenance, was getting into his clothes, the Director turned to speak to a visiting faculty member from another university, who had been an interested onlooker:

"This examination is similar to those given at Harvard, Columbia, Amherst, and other colleges, as you probably know. This young man has yet to fill out a blank question card, giving his family history from a physical standpoint. It is patterned after the application blanks used by insurance companies. When all the data are in hand, the clerk tabulates them for making out what we call an anthropometric chart. This is largely used elsewhere, and was devised by Dr. J. W. Seaver, of Yale. It shows how the student compares in size, weight, and strength with the average for his build; and these averages have been compiled from the records of many thousands of students. There are over fifty items on the chart, and when the student studies his own 'anthropometric line,' he can see at a glance wherein he falls short of normal standards."

Photograph by Sawyer, New Haven.

WITH THIS POWERFUL SET OF MUSCLES THIS ATHLETE WON THREE "Y'S" IN HIS FRESHMAN YEAR. HIS COMBINATION OF STRENGTH AND SWIFTNESS HAS DISTINGUISHED HIM IN FOOTBALL, WEIGHT-THROWING, BOXING, AND RUNNING.

Trying to hide his impatience, the Freshman hung within earshot, and at length ventured to break in with the all-important question:

"Did you mean that I may play football?"

"You may play it as hard as you like," was the verdict.

"Why do you tell me to play football instead of advising me to join the crew or baseball or track squads?" asked the Freshman with unwonted boldness, for his curiosity had been aroused.

"Because for football, the student needs a strong, compact body, with wide waist, large

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Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

TWO PRODUCTS OF GYMNASIUM WORK, WITH WELL-DEVELOPED UPPER BODIES AND SLENDER, TAPERING LEGS. THEIR BACK AND SHOULDER DEVELOPMENTS ARE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

thighs and legs, and a thorax of sufficient size to give ample room for the action of the heart and lungs."

Young Jackson did not wait to hear more, but, glancing at the clock, and noting that by hard running he might reach the Yale field in time for the afternoon practise, he bolted, with joy in his heart.

Picking up the thread of his explanation, the Director turned to the faculty visitor and said:

"It was easy to classify that impetuous young athlete. He's the kind the football coaches like to find. How should I pick out a crew man? The oarsman needs long limbs and a long trunk, as well as the qualities that make the good football player. A man of short stature may make a battering ram on the gridiron, but to handle a twelve-foot sweep in the university shell, he needs plenty of reach. These photographs will show what I mean. Here's a winning Yale crew, tall chaps, running to six feet of height, with fine, powerful backs, and, taking it all in all, the best-looking athletes in the university.

"The runners of the track team are built on the greyhound plan as a rule, with slender legs and light bodies, and their most reliable muscles are on the front of the thigh and the back of the lower leg.

Here is a picture of a champion jumper. He has the architecture of the grasshopper. The mechanics of his physique enable him to carry his body a long distance through the air, from either a running or a standing start."

The visitor looked over other photographs of Yale teams and put a questioning finger on a group of gymnasts.

"Those men who train in the gymnasium are large above the waist," explained the Director, "with slender, tapering legs, while the arms and chests are especially well developed, with bulging muscles on top of the shoulder.

"But even the novice could not mistake this group of college bicycle riders. Even without a label, he would guess that they are in some kind of athletics that requires a great deal of leg work. Those powerful thighs and big calves are evidently human piston-rods, developed to carry their owners over miles of ground at a rapid rate with tremendous energy and the minimum of fatigue."

The director picked up a photograph of a number of sleek-looking young men with no

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muscular display at all. The visitor eyed these athletes with suspicion. They looked "soft."

"That is our championship swimming team," said the Director. "No wonder you thought they looked fat and luxurious. But a thin man doesn't stick to swimming as a sport. He becomes chilled before he is tired, for the water absorbs heat from every square inch of him. Those fellows look as sleek as seals, but they are well muscled beneath the adipose tissue that keeps their bodies warm while in the water. The swimmers work hard in the gymnasium, but fine muscular framework does not make the fine swimmer. He has a natural fondness for the sport and builds himself up for it. He is a pretty confirmation of this theory of athletic selection."

The visitor asked with a show of personal interest: "You've said nothing about baseball. That used to be my specialty. How do you size up the man of the bat and the bases?"

The Director confessed with a gesture of dismay:

"The baseball player comes in all sizes and all kinds of human packages. I don't attempt to classify him, beyond certifying to his soundness of wind and limb. Think of the crack players you have known. Why, here at Yale, compare 'Dutch' Carter, six feet three or four, and as wide as a fence post, with Billy Murphy, the meteoric shortstop, who afterward played with a League nine. Murphy was what the boys called 'as big as a pint of peanuts,' and beside Carter he looked like a little lad in primary school. No, the baseball man is between five and six feet high, and between a hundred and forty and two hundred pounds, big, slim and stocky, fat and thin, all kinds and conditions. Barring him, we are able to tell, with profit to the man and to the athletics of the university, whether a student will be most successful as a football player, a track man, a crew man, or a gymnast."

"I should like to see X-ray photographs of the hearts and lungs of these young men," remarked the visitor at parting. "I suppose they have developed their internal machinery in harmony with their muscles. This is making athletes by machinery."

After young Jackson had taken census of the bruises that bore record of his first day on the Yale field, he wrote home to his father:

Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

THE SHORTER OF THE TWO MEN SHOWN IN BOTH ILLUSTRATIONS IS AN ALL-ROUND GYMNASTIC CHAMPION OF THE AMERICAN UNIVERSITIES; THE TALLER ONE IS A WELL-KNOWN GYMNAST AND OARSMAN.

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Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

AN INTERCOLLEGIATE HURDLER AND SPRINTER. HIS THIN FACE AND WIDE WAIST ARE BOTH CHARACTERISTIC OF THIS TYPE OF ATHLETE.

"They don't do things your way nowadays. Athletics are organized like your factory, and it's mighty good for the raw material. Here is the first law I stacked up against, and it's an edict of the Yale Corporation:

"'Required, that every man who presents himself for exercise in the gymnasium, or who desires to use its privileges [that means trying for a team, too], shall first submit to an examination by the Medical Director; or in default of such an examination, shall bring from his physician a written certificate (the form to be furnished by the Medical Director) that he is physically sound, or a written certificate from his parent or guardian that he wishes the student excused from the examination and that he himself will take the responsibility of the consequences of exercise without a previous examination.'

"They don't intend to have any fine young men dropping dead of heart disease on the field, nor wasting their young lives trying for the eleven when they ought to be working at chest-weights and dumb-bells. I played football to-day, and was taken from the Freshman field and put on the scrub team against the varsity. If I survive until the end of the week, I'll write you more about it Sunday."

Young Jackson had the right kind of stuff in him, and stood the hammering test of the "scrubs" with such success that mid-season found him playing in the "smaller college games" as right half-back for Yale. But any previous notions he might have entertained, that college was all football and no study, were knocked in the head. He found that intelligent system so ordered his hours that work and play were not allowed to invade each other's territory. After morning recitation hours, Jackson joined the squad in the back-lot of the "Gym" for light practice, and in the afternoon he put in his hammer-and-tongs practice session at the Field. But between times he must attend his fifteen hours a week of recitations, and use two or three hours a day for study. He learned that "low stand" was the exception among university athletes, and that a fine record in the classroom added to the honors gained in athletics.

The football training was severe, but in many ways the Freshman learned that it was good for his mind and body. On the field the coaches drove him remorselessly, but the trainer, M. C. Murphy, was always alert to look after his diet, to see that he was not getting "stale," to fit his fine body for the task. Masseurs rubbed him down after the practice, and special physicians in charge of the squad tended his bruises and sprains, and helped to make him fitter for the fray.

But none of these allies could give him a stouter heart. Fighting down discouragement and "sticking to it" with gritted teeth were his own intimate business, and something more than trainers and scientific care could give, came to his assistance. This was what is called the "Yale spirit." At the annual Yale dinner at Chautauqua last summer, Secretary Taft was the guest of honor and he tried to tell what this "spirit" is.

"It can not be described," he said; "it is an atmosphere, it is the result of loyalty to the university, and honor in competition; it is

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the sum total of the best that a true Yale man can do for his Alma Mater; it is not necessarily found in athletics alone."

And this Freshman was hearing about the names and deeds of such men as Camp, and Hartwell, Stagg, Heffelfinger, Sharpe, Bowman, Brown, Bob Cook, McClung, and others who worked and fought for Yale and gloried in her fame all because of love and loyalty and joy in well-doing. Then the Freshman perceived that there was more in football than winning the game, that it was a precious privilege to undergo this discipline of mind and body, the reward of which was to be reaped through a lifetime.

But while he was making his career in Yale athletics, young Jackson became worried about his roommate. This youngster seemed in "bad shape." His light-hearted comrades called him a "grind," and scoffed at his insatiable hunger for "book-fodder." But Jackson was gaining skill in reading physical condition, and he saw in his roommate's nervous irritation, inability to sleep and eat, and in his unwholesome pallor, so many danger-signals.

"You'll break down and have to go home a wreck," exhorted Jackson. "Why don't you get out and take some exercise? You don't want to be one of those valedictorians you read about, whose diploma is shoved with the flowers into the hearse. It's all tommyrot for you to be all used up in this glorious fall weather. Look at me: I could pull the 'Gym' up by the roots."

The roommate wiped his glasses and replied with a weary smile:

"I'm no athlete. They'd throw me out of the 'Gym.' What's the use of my getting out with any of the teams? They're not looking for weeds like me. And I haven't time for regular exercise."

"Haven't time!" snorted Jackson. "Put on your hat and come over to the 'Gym' with me right now, or I'll—I'll make a bonfire of your books, I'll rough-house you, and I'll write home to your folks that you're killing yourself, like a bat-eyed lunatic."

There was no withstanding these threats. The roommate followed in tow of his strenuous friend, and was fairly lugged into the office of Dr. Callahan, whose specialty is just such cases as this. The Doctor shook his head dubiously and insisted upon examining the "grind" then and there. He diagnosed the poor digestion, the cold hands and feet, the "fidgety" temperament, and the sallow

Photograph by Phelps, New Haven.

THE LONG THIGH, SHORT LEG, AND LARGE ANKLE DENOTE THE JUMPER'S "GRASSHOPPER" BUILD.

complexion as indicating overwork and under exercise, and prescribed a schedule of gymnasium work to begin at once. Exercises for the waist and abdominal muscles were recommended to stimulate to renewed activity the ill-used liver, stomach, kidneys, and intestines. For the poor circulation he ordered active leg-work to pump blood from the heart and open the lungs, and for the overworked brain, quieting movements to draw away the blood from the congested centers.

The roommate was properly alarmed, and took at once to the treatment, but doggedly and with no more signs of pleasure in the exercise than he would have shown had bitter medicine been prescribed. Before long, however, he was plodding around the running track of

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Photograph by Path Bros., New York.

STRONG-CHESTED SWIMMERS. THESE MEN HAVE ACQUIRED THE NECESSARY FATTY TISSUE TO PROTECT THEIR BODIES FROM COLD.

Photograph by Path Bros., New York.

CHAMPION BICYCLE RIDERS, WITH REMARKABLE DEVELOPMENTS OF LEGS AND THIGHS THAT SERVE AS HUMAN PISTON-RODS.

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the "Gym" with a new spring in his stride, for he found he was not condemned to solitary slavery. After the Christmas vacation the candidates for the athletic team swarmed into the building. He was astonished to see three hundred men from the Freshman classes respond to the call of the trainer, "Mike" Murphy. The roommate decided that there were would-be athletes in these squads every bit as spider-legged and flat-chested as himself. Amazed at his own assurance, he joined the track squad, and ran out of doors, two, three, and four miles, in bracing winter sunshine. He expected every day to be dropped by the wayside in the ruthless weeding out of the unfit, but somehow the trainer overlooked him. One afternoon in early spring, he burst into his room, and yelled at young Jackson:

"Mike Murphy says I'm built for a sprinter and that I'm coming on in fine style. He wants me to come out to the field to-morrow. And he says I may go to the training-table with the team. It's a joke, picking me for an athlete."

The football player eyed his chum with approval. "You look as hard as nails," said he, "and I have a notion you can run some. The spring games are coming soon. There's your chance."

No one else was half so astonished as the "grind" when he ran the "220" in brilliant style and captured the event from a field of novices. This was followed by his formal selection as one of the Yale Athletic Team, and in May he won his five points for the blue by carrying off a hotly contested sprint against the pick of the intercollegiate world.

"And I've stood as well in my classes in spite of it," he told Jackson. "My, but I feel good!"

This is no fanciful case. It has often happened that men of marked athletic ability were discovered by accident, men who did not at all realize their latent power, which could not have been developed without intelligent system, and supervision of the physical condition of the student at large. Such a young man as this "grind" finds that athletics can be made a vital part of his education, and that qualities of lasting worth are stimulated by the track and field and river, as well as by the class and lecture room.

Against the tendency to make sport rather the chief end of a man's college course than a wholesome incident, many safeguards have been devised. In many colleges the student is barred from athletics if his class work falls below a certain standard. If a man fails in his studies and returns the following year, he is called a "repeater," and can not compete in athletic contests until he has made up his deficiencies. At Yale it is the fact that all efforts to regulate college athletics have won the sympathy and cooperation of the students. The evils of betting, too high-keyed excitement and absorption in the contest, the temptation to neglect recitations, the notoriety of the athlete, must be and are fought with persistent effort.

Sport is a safety-valve for the healthy youth who must and should be active, and we must find the right way to use this surplus energy which is bound to "blow off." The department of physical training in the modern college is devised to meet the rational demand and need of the healthy student. Organized sport has obliterated the old-time carousing in the saloons, the drinking-bouts, and the rioting, and has raised new standards of right and healthy living.

Returning to our young friend, Jackson, for a text: As a Freshman he "made the eleven" in the autumn. In the spring, by uncommon versatility of powers, he won a place on the nine, thus capturing two "Y's" in his Freshman year. Now, it is worth while to note the mental and physical qualifications of such a man and to look at his position among the men of his class and college. He possessed physical endurance, tenacity of purpose, the grit of a bull-dog, and a cool-headed reliability in moments of crucial stress. He lived as by clockwork. He was careful about his eating, his hours of sleep, he was moderate in his social diversions, obedient to the discipline of coaches and captains and trainers.

His present influence as an undergraduate is tremendous for good. His position is commanding in the organized social life of the campus world, and his name will be handed down in verse and story and tradition. He can place himself on record as opposed to all perversion of sport, and his words will carry weight.

The hostile criticism that athletes "die young" has been so often made without definite refutation that it passes for truth among those who mistake rumor for fact. An investigation of the health and longevity of college athletes must be exhaustive to furnish trustworthy data. Realizing the importance of such statistics, Professor Franklin B. Dexter, the Librarian of Yale, has recently com-

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pleted the task of collecting the records of 761 athletes who competed in intercollegiate events and won their "Y's" on the eleven, the nine, the crew, and the track team between 1855 and 1904. This material was gathered for a prominent life-insurance company, and later given to the Director of the Gymnasium. The main deductions are as follows:

Of these 761 athletes, 51 have died since graduation. The causes were: consumption, 12; pneumonia, 4; drowning, 6; heart disease, 2; suicide, 2; war and accident, 3; died from unknown causes, or disappeared, 10; from various diseases (fevers, appendicitis, cancer, diphtheria, paresis, dissipation, etc.), 12.

Of these 51 men, 18 rowed, 16 played football, 11 were track athletes, and 6 played baseball. The ages of those who have died show these extremes and averages:

Sport	Extremes of age	Average ages at death
Crew	20 to 68 years	41.7 years
Football	22 to 37 "	30.3 "
Baseball	20 to 39 "	28.3 "
Track	21 to 33 "	25.4 "

If the 4 who were drowned while young are eliminated from the crew table, the average age is raised to 47.1 years.

Turning to the 710 living athletes: those who have passed 40 may be thus grouped:

113 men are between 40 and 49 years of age.
86 " " " 50 " 59 " " "
22 " " " 60 " 69 " " "

Of the Yale athletes in their latter years, 14 are between 60 and 65 years, 1 is 65, 3 are 66, 1 is 67, 2 are 68, and 1 is 69. In brief, barring violent deaths, only 40 of these 761 Yale athletes, in a period of nearly fifty years, have been lost from the ranks of the living.

It is a widespread opinion that athletes are liable to heart trouble, but only 2 Yale men of this sturdy little army have died from this cause. It would seem more significant that of the 51 deaths, 16 were due to lung affections (consumption and pneumonia), the sports engaged in being football, 6; rowing, 4; baseball, 2; and track athletics, 4. It would be unwise to state that athletic training is a predisposing cause of lung trouble, for they may be only coincident.

I have been assured by a life-insurance expert that college athletes, barring the track men, show a better average expectation of life than their non-athletic classmates, and much better than the general average of insured lives.

The most valuable study of the life records of college oarsmen lately attempted in this country was made by Dr. George Meylan, Director of the Columbia University Gymnasium. As published in the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine*, his conclusions were:

"He [Dr. Meylan] has studied the individual history of every oarsman graduated from Harvard in the period of forty-one years, between 1852 and 1893. The results show that, compared with other men as to longevity, these athletes have had an expectation of life, barring accidental deaths in the list, of more than five years longer than the average standards of the insurance mortality tables. Of the total number of 152 men whose records were traced, 123 were living in 1904. Not one death was in any way caused by overexertion in athletics during college years, only two men have died of heart disease, and rowing was not blamed in these cases. Of the 32 oarsmen dead in more than half a century, 6 were killed in war, 2 by accidents, and only 1 died of consumption.

"The members of the first crew of 1851, then averaging twenty years, were expected to live, according to insurance averages, forty-two years more. Five of the 8 are now living, and including the length of years of the 3 who are dead, the 8 exceeded their 'expectations,' by an average of more than a year a man."

These investigations show that the athlete possesses, as part of his equipment at graduation, the probability of better health and a longer life than the man who does not realize the priceless worth of a "sound mind in a sound body." And this ancient phrase is supported by the soundest physiological research. For, roughly speaking, there are two portions of the brain, one for the muscles, another for the mind. If either is developed at the expense of the other, the result is an unbalanced mental state.

All voluntary muscular work develops that part of the brain known as the motor tract or Rolandic area, and as this section is closely connected with the fore-brain, which is believed to be the higher psychic center, whatever nourishes the former benefits the latter. Therefore we expect to find in the rationally athletic student both sections developed, a helpful balance between the two, and thus a symmetrical preparation for life's work.

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Experiences of a Nursery Governess

By MARTHA S. BENSLEY

VII

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Miss Bensley's studies of the child and the governess were to have been concluded in this issue, but it seemed best to add an article on the hotel-child, whose number is, unfortunately, increasing. The cramped, conventional life of such a child can not well be overlooked, and belongs naturally in this series. Miss Bensley's conclusions will appear in the August number.

IT was noon and I stood on the steps of the Hotel Regal holding Master Arthur Bronson by the hand. With a hundred other nursemaids and nursery governesses, I had spent the morning in whatever of cool greenness Central Park afforded, and now, like them, I was hurrying my charge home to lunch. Looking back I saw them pouring from the park entrance across the street.

The babies slept or cried faintly under their smothering sunshades and the older children dragged meekly from the compelling hands. The maids helped them down the curb at one side of the street, and up at the other, carefully keeping them in the circles of shade from umbrellas. Some eyelids drooped sleepily, but most of the soft eyes looked solemnly and uninterestedly before them, while the little feet in white shoes or patent leathers trotted soberly along.

They looked well, these children—but not with the brown-skinned, red-lipped strength of the country. Theirs was rather a health produced by extreme care; an artificial strength resulting from a careful diet, regulated temperature, and the attention of the family physician. Above their low shoes, their legs showed thin and flabby through their white stockings, and their skins had the delicacy of protected plants. Their soft voices spoke beautiful English, except in the case of those who had acquired a plebeian French or German from their attending maids. Washed, dressed, fed, and amused as it were by clockwork, they had become almost mechanical children.

I have said that I was taking Master Arthur Bronson home, but that is only a figure of speech, for Master Arthur lived with his father and mother in a hotel. They were social nomads, drifting from hotel to hotel, from city to city, from country to country, as business or inclination called.

My acquaintance with Master Arthur was due to the fact that his previous nurse had refused at the last moment to leave Washington with the family. It was too late to get another, so Mrs. Bronson, driven by fate, cared for her seven-year-old son during the five-hour journey and until the next afternoon, when she encountered me at Mrs. Jennings's Intelligence Office. Mrs. Jennings had found a place for me some months before, and on the strength of this Mrs. Bronson dispensed with the formality of a reference and engaged me on the spot.

When I arrived in the evening I found that the unwonted association of mother and son had already produced unfavorable effects: for Mrs. Bronson was supine on the lounge with a nervous headache, and Master Arthur was making compulsory pleasure excursions in the halls and elevators, personally conducted by a reluctant bell-boy.

He was a pale, sophisticated child whose life had so far shown him no resting-place for the sole of his foot. He looked delicate but there seemed to be nothing in particular the matter with him. I found him docile enough, for many struggles with many nurses had made him realize that his was always the losing cause.

On pleasant days after breakfast I took him into that big open-air nursery provided by the city—Central Park—a place where the rich exercise their horses, their dogs, and their children. The social distinctions established in the park by the nurses were mostly dependent upon clothes. Those whose charges were dressed in about the same manner formed natural groups; while the children whose mothers cared personally for them were put on a distinctly lower plane, as belonging to families unable to afford nurses. Socially, Master Arthur Bronson and myself ranked high. Not only was he, by virtue

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of having a nursery governess, a shade above those children who could boast only nursemaids, but his clothes were unexceptionable, and the prices at the Hotel Regal were high enough to command respect for its guests.

Usually there was with me and Master Arthur a little girl named Sallie, whose parents were also living at the Regal. Mary, Sallie's Irish nurse, was carrying on an enthusiastic flirtation with one of the waiters, whom she poetically denominated "Sunny Jim," and when I offered to take Sallie to the park she was glad to acquiesce, first stipulating that the child should not tell her mother. Arthur had taken a fancy to Sallie and the two were happy together. He was quick to make friends, as though he realized that the only companionship he could hope for was a mere clasp of the hand in passing —a glance into eyes which hurried past him in the rush of his life.

These two were similar in disposition and had similar environments. Sallie's parents lived at the Hotel Regal, with intervals in hotels at the seashore, and in the South. Hers was a life in few hotels rather than many, and the effect was different only in degree from that in the case of Arthur. They both showed a tractableness which I think was in reality a habit of bowing to overwhelming circumstances. They obeyed me with a sort of indifference, as though all courses of action were alike unimportant.

In the park we wandered over the winding paths, indulging in the very sober forms of amusement which pleased them. Arthur was content to hang on my arm, swinging a stick which he occasionally stopped to poke into the ground. To ducks and geese and squirrels he was indifferent. When, however, we happened on the little lake where the children sailed their miniature boats, he was interested. It was such a placid, quiet form of sport! There was the little board walk around the edge so that he need not wet his feet; there were the two attendants to rescue capsized boats; and there was the big policeman to prevent any sort of accident. I spoke to Mrs. Bronson about boats and she at once ordered one for him. He and Sallie were happy for several days in launching the little skiff at one edge of the lake, and then going around to meet it when it should come ashore at the other side. This was certainly a mild and unexciting form of amusement compared with the romping games which the normal child of seven delights in.

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Bronson knew much of the little boy. Usually he saw his mother for a few moments after his breakfast, and often met both his parents to say good night as they dressed for dinner. I do not think that either of them realized that there was any neglect in their treatment of their son. To them he was still a little animal requiring only physical care, his intellectual training being strictly of future concern. Mrs. Bronson did mention to me that she wanted him to learn to read and write, and to keep up his French and German—not realizing how little there was to "keep up." But she did not see that he was rapidly acquiring another education; and his surroundings were shaping him in a way of which she did not dream. As far as I could discover he had had no regular training. His rudimentary knowledge of languages had been picked up from nurses, and the family had never been long enough in one place for him to go either to school or to kindergarten.

This migratory existence was occasioned, though I hardly think necessitated, by Mr. Bronson's business. He was a sort of financial agent for people who had large sums of money to invest, or enterprises to finance. His wife and son always went with him on his trips, Mrs. Bronson's temperamental restlessness making such a life the most natural for her.

I have never seen a less reposeful woman. She hurried from one thing to another; from this friend to that; from one idea to the next; her words followed each other so rapidly as to make her meaning obscure; and all this nervous activity was purposeless and futile. She was intelligent and possessed social tact, but her life was frittered away on details. She usually left the hotel some time during the forenoon, and rarely returned until it was time to dress for dinner. I think that she spent her time in calling on her friends, entertaining them at luncheon or cards, and buying clothes for herself. She and Mr. Bronson often dined out, and when they did not, they usually went to some theatre together in the evening.

This mother represented to her son only a hurrying vision coming and going in his life. Mrs. Bronson was always "she" to Arthur—none of the loving epithets which other children use was ever on his lips. His father was a kindly figure seen occasionally—the source of small sums of money and of certain jokes which he did not understand.

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To Mrs. Bronson's flightiness must be attributed the inconsistency of her attitude toward her child. She would give him instructions while she was thinking of other matters, forget what she had said, and then be annoyed that her instructions had been carried out. For instance, one morning when we went to her room on our way out, she glanced up from the note that she was writing and saw that it was dark and gloomy.

"You mustn't go out to-day, Arthur," she said. "Anna, I don't want him out in the park in this weather; he might catch cold. Stay in the house to-day."

Accordingly, we passed the day in the hotel, Arthur listening to the stories I told him or playing with such of his toys as he cared for. As a matter of fact he had very few, and they seemed to have been selected for their portability. However, he rarely became eager, as the normal child does, for some new one that he chanced to see—children with roller-skates, or hoops, or toy automobiles awakened no envy in his breast. The mother, coming back at four o'clock and finding us sitting at the window, inquired why we weren't in the park; and without giving a moment for explanation, dilated on the fact that she wanted him to be out every day—that it wasn't good for him to spend his time in the house—and that she didn't want to have to speak of it again. In the rush of her words there was no chance for any justification from either Arthur or me, and we attempted none; but as we were going down to supper he said placidly:

"She *said* not to go out."

The nurses' hall, where the children took their meals, was certainly not a place in which a child could learn either good manners or good morals. It was evidently designed and decorated by some one suffering from confusion of the brain; for the walls were in terra cotta and watermelon-pink; it had Dutch windows, a Pompeian frieze, and Greek columns; and as a whole was not likely to contribute to the esthetic education of the infant mind. The eight tables were filled with children attended by nurses and maids of all nationalities, and a polyglot murmur pervaded the whole place. When, at my first appearance, the kindly head waiter saw me puzzling over the menu and slip of paper which he handed me, he came to my rescue and offered to write my order. Only when he had finished did I suspect that he had thought that I couldn't write. After that I saw him regularly writing out the orders for many of the nurses, showing that an appreciable number of them could not read or write, a fact which apparently did not diminish their value in the parental eyes.

The service was worse than careless; sauces and gravies were slopped upon the tablecloths without apology, and the children of the rich, at whose command were all the refinements and beauties which money could give, were accustomed to dirt and disorder. There was usually plenty of laughter and good nature in the air; and between the maids and the waiters was a continuous exchange of banter and anecdote. From the amazing breadth of some of these stories the children were protected solely by the fact that they could not understand all they heard. Not all the children, however, were of such tender years as to make it safe to assume their ignorance. Arthur was not especially sensitive to new impressions, but I heard him repeat a particularly unsavory bit of profanity which he had picked up from one of these tales.

Another unfortunate effect of this frequent congregating of children and nurses was the comment upon himself which each child heard. One day Sallie came running in dressed all in white from her kid boots to the ribbons on her black curls, and a group of maids at another table greeted her enthusiastically:

"Here's Sallie!—Ain't she sweet!—Just like a little doll!"

They admired her dress, her curls, her ribbons; and the child turned and preened herself like a little peacock.

"Was it yesterday that Arthur was dressed up so fine?" the comment ran on. "No; that was the day before," and again came the commendatory phrase showing their ideal—"Just like a doll!" Then, for Sallie's further edification, the talk turned on her mother:

"She's the plainest thing I ever see! But just look at Sallie—ain't she pretty? Oh, you never can tell!"

The atmosphere of that nurses' hall was well calculated to foster the undesirable qualities of carelessness, ill-breeding, self-consciousness, and vanity.

Sallie and Arthur both treated me as a servant, but still as one whose friendship and good opinion were worth preserving. They were almost parasitic in their dependence on others, and the possibility of doing anything for themselves seldom occurred to them. They would be quite lost in a less specialized

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society where they would be expected to button their own shoes, comb their own hair, or even go up and down stairs instead of riding in the elevator. They were exotics unable to bear transplanting to a less favorable climate. The only two aspects of life they knew were servants' halls and guests' quarters. The fact that I, their nursery governess, could not penetrate from my sphere to that other—that I could not go to the reading-rooms, to the parlor or café, and was not expected to ride in the regular elevator, created in their minds an arbitrary social distinction.

One curious thing about the class distinctions in this hotel was that the children were classed with us servants in most matters. There was a special elevator for *us*—nurses, maids, bell-boys, and children. It was marked with a sign: "NO PASSENGERS; SERVICE ONLY," and in addition to its utilitarian function, it was a sort of movable playground for the children, where they frolicked about and were not too gently chaffed by its other classes of occupants.

Arthur's attitude toward life showed a resigned endurance which was quite in line with his servant training.

"We're going away on Easter," he said; "going to Boston. I don't want to go then—not on Easter-day—I don't. And then pretty soon we're going to Chicago too."

"Don't you like to travel?" I asked him.

"Not so much," he sighed; "it's tiresome."

He was willing to consider the ideas of other people because he had always had to conform to them regardless of preference. A curious instance of this was his attitude toward fairy stories. Arthur believed quite implicitly whatever was told him, but his convictions, like his whole nature, were weak, and Sallie's frank unbelief could always shake his certainty. We used often to argue about the matter.

"But, Anna," said Sallie one day, "there are no fairies."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because there couldn't be anything so little—only six inches long."

"Yes, there could, Sallie," objected Arthur; "a mouse is littler than that."

"Oh, that's different—you can see a mouse."

"Do you believe only what you can see?" I asked her.

"Yes."

"Well, how about China then? You haven't seen China, but your doll, Wee Lah, came from there. Don't you believe in China?"

"Oh," she said, "there are pictures of China."

"Doesn't Mary tell you that there are fairies in Ireland?" I persisted.

"Yes."

"Well, she's been there and she ought to know."

"But I don't believe it, Anna," interrupted Sallie. "She says they sleep in flowers, and they couldn't—they'd fall out."

"No," assented Arthur, "I don't believe there are any!"

"Perhaps not right here," I admitted, "but why not in Ireland? If there is moonlight for fairies to dance in, why shouldn't there be fairies to dance in it? If there are flowers, why shouldn't there be fairies to sleep in them?"

Mary came to take Sallie to bed, and the child looked doubtfully back at Arthur as she followed her nurse.

"Do you believe it?" said the girl to the boy.

"I don't know," he answered.

As a matter of fact Arthur never positively knew anything. His likes and dislikes, like his information, were vague and ill-defined. He might think a thing had happened, but any questioning, instead of fixing the thing in his mind, always shook his certainty, and whenever he was asked a question with any suddenness, he had neither opinion nor information to offer. I do not mean by this to imply that he was an unintelligent child. As far as inherent abilities went, he was quite up to the average; but the great number of impressions which had been made upon his mind were too transitory to sink in; images, in their rapid succession, blotted each other out. His mind was like a photographic plate on which a dozen exposures have been made; it showed an indiscriminate jumble of figures—trains, ships, cities, fairy tales, clothes, and people all mixed up together and all of equal importance. Nothing had been systematically taught him; everything had just happened.

Looking forward, what are the chances for a child placed as Arthur Bronson? He is quite without a home; one place is exactly like another place, as far as his affections are concerned. To be sure, there may be a nicer park in Chicago than in Philadelphia for him to play in; the porter on the train from San Francisco to Denver may have been crosser than the one from Baltimore to Boston; but

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as far as any home feeling is concerned, an Atlantic liner is identical with a Florida hotel. He has none of that sense of preference for one locality over another which in its larger development makes for patriotism. He is becoming a cosmopolitan through indifference to every country rather than through love for all. What is that child to become whose inheritance is the memory of sets and sets of hotel furniture, of a series of passing servants, of friendships quickly made and quickly lost —surroundings without stability, mental images in a perpetual state of flux? These influences bore upon both parents and child, but with double strength upon the child because of his youth and impressionability.

There was, moreover, an enormous wrong done this child in the neglect to prepare him to enjoy the artistic side of life. Take pictures, for instance: there were two in his room, one an Aubert maiden conversing with a chilly Cupid, the other a print of a Venetian lady waving her hand to a departing gondolier. These are fair examples of the art ideals of the average hotel furnisher—perhaps they are a bit above the average; but at the age of seven, neither Cupids nor gondoliers are vital facts, and how could Arthur suppose that there was any possible connection between art and his existence? Pictures were nothing to him but spots on the wall—things which he must not break when he threw his ball about. Aside from these pictures there was none of those jugs and bits of bric-à-brac the presence of which we usually deplore, but which at least suggest the possibility of there being a beauty in things—a beauty connected in some way with utility.

To be sure, there were the illustrations in the magazines in his mother's room, and at these he looked with pleasure. Strangely enough, however, he did not think of the stories connected with the pictures; he never speculated as to why the men running down the street were in such a hurry—where the boat was going—why the man had got up on the ladder. My own theory concerning this curious state of mind is that the multiplicity of minor interests, the rush of unimportant actions, had destroyed all vividness and freshness of human interest in his mind.

These magazines were almost the only reading matter I saw in the Bronson apartments. People so migratory could hardly be expected to carry books, pictures, and bric-à-brac around with them.

What the family feeling was about music, I do not know. Mrs. Bronson and her husband went to the light operas, but they had no piano, and the only melodies which I heard in their rooms were the popular airs which the mother hummed while she dressed.

Master Arthur Bronson was practically cut off from all knowledge of art, music, and literature. To balance these lacks, what had he? A self-possession which made him calm amid the hurry and confusion of hotel life, an adaptability which made him fairly happy in his surroundings, and a state of stunned mentality which gave him the superficial good-nature of indifference.

All things considered, Arthur and Sallie were more to be pitied than any children I have encountered. They were being given none of the things which go to make either good citizens or happy individuals. Though sheltered in a costly building, surrounded by every material luxury which the interior decorator, unhampered by economy, can provide; served and guarded at every turn, they were as truly homeless as any orphans of the streets. By the very ease of their lives they were being robbed of everything that made them worth having.

It is not, however, the material aids to existence which are the bane of the hotel child; it is the mental and spiritual attitude accompanying this life which is to be deprecated. It destroys a democratic spirit through emphasizing the difference between the servant and the served; it exaggerates the power of money, fosters a spirit of dependence, and unfits the pampered individual for any other kind of life; and, worst of all, in a child so brought up there can be no understanding or love of home. There may be some future for the child who knows nothing of art—some function for the one to whom literature makes no appeal and who is not sensitive to music; but there is no place in the state for the man who has neither initiative, self-reliance, patriotism, nor love of home. He is a social menace, a disease. The community is better off without this satellite of the manager, parasite of the bell-boy, and source of supply for the waiter.

If there is one child in our community who is superfluous, it is the hotel child. As places for temporary occupation by homeless and childless adults, hotels are to be tolerated; but as residences for children, they are without the possibility of excuse.

(The "Experiences of a Nursery Governess" will be concluded in the August number.)

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THE GREATEST TRUST IN THE WORLD

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In this instalment Mr. Russell comes to the crux of the situation created by the Beef Trust, for he deals now with the final results of Trust extortions as shown in the increased household expenses of the nation. The person that pays the fiddler for the Trust's merry dancing is in the end always the consumer and nobody else. Mr. Russell prints tables from three cities to show the size of the fiddler's bill and how it has grown as the Trust has thriven. The methods are explained by which the Trust follows and controls food supplies from the farm to your table, raking off profits at every stage of the progress. The enormous and unsuspected extent of this combination is also made clear—its alliances and close connections with the greatest financial and commercial power in the land, its covert and sinister influence in government, and above all its tremendous strength in politics. The meat industry is but a small part of the real interests of this combination, which has its schemes in a thousand markets and its hands in millions of pockets.

CHAPTER IX

HOW THE CONSUMER COMES INTO THESE PLEASANT OPERATIONS

IN the three years ending January 1, 1905, the value of the beef cattle of the United States declined $163,000,000.

I call attention to this fact, officially reported. It is pivotal. The whole discussion turns upon it.

The value of cattle has declined. Has the price of meat to the consumer declined?

I print here tables from the retail markets of different cities. They do not show that meat has become cheaper. They show that it has become steadily dearer.

Here, then, is the great, significant truth we are to face: The cost of the raw material has diminished. The price of the finished product has increased.

In the history of commerce no such condition has existed without designed and abnormal control and manipulation. Without abnormal manipulation no such condition would be possible. If the cost of the raw material and the cost of the finished product had kept some measure of relative pace, one ignorant of or blind to the operations of this Trust might assert that raw material and finished product together had merely taken part in a world-wide movement of rising prices. No one can say that now. The discrepancy is too glaring. The raw material is cheaper; the finished product is dearer. In view of this fact, what shall we think of those laborious arguments by which a government department tries to show that this Trust is no trust, that the packers' profits are very small, that the public has no reason to complain? Where are the "books" now that will explain cheap cattle and dear beef? And of what value are any "reports" against the certain, plain dollar-and-cents experience of every householder in the country?

Suppose we consider him for a moment, this householder, this unrepresented consumer, who has no government agents to plead his cause, no hired attorneys to distort and color facts, and no great campaign subscriptions to dispense, but still must bear the

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eventual burden and provide the eventual profits.

This packers' combination fixes for him the retail price of meat as surely as it controls for the farmer the price of cattle.

How? In this way. The business of the Trust includes distribution as much as manufacture. We have seen the profitable part played in distribution by the refrigerator-car. The next thing to consider is the branch house to which the refrigerator-car runs.

In almost every town in this country you will find one or more of these establishments—probably their signs are familiar to you—"Swift & Co.," "Morris & Co.," "Armour & Co.," "Hammond & Co." Their function is chiefly to receive and pass on to the local butchers the products of Packingtown, though in some instances they are retailers and deal directly with the consumers.

As a rule the local butcher or retail meat dealer is wholly at their mercy. He must buy only of the Trust, he must abandon his own slaughtering, he must keep the peace with his masters, or off goes his name from the credit list.

He is, in fact, not much more than a compulsory servant of the Trust.

This state of perfect control was not attained without a struggle. Time was, of

RETAIL MEATS

IN NEW YORK

	Oct. 21, 1900	Oct. 21, 1902	Oct. 21, 1904	April 28, 1905
Porterhouse Steak, per lb.	$ .20	$ .22	$ .24	$ .28
Sirloin Steak	.16	.18	.20	.24
Round Steak	.14	.16	.16	.18
Chuck Steak	.08	.10	.12	.12½
Prime Rib Roast	.18	.20	.22	.24
Prime Pot Roast	.12½ to .14	.14 & .16	.16 & .18	.18 & .20
Pot Roast, other grades	.07 to .10	.08 to .12	.10 & .12	.10 to .14
Leg of Veal	.12½	.14	.14	.18
Veal Cutlets	.18	.20	.22	.25
Veal Chops	.14	.16	.18	.20
Hindquarters Lamb	.16	.18	.20	.22
Leg of Lamb	.12½	.14	.14	.16
Leg of Mutton	.10	.12½	.12½	.14
Saddle of Mutton	.12	.14	.14	.16
Rump Corned Beef	.10	.10 & .12	.12 & .14	.14 & .16
Plate Corned Beef	.04	.05	.06	.07
Soup Meat	.08	.10	.11	.12
Ham, best grade	.12	.13	.14	.18
Bacon, Canned, rindless	.20	.22	.24	.28
Bacon, other grades	.14	.16	.18	.22

RETAIL POULTRY

Phila. Roasting Chickens	.16	.18	.20	.22
Phila. Broilers, per pair	.75 to 1.00	.90 to 1.00	1.00 to 1.25	1.25 to 1.50
Soup Chickens	.10	.10	.12½	.14
Ducks	.18	.20	.22	.22

RETAIL EGGS, BUTTER, AND CHEESE

Eggs, per dozen	.18	.18	.30	.20
Phila. Print Butter	.32	.34	.36	.38
Elgin Creamery Butter	.30	.32	.34	.36
N. Y. State Butter	.19 to .23	.20 to .24	.23 to .28	.26 to .30
N. Y. State Cheese	.15	.16	.17	.17

THE CONSUMER'S BILL.

TABLE SHOWING HOW THE RETAIL PRICES OF FOOD HAVE INCREASED IN FOUR AND A HALF YEARS IN NEW YORK CITY—TYPICAL OF THE INCREASES THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

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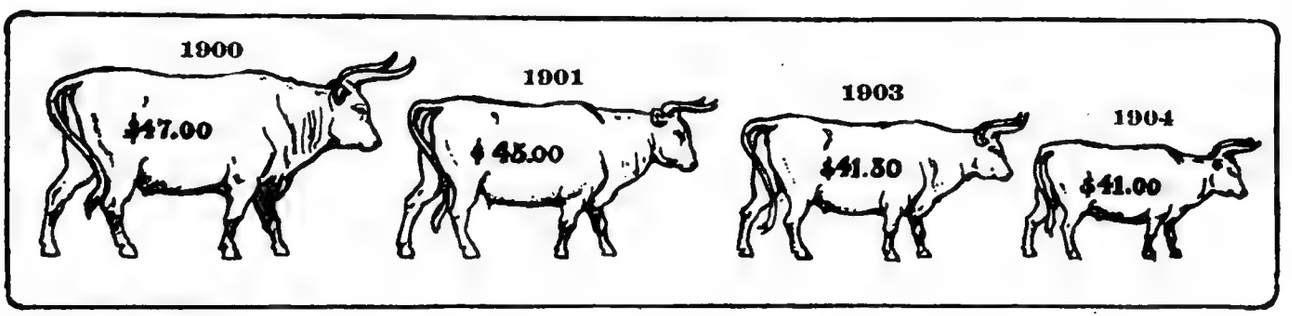
course, when the butcher did his own slaughtering, when he managed his own business. He did not gracefully yield his prerogatives. Two compelling circumstances brought him to a realizing sense of his position. The first was that in the new conditions he usually found it difficult to get supplies of cattle. The next was that if he was obstinate, or defayed his surrender, the Trust opened a shop next door and drove him out of business by underselling him. Instances are on record (as in Chicago) where meat was actually given away in order to bring a heretical butcher to the true Trust faith. Sometimes, as in the recent episode at Findlay, Ohio, the Trust found itself fighting all the butchers of a town. These contests had and could have but one end. How could a local butcher with a capital of two or three thousand dollars and no way to utilize his by-products compete against such a monstrous force? Even where, as in the famous case at Des Moines, Iowa, the local sentiment was all with the contending butcher, where the townspeople pledged him their continuous support, the magic of cheaper prices proved irresistible, the rebel found that he was making a hopeless fight.



CARTOON SHOWING DECREASING PRICES PAID FOR CATTLE BY THE BEEF TRUST TO THE PRODUCER SINCE 1900.

A notable exception occurred in San Francisco, where pluck and persistence once wrought upon the Beef Trust its only conspicuous defeat. The Trust had erected a plant and, with cheerful confidence, had undertaken to seize the meat traffic there as elsewhere. It awoke one day to the consciousness that it was facing an opponent it could not awe nor tame. The city butchers were solidly united, determined, and ably led. The public was aroused; its sympathies were wholly on the side of the butchers. The people of San Francisco have convictions in favor of transacting their own business in their own way, and they seem to entertain much doubt as to the essential benevolence of monopolies. Plain intimations were made that if the Trust attempted in San Francisco the methods it had pursued elsewhere, results (I translate freely) might follow inimical to the highest physical welfare of the Trust gentlemen. There must have been some convincing emphasis in the manner of this assurance, for at once the Trust practically retired from the field. I understand that the retiring movement was accomplished in haste and not exactly in what might be called good order. The attacking party has never returned. To this day the San Francisco butchers remain in peaceful possession of their own trade, and their city is the only city in the country that is independent of the Trust.

Now, of course, it is not for purposes of hygiene that, with great trouble and expense, the control of the retail markets is thus sought. Business is business. If it be worth while to dominate a market the real recompense lies in the profits therein, which must be derived from the consumer. And to see the extent of the consumer's interest in these matters we must remember that to him come home at last, not only all the manipulations of the cattle and beef markets, but all the transactions of the Great Yellow Car, and all the burdens of which the fruit and vegetable growers complain. **Every dollar of the unjust "icing charges" must be paid by the consumer; all the bedeviling of the dairy products' market is, in the end, his sole affair.** That it costs $84 to ice a car from Tennessee to Chicago is really nothing to the tomato grower in Tennessee. The man that eats the tomatoes is the man that pays the extorted tribute.

Besides dressed beef, veal, mutton, lamb, fresh pork, salt pork, hams, bacon, shoulders, shanks, sides, pigs' feet, fresh meat of all kinds, the products of which we naturally think when we speak of the Beef Trust or the Meat Trust, here are some of the things

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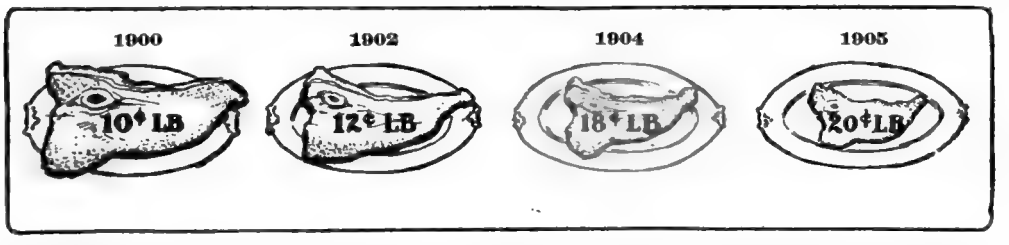
dealt in by the members of this combination:

Live Poultry.
Dressed Poultry.
Butter.
Eggs.
Cheese.
Lard.
Apples.
Potatoes.
Cabbages.
Tomatoes.
Turnips.
Onions.
Cranberries.
Other Berries.
Oranges.
Lemons.
Beans.
Electric Light.
Refrigerator-Cars for sale or rent.
Street-Railroads.
Wheat.
Oats.
Corn.
Rye.
Barley.
Mess Pork.
Beef Extract.
Bank Credits.
Butchers' Credits.
Butterine.
White Grease.
Yellow Grease.
Other Grease.
Sausage.
Sausage Casings.
Tallow.
Canned Corned Beef.
Canned Roast Beef.
Canned Tongue.
Canned Pork and Beans.
Canned Soups of all kinds.
Veal Loaf.
Table Delicacies in great variety.
Bristles.
Glue.
Sandpaper.
Camel's Hair Brushes.
Other Brushes.
Hair.
Hides.
Leather.
Pepsin.
Pepsin Tablets.
Fancy Goods made of bone and horn.
Toilet Soap.
Laundry Soap.
Hotel Soap.
Washing Powder.
Fertilizers.

Some of these commodities are handled at branch houses in small quantities on consignment and chiefly as an accommodation; in some it has a monopoly of the supply, and between are various degrees of interest and control. One of its latter-day achievements has been the building up of its trade in live and dressed poultry and dairy products. Of these it now controls more than half of the country's supply and obviously proposes to secure the remainder. Its operations in butter and eggs are very great and continue to increase. The railroads help it; they always help it. Independent dairy product dealers have found sorrowfully how hard it is to compete with an institution that has not only rebates, but its own cars and multiform advantages in getting such cars handled with despatch. The independent dairyman hardly makes a meal for this giant when it starts to swallow him, and if he objects to being swallowed he is smothered with unfair conditions he is powerless to combat.

I may not take space to follow the intricacies of the trade in these articles, but I refer for a moment to one as typical and indicative. Take fertilizers. To the North these are of no overwhelming moment; to the South they are indispensable. Cotton growing demands fertilizers almost as much as it requires sunlight. Of the fertilizers available for use on the cotton-fields the Beef Trust is, practically speaking, the sole producer. In the last four years the price of such fertilizer has increased thirty per cent., but the cost of making fertilizers has not increased. They are composed of cheap chemicals brought from abroad and of the refuse of slaughtering. The price of the chemicals has not varied; the cost of the slaughtered animals has decreased. But the price of the fertilizer has advanced, and again the burden that this entails, falling at first and solely upon the producer, comes at last to the people that buy and wear cotton goods.

But to return to the consumer's dinner table. For the distribution of the Trust's dairy products, poultry, and vegetables, as well as of meats, the branch houses in the smaller towns are the efficient agents. They are marshaled and directed from central points in the districts into which they are divided. Branch houses in large cities sometimes handle nothing but meat; in smaller places the poultry and produce business often exceeds the meat traffic. What they shall handle and how they shall handle it depend upon local conditions. No other business



CARTOON SHOWING THE CONTRASTING INCREASE IN PRICE OF A SIRLOIN STEAK TO THE CONSUMER SINCE 1900.

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is more mobile or more ably managed. So far as possible the policy is to avoid collision with local prejudice and to introduce business gradually. But where a fight is unavoidable it is waged with great vigor and swiftness.

The system whereby this vast traffic is manipulated seems ingenious and well worth the attention of the curious student of modern economics. In the days before the agreeing Gentlemen became the controlling factor in the situation every great packing-house strove to increase the number of its branches. Originally they competed; when the Trust was formed all competition naturally came to an end. Following precedent, we should look to see most of these houses closed and their trade consolidated, but this Trust is different. In many places the original branch houses still remain in nominal existence, but on close inspection it will be found that only one is actually engaged in seeking trade in dressed beef; the others are restricted in their real activities, in one instance to poultry, in another to produce, and so on. While there is no competition among them, their mere existence, their great staring signs, and their presumptive functions have practical use, for they serve to deflect adverse comment; to which, by the way, this combination is necessarily sensitive from the carefully concealed nature of its organization.

The real operations which here, as in so many other respects, are very different from the ostensible, are carried on through a division of territory. Thus, for example, the National Packing Company looks after a district in western New York lying about Elmira; Schwarzschild & Sulzberger have the anthracite-coal region; the Swift concerns supply certain districts in New England; the Armours have their own fields. The agents for one house do not enter the territory of another. In this way, while the form of distinct organization is maintained, the net result sought by trust combinations, which is unified control of markets and prices, is attained with certainty and safety.

This division of territory, by the way, once came near precipitating a riot in the happy family, and even in these times of common danger the breach is not healed. In the anthracite-coal region allotted to the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company the labor-unions are very strong. One of the most aggressive of the independent packers that still survive is Simon O'Donnell, of Pittsburg. Mr. O'Donnell would like to compete in the anthracite region with the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger Company. When the subject of bringing on the stock-yards strike in Chicago

RETAIL MEATS
IN PHILADELPHIA

	1900	1902	1904	May 2, 1905
Porterhouse Steak, per lb.	$ .21	$ .23	$ .24	$ .26
Sirloin Steak	.20	.22	.23	.24
Round Steak	.15	.16	.18	.20
Chuck Steak	.09	.13	.14	.15
Prime Rib Roast	.16	.19	.19	.21
Prime Pot Roast	.12	.14	.14	.15
Pot Roast, other grades	.08	.10	.10 to .12	.10 to .12
Leg of Veal	.12½	.14	.14 to .16	.16
Veal Cutlets	.18	.20	.23	.25
Veal Chops	.14	.16	.18	.20
Hindquarters Lamb	.16	.18	.18	.20
Leg of Lamb	.14	.16	.16 to .18	.20
Leg of Mutton	.10	.12	.14	.15
Saddle Mutton	.12	.14 to .16	.16	.18
Rump Corned Beef	.11	.12	.12 to .14	.14
Plate Corned Beef	.07	.08	.09	.10
Soup Meat	.08	.10	.10	.10
Ham, best grade	.12	.14	.14	.16
Bacon, canned, rindless	.22	.24	.26 to .28	.30
Bacon, other grades	.14	.16	.18	.20

RETAIL POULTRY

Phila. Roasting Chickens.	.16	.20	.24	.28
Phila. Broilers per pair	75 to 1.00	1.00	1.00 to 1.25	1.25
Soup Chickens	.12	.12	.14	.20
Ducks, best	.22	.26	.30	.35

RETAIL EGGS, BUTTER, AND CHEESE

Eggs, per dozen	.19	.20	.28	.22
Phila. Print Butter	.30	.30	.32	.36
Elgin Creamery Butter	.28	.28	.32	.34
N. Y. State Butter	.18 to .21	.22	.24	.28 to .30
N. Y. State Cheese	.12	.14	.17	.18

TABLE SHOWING INCREASE IN RETAIL PRICES OF FOOD IN PHILADELPHIA SINCE 1900—TYPICAL FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

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was agitated, the Schwarzschild & Sulzberger interests opposed it. They believed that in the event of a strike they would be boycotted in the anthracite country and Mr. O'Donnell would succeed to their trade. It was with the greatest difficulty and only after many bitter altercations that they were induced to stand with the rest of the packers on the strike question, and the feeling then engendered still remains and is likely to be at any time a source of trouble. For the armor of this Trust, as we have seen, has a weak spot; it has common interests, but it lacks the cohesive influence of a division of profits.

Communication among the various houses as to prices and conditions, so that there shall be no conflict, is kept up through cipher messages. Each house is designated by a cipher name, and that name alone is used for it in letters as well as telegrams. Thus Armour & Co. are always designated as "Phenomenal," Schwarzschild & Sulzberger as "Phrase," Morris & Co. as "Phosphatic," and Swift & Co. as "Piaculous."

RETAIL MEATS IN CHICAGO

	Oct. 21, 1900	Oct. 21, 1902	Oct. 21, 1904	May 6, 1905
Porterhouse Steak, per lb.	$ .18	$ .20	$ .22	$ .25
Sirloin Steak	.10	.12	.18	.20
Round Steak	.10	.12	.14	.15
Chuck Steak	.08	.10	.12	.12½
Prime Rib Roast	.12½	.16	.18	.20
Prime Pot Roast	.08	.10	.12	.14
Pot Roast, other grades	.06	.08	.10	.12½
Leg of Veal	.10	.12½	.14	.15
Veal Cutlets	.12½	.15	.18	.20
Veal Chops	.10	.12½	.14	.16
Hindquarters Lamb	.10	.12	.14	.16
Leg of Lamb	.12½	.14	.14	.16
Leg of Mutton	.10	.12½	.12½	.14
Saddle Mutton	.10	.12½	.12½	.14
Rump Corned Beef	.07	.10	.12	.14
Plate Corned Beef	.04	.06	.06	.08
Soup Meat	.05	.06	.07	.08
Ham, best grade	.10	.12	.14	.15
Bacon, canned, rindless	.16	.20	.23	.25
Bacon, other grades	.10	.14	.16	.18
RETAIL POULTRY				
Roasting Chickens	.11	.15	.20	.25
Stewing Chickens	.10	.11	.14	.15
Broilers, per pair	.70	.90	1.25	1.50
Soup Chickens	.10	.10	.12½	.14
Ducks	.11	.12½	.18	.20
RETAIL EGGS, BUTTER, AND CHEESE				
Eggs, per dozen	.24	.26	.30	.24
Elgin Creamery Butter	.25	.30	.35	.30
Dairy Butter	.20	.25	.28	.23
American Cheese	.12½	.16	.18	.18

TABLE SHOWING INCREASE IN RETAIL PRICES OF FOOD IN CHICAGO SINCE 1900—TYPICAL FOR THE WHOLE COUNTRY.

But even these precautions seem not always sufficient to secure the desired secrecy.

On April 9, 1904, the newspapers reported that the Interstate Commerce Commission was to go to Boston to investigate rebates and private-car line abuses, particularly among the packing-houses. On the morning of April 10th, the auditor of the Boston department of Armour & Co. received from headquarters a long cipher despatch of instructions. Immediately thereafter the office force was ordered to pack into barrels all letters, telegrams, and records that might be of a nature to show the existence of a combination or understanding with the other houses. This work was done in hot haste, and that afternoon the barrels were shipped to South Framingham, where the Armour Company has a rendering plant, and there the contents were burned in the furnaces. No hint of this interesting event is to be found in the report of Mr. Garfield, though to the unofficial mind it would seem of considerable significance. Subsequently the reported visit of the Interstate Commerce Commission proved a false alarm; the Commission did not go to Boston. But the work of destroying the papers had been done in so much of a panic that many documents essential to the proper operation of the house burned with the rest, and I understand that for some time afterward the branch must needs be conducted largely on faith without works.

This is not the only instance where the handy furnace has been fed with documents pertinent to the Trust inquiry. When the

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Grand Jury began its investigation in Chicago and so many foreign shores were suddenly enlivened by the presence of certain Trust executives, a great many things besides coal went up in smoke. And when the Interstate Commerce Commission was tracing the private-car evil it had good reason to suspect that its labors had been similarly impeded.

But this Grand Jury was to have a hand in still other and far more important results, and as these illustrate in a new way the power of the Trust and its relations to the public, they should here be set down in detail.

The news that a Federal Grand Jury was to investigate the Beef Trust and its alleged violations of the Grosscup injunction was published early in March. At that time the supplies of cattle were good; in fact, a little more than normal, running at Chicago from 57,000 to 64,000 a week. Hence, as the Lenten season was at hand, when the demand for meat is always lessened, a decline in the cattle market was easily foreseen. The oldest observers in the market were astounded, therefore, when immediately after the announcement of the coming investigation the prices for cattle began to ascend. The first week saw an increase of twenty-five to forty cents a hundredweight. The following week this advance was repeated, notwithstanding increased receipts. The next week saw a further advance, until when the Grand Jury after March 20th was fairly at work, the average price of medium grade cattle was $1.50 higher than before the rise began. *And this in spite of the fact that the cattle receipts for March were the largest ever known in that month.*

Now very singular circumstances attended these advances. They were made when there was no shortage of cattle supplies in the country. They were without any discernible reason in market conditions. They were unseasonable. They were made in the face of very heavy receipts and at a time of reduced demand. They were most marked in the grades of which the supply was largest, and least on grades of which the supply was smallest; while medium cattle went up $1.50, prime grades went up only thirty cents. They were made just at the time when the Grand Jury was to meet, and just at the time when all the great conventions of cattle raisers were to be held. When these meetings were past and the Grand Jury was approaching the end of its labors, although receipts largely declined, the prices fell. When the price of dressed meat had been advanced on the excuse afforded by the increased cost of cattle, the packers emptied their cellars of immense quantities of meat stored when cattle had been cheap, and on these sales, of course, secured enormous profits. Finally, and most curiously, the Illinois Feeding Company, a Trust-owned concern overlooked by Commissioner Garfield, seemed to have a strange intuition about the coming changes. Although for months it had been inert, it suddenly awoke just before the advances began, bought 60,000 cattle, and cleared on them about $12 a head.

These pregnant facts may dispose of any lingering notion that in the cattle market changes of price result from changed conditions of supply and demand or from anything but manipulation. In free markets prices do not rise with increased nor fall with diminished supplies.

But why should it be to the advantage of the Trust to have high cattle prices just at this time? For two reasons. In the first place there were those cattle men's conventions. The cattle raisers had been growing more and more irritated. The Garfield report was salt on their wounds, and it was openly declared that each convention would pass resolutions denouncing the Trust and the report. Any such resolutions at a time when the public mind was aroused on the Trust subject might have had extremely disagreeable results; but it is not in nature that producers shall be in a denunciatory mood when the price of their product is advancing day by day. Second, the coincidence in regard to the Grand Jury was still more important. The chief work of the Grand Jury was to find out if competition had been killed in cattle buying. The only men that could testify about that were the cattle raisers. Obviously it would be very much better to have such witnesses in a good than in a bad humor.

No one need imagine that the rising market worked loss to the thrifty Trust. The average increase in the buying price of cattle was one and a half cents a pound. The increase in the wholesale price of meat was two and a half cents a pound. **This increase the retailer naturally passed along to the consumer, and the first result of the Grand Jury's deliberations was that you paid four to five cents a pound more for your steak.**

But when, in late April, the Grand Jury scare abated and while cattle receipts fell off,

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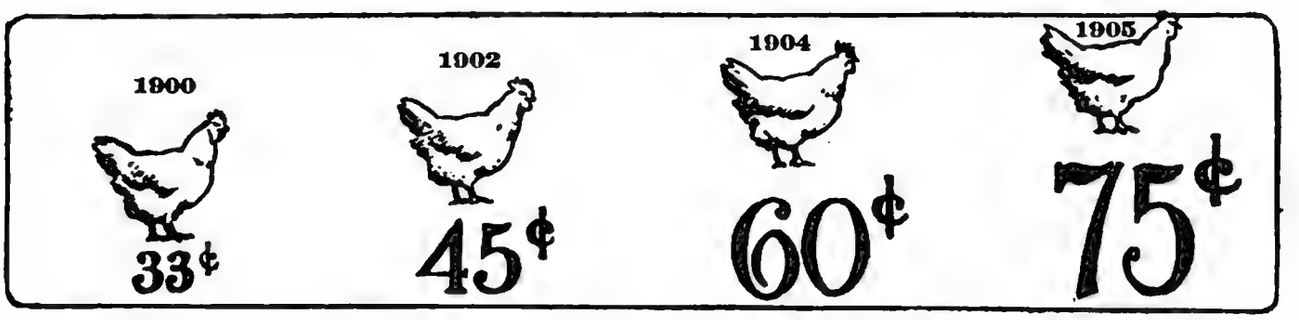
the price of cattle was reduced, the wholesale price of meat was not diminished, you got your steak for no less, and the packers' margin of profits was simply greater than ever.

You may be interested to know that the one city that fared the best in these increases was Chicago. The wholesale (and consequently the retail) prices for meat were not increased in Chicago until long after they had been increased in all the rest of the country, and, in fact, not until the trade in the rest of the country had begun to complain of the discrimination. But in Chicago the Grand Jury was in session.



CARTOON SHOWING THE INCREASE IN PRICE OF CHICKEN TO THE CONSUMER SINCE 1900.

It may be argued, I know, that the Trust needed the money. The extraordinary expense it had been put to by this troublesome Grand Jury was excessive. Counting the bills of all the gentlemen that fled to Europe, the detectives that swarmed around the place where the Grand Jury met, the espionage of witnesses, the attorneys that were let loose on cattlemen's meetings, and the extraordinary newspaper advertising deemed advisable at this juncture, the cost must have been great. Hostile persons at the stock-yards have estimated it at half a million dollars. Possibly that is too high a figure. But whatever it was, no detective is needed to trace the source of the money. You can find that in your meat bill.

CHAPTER X

THE REAL PROPORTIONS OF THE COMBINATION

In its power to affect the business, happiness and lives of millions of people, in its ramifications incalculable, in its strange ability to thwart laws and circumvent government, this Trust excels all others. The amount of its capital directly and obviously employed in the slaughtering of cattle and the selling of meat is not so great as the capital employed by some other monopolies (by the Steel Trust, to name a conspicuous example), but the easily recognized business transacted by the Beef Trust amounts to more than a billion dollars a year, and when to these activities are added its myriad transactions not so easily discernible, here is to be seen a commercial force without a precedent in Trust history.

It has, besides, certain intimate, useful, and often unsuspected alliances that must be accounted with if we are to understand any part of its gigantic operations.

For this is no mere combination of a few firms to control one specific industry; here is no ordinary trade "merger." Here is something of proportions so huge and possibilities so dazzling that the imagination flags in following the dizzy spirals of its plans; here is something that as far transcends the limits of other trade trusts as its influence exceeds the narrow boundaries of Packingtown. Back of the smoking chimneys and the wilderness of grimed buildings, back of the Bandit of Commerce and the other tangible manifestations of power, is the real combination, never seen and seldom heard of, that controls these and many other enterprises and represents the present limit of industrial concentration. More purposes than to dominate the buying and slaughtering of cattle and the selling of dressed beef has this great association; even more than the control of the supplies of produce. Of the most of its achievements no one hears until they are complete, and even then no one has perceived the workings of a machinery that extends from Wall Street through Washington to the Pacific Coast.

We should turn now to glance at this system and what it means.

The commanding business genius of the packing industry is Mr. J. Ogden Armour.

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Its great financier and diplomat is Mr. Charles G. Dawes.

Mr. Dawes is a new figure in these annals. He is also somewhat new to fame as a captain of enterprise. Probably not many of my countrymen know more of him than that he was long the efficient Comptroller of the Federal Currency. Yet he is truly a power in the land, he has the real qualities of greatness, and the imperfect justice so far done to his attributes arises from circumstances, not from lack of deserving. A quiet, reserved, thoughtful, courtly man, not fond of the limelight, not fond of popularity, he sits within the automaton and, unseen himself, makes upon the chess-board the great daring plays that spell success. No one that has met and observed this singular figure fails to be impressed with the force of his mind and character. Still young, good-looking, brown-mustached, in appearance one of these keen typical Americans, clean and clear-cut of feature, he has the long powerful jaw that upon a chosen proposition closes like a trap; cool, steady eyes; and that curious modern manner that is chilled steel overlaid with silk velvet; a manner strictly our own product and unimaginable upon another soil.

How does Mr. Dawes come into this story?

Mr. Dawes is a banker, also a politician. He was Comptroller of the Currency from 1898 to near the close of 1901, the time when the Beef Trust began to be organized. The Comptrollership of the Currency is in many ways a good job. It brings you into intimate contact with great financial interests, grateful banks, and observing managers of moneyed enterprises, and shows them your good points —if you have any. I do not now recall that any former Comptroller of the Currency in our history starved to death when he left office. When Mr. Dawes resigned, in 1902, he was almost embarrassed by the flattering offers which he received to take charge of banks or money institutions in New York. He declined them all, returned to Chicago and became the President of the Central Trust Company.

The Central Trust Company is the financial agency of the packing industry. It is a branch or an outgrowth of the Continental National Bank, and the Continental National Bank is owned by the packing-houses.

Here are some of the stockholders in the Central Trust Company:

J. Ogden Armour	$80,000
Edward Tilden, President of Libby, McNeil & Libby (Swift)	65,000
Patrick A. Valentine, Vice-President of Armour & Co.	80,000
A. J. Earling, President, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.	73,000
Roswell Miller, Director, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R.	80,000
Jacob H. Schiff, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., New York, financial backer of the Union Pacific and familiar figure in politico-finance	50,000

The other stockholders include Edward F. Swift and other members of the Swift family, S. McRoberts and C. M. Favorite, of Armour & Co., James M. Fowler, Frank E. Vogel, all engaged in the packing industry.

Also Frank O. Lowden, an active and prominent director of the Pullman Car Company, and Republican National Committeeman from Illinois.

Also Graeme Stewart, influential Republican politician and in 1903 Republican candidate for Mayor of Chicago.

Mr. Dawes was Western manager and Western treasurer of the Republican National campaign in 1904.

By the leaders of his party he is most cordially esteemed. With Congressman Lorimer he is at the head of the Republican organization in the West. He is extremely well liked in Washington. Few men have greater influence there; his counsel and wishes are treated with the utmost consideration. Mr. Lorimer is also of great repute at the nation's capital. Mr. Dawes and Mr. Lorimer are close political associates. Mr. Lorimer is commonly called the Republican boss of Illinois. He has much to do with selecting delegates and controlling conventions. He is on terms of close friendship with the packers and one of their most ardent and industrious defenders.

One may safely assume, therefore, that if occasion should arise in which political influence could be of practical use to the packing industry, such influence might reasonably be expected to manifest itself. It also appears that the packing industry is quite well aware of the possible advantages of such influence. Cash contributions are the life-blood of political campaigns, and whatever may be the ingratitude of republics I have never heard that it extended to political parties in power.

In 1896 the contribution of Armour & Co. to the Republican National campaign fund was $400,000, in three checks.

Furthermore, other connections and bul-

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warks of power exist here likely to cheer a packer's heart should the critical attitude of a world but ill attuned to the methods of high finance induce a mood of depression. In the Central Trust Company, the financial and diplomatic agency of the packing industry, for instance. Mr. Frank O. Lowden, who is a political protégé of Mr. Lorimer's, brings in the Pullman Car Company, with its great influence more than once exerted in Illinois and National politics. The Pullman Car Company brings in directly the Chicago Traction interests, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan—and others. It involves an influence that came very near overturning the results of two elections in Chicago and has often dictated legislation in city and State. Indirectly it ramifies into the directorate of almost every great railroad in the country. Mr. Morgan is a director in the Pullman Company and chief owner of the Chicago Traction concerns. Mr. Jacob H. Schiff brings in Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and some of the most powerful interests in Wall Street. Mr. Earling and the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad (in which Mr. J. Ogden Armour is a director and heavy stockholder) bring in many strong financial interests East and West. *Directly involved are the identical forces that thrice compelled the government to release its millions in Wall Street to relieve speculative embarrassment; and you can easily surmise what impress such forces can make should necessity arise.*

Moreover, all this is only the beginning of the story. Mr. Dawes is a controlling factor in the Union Gas and Electric Light Company, a gigantic corporation that owns a monopoly of the gas supply in twenty-one American cities. Through Mr. Charles Hanna, a relative of the late Senator Hanna, he is interested in the American Lighting and Traction Company, the parent company of the great Electric Lighting Trust, one of the most powerful in the country and rapidly growing. The Armour, Swift, and Morris interests own the entire electric-light and street-car systems in many Western cities. They thus touch hands with the Electric Lighting Trust on one side and the traction alliance on the other. We have only to remember what the traction combination has done politically in Philadelphia, Harrisburg, New York City, and Albany to understand what this means. The Armour, Swift, and Morris interests are active members of the Cold Storage Warehouse Trust, of which too little has been said in our happy land, and in this singular combination some of the greatest and most famous American fortunes have invested. The Armour, Swift, and Morris interests are also concerned in many banks besides the Continental National, in many financial ventures besides the Central Trust Company—and an examination of directorates reveals them in a chain of powerful interests which has its Eastern anchorage in two of the best known and most frequently mentioned banks in New York City, one of them famous for successful interference with government affairs.

Finally, the Beef Trust owns the Leather Trust and has close connections, through the Neola Elevator Company, with the Grain Trust.

It is no wonder that in the shelter of all these millions and all this varied, incalculable, and irresistible political power, the kind of power that owns National conventions, chooses candidates, writes platforms, and dictates to Congress—it is no wonder that the Beef Trust has felt at liberty to do such simple things as to trample upon laws and to violate injunctions. Compared with the full scope of its schemes for such control of the nation's grain supplies as it now exercises over the meat and produce markets, injunctions are merest trifles. Packingtown seems reasonably enough to have adopted the motto of the late John Y. McKane. Over its entrance it might well engrave, "Injunctions don't go here."

Consider that the mere existence and the daily operations of this combination are in all States of the Union illegal, that they are absolutely prohibited by the statutes of the United States and by court injunction, that practically nothing has ever been done anywhere to enforce the law or punish the offenders, and then ask yourself the probable cause of this strange immunity.

I will give two illustrations of it. In December, 1903, proceedings were brought in Missouri, under the State Anti-Trust Law, against the firms composing the Beef Trust, charging them with a combination in restraint of trade. The State Supreme Court appointed Mr. I. H. Kinley, of Kansas City, a Special Commissioner to hear the cause. A trial was had before Mr. Kinley. Voluminous testimony was taken. In January, 1904, the Commissioner made his finding. He held all the accused firms to be

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guilty. A hearing was then had before the Supreme Court. On April 23d the Court handed down a decision confirming the finding of the Commissioner, declaring the firms guilty and fining each $5,000.

So here, at last, was both an example and a definite basis for action.

The Missouri Anti-Trust Law is similar to the Federal Anti-Trust Law. It is similar to the anti-trust laws of other States. What was done in Missouri might have been done in any other State in the Union where the Trust operates.

Not a move was made anywhere to follow the example of Missouri; the Department of Justice at Washington never turned a hand, no inquiry was ever made for the testimony taken in the Missouri case, the Attorney-General never mentioned it. Nothing would have been easier than for the Department of Justice to order similar proceedings in a dozen Federal districts, making use of the testimony taken in Missouri. The Department of Justice peacefully continued its slumbers.

In the other instance, the Federal Grand Jury at New Orleans found eleven indictments against railroad officers for granting rebates and special privileges. These indictments were pigeon-holed. It seems that the Interstate Commerce Commission once undertook to learn why they were pigeon-holed. In its fourteenth annual report it published the result of its investigations of this curious matter. It had found, says the report, that the District Attorney at New Orleans had, on instructions from the Department of Justice at Washington, allowed the indictments to lapse.*

It may interest you to know, as a pleasing corollary to such events, that the day after the packers paid their fines in Missouri the wholesale price of meat was advanced two cents a pound at Kansas City, so that in a few minutes the convicted packers not only recouped their fines, but were able to rake off quite an agreeable profit in addition.

In the interest of household economy, therefore, it may have been well that nothing was done to punish the lawbreakers elsewhere. And possibly it was as a reward for thus valiantly protecting the cost of living in this free country that some of the public officers responsible for the inaction have received preferment.

I add here a very curious incident that may by the thoughtful be held not without significance:

In August, 1904, the Department of Commerce and Labor was engaged in an investigation of the packing industry, subsequently embodied in the Garfield report. One of the agents of the department, a man named Robertson, came to Chicago and busied himself at the stock-yards. He seems to have been under the impression that what was wanted was facts. He applied himself assiduously to gathering facts, and especially facts relating to the suppression of competition in the cattle market. Now this, as I have tried to show in preceding chapters, is a particularly sore point with the packers, because it is so obviously and clearly a violation of the injunction. Mr. Robertson collected a great many facts that were damaging evidence. As in the case of the other agents of the department, every movement he made was closely watched by Trust detectives. Among the many departments of the packing industry, not the least efficient, as I have had much reason to know, is the Department of Secret Information. From my own experience I have no doubt that where Robertson went and whom he talked with, and an outline of what he gathered, were fully reported day by day to the packers. Suddenly, in the midst of his labors, Mr. Robertson was recalled to Washington and Chicago saw him no more. Of the information he collected, some of it most important and instructive, there is not a trace, not a hint, in the Garfield report.

Why was Robertson recalled? I don't know. It has been publicly charged that he was recalled at the joint demand of the National Republican Committee and Mr. Charles G. Dawes, manager of the Republican campaign and financial genius of the packing industry. And these gentlemen have been challenged to deny the charge. And they have never denied it.

But, anyway, Mr. Robertson ceased from his labors in Chicago. What he discovered was never printed in the Garfield report and what was printed in that famous document did not cause the Trust the slightest uneasiness.

And all this happened in a National campaign.

* See pages 45 in the thirteenth annual report and 51 in the fourteenth annual report for this significant story.

The story of "The Greatest Trust in the World" will be continued in the August number.

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THEY CAME DOWN-STAIRS WITH SOLEMN, DUTIFUL FACES.

A Mother of Four

By JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

"YOU are fortunate to find us alone, Mrs. Merritt. With four girls, it is simply terrible—callers underfoot wherever you stir. You must know something about it, with two daughters; so you can fancy it multiplied by two. Really, sometimes I get out of all patience—I haven't a corner of my house to myself on Sundays! But I realize it is the penalty for having four lively daughters, and I have to put up with it."

Mrs. Merritt, the visitor, had a gently worried air as she glanced from the twins, thin and big-boned, reading by the fire, to pretty, affected Amélie at the tea-table, and the apathetic Enid furtively watching the front steps from the bay window. Something in her expression seemed to imply a humble wonder as to what might constitute the elements of high popularity, since her two dear girls——

"Of course, mine have their friends," she asserted; it was an admission that perhaps the door-bell was not overworked. "I enjoy young life," she added.

"Oh, yes, in moderation!" Mrs. Baldwin laughed from the depths of the complacent prosperity that irradiated her handsome white hair and active brown eyes, her pleasant rosiness, and even her compact stoutness, suggesting strength rather than weight. "But since Enid became engaged, that means Harry all the time—there's my library gone; and with the other three filling both drawing-rooms and the reception-room, I have to take to the dining-room, myself! There they begin," she added, as Enid left the window and slipped out into the hall, closing the door after her. "Now we shall have no peace until Monday morning. You know how it is!"

Mrs. Merritt seemed depressed, and soon took her leave.

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The twins, when they were left alone in the drawing-room, lifted their heads and exchanged long and solemn looks; then returned to their reading in silence. When it grew too dark by the fire, they carried their books to the bay window, but drew back as they saw a pale and puny youth with a retreating chin coming up the front steps.

"The rush has begun," murmured Cora.

"Amélie can have him," Dora returned.. "Let's fly."

They retreated up-stairs and read peacefully until tea-time. The bell did not ring again. When they came down, Mrs. Baldwin eyed them irritably.

"Why don't you ask the Carryl boys in to Sunday tea some time? They will think you have forgotten them. And Mr. White and that nice Mr. Morton who lives with him—I am afraid you have offended them in some way. They used to be here all the time."

"They only came twice, and those were party calls," said Dora bluntly.

"My dear, you have forgotten," was the firm answer. "They were here constantly. I shall send them a line; I don't like to have them think we have gone back on them."

"Oh, I—I wouldn't," began Cora, but was put down with decision:

"When I need your advice, Cora, I will ask for it. Amélie, dear, you look tired; I am afraid you have had too much gaiety this afternoon."

"Oh, I love it! It's the breath of life to me," said Amélie rapturously. The twins again exchanged solemn looks and sat down to their tea in silence. Mrs. Baldwin attacked them peevishly at intervals; she was cross at Enid also, who had not kept Harry to supper, and preserved an indifferent silence under questioning. "When I was your age—!" was the burden of her speech.

"I must give a dance for you young people," she decided. "You need livening up."

"Oh, lovely!" exclaimed Amélie.

"We have not had one this winter—I don't know what I have been thinking about," Mrs. Baldwin went on with returning cheerfulness. "We won't ask more than a hundred. You must have a new frock, Amélie. Enid, how is your blue one?"

"Oh, all right," said Enid indifferently. Mrs. Baldwin turned to the twins, and found them looking frankly dismayed.

"Well, what is it now?" she exclaimed. "I am sure I try to give you as good times as any girls in town; not many mothers on my income would do half so much. And you sit looking as if you were going to execution!"

"We—we do appreciate it, mother," urged Cora, unhappily.

"But we aren't howling successes at parties," Dora added.

"Nonsense! You have partners to spare." Mrs. Baldwin was plainly angry. "No child of mine was ever a wallflower, nor ever will be. Never let me hear you say such a thing again. You would have twice the attention if you weren't always poking off by yourselves; and as it is, you have more than most girls. You frighten the men—they think you are proud. Show a little interest in them and see how pleased they will be!"

The twins looked dubious, and seized the first chance to escape. In their own room they confronted each other dismally.

"Of course they will ask us, in our own house; we won't have to sit and sit," said Cora with a sigh.

"But it's almost worse when they ask you for that reason," objected Dora.

"I know! I feel so sorry for them, and so apologetic. If mother would *only* let us go and teach at Miss Browne's; then we could show we were really good for something. We shouldn't have to shine at parties."

"We shouldn't have to go to them! Come on, let's do some Latin. I want to forget the hateful thing."

Cora got down the books and drew their chairs up to the student-lamp. "I know I shouldn't be such a stick if I didn't have to wear low neck," she said. "I am always thinking about those awful collar-bones, and trying to hold my shoulders so as not to make them worse."

"Oh, don't I know!" Dora had slipped on a soft red wrapper, and threw a blue one to her sister. When they were curled up in their big, cushioned chairs, they smiled appreciatively at each other.

"Isn't this nicer than any party ever invented?" they exclaimed. Dora opened her books with energy, but Cora sat musing.

"I dare say that somewhere there are parties for our kind," she said, finally. "Not with silly little chinless boys or popular men who are always trying to get away, but men who study and care about things—who go to Greece and dig ruins, for instance, or study sociology, and think more about one's mind than one's collar-bones."

Dora shook her head. "But they don't go to parties!"

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"Both Mr. Morton and Mr. White do, sometimes," Cora suggested. "They aren't like the rest. I thought that tenement-house work they told us about was most interesting. But they would call if they wanted to," she added.

The twins in wrappers, bending over their books, had a certain comeliness. There was even an austere beauty in their wide, high foreheads, their fine, straight dark hair, their serious gray eyes and sensitive mouths, pensive but not without humor and sweetness. But the twins in evening dress, their unwilling hair flower-crowned and bolstered into pompadours, their big-boned thinness contrasted with Amélie's plump curves, their elbows betraying the red disks of serious application, were quite another matter, and they knew it. The night of the dance they came down-stairs with solemn, dutiful faces, and lifted submissive eyes to their mother for judgment. She was looking charmingly pretty herself, carrying her thick white hair with a humorous boldness, and her smiling brown eyes were younger than their gray ones.

"Very well, twinnies! Now you look something like human girls," she said gaily. "Run and have a beautiful time. Ah, Amélie, you little fairy! They will all be on their knees to you to-night. Where is Enid?"

"Nowhere near dressed, and she won't hurry," Amélie explained. "Oh, I am so excited, I shall die! What if no one asks me to dance!"

"Silly!" Mrs. Baldwin laughed. "I am only afraid of your dancing yourself to death. Ah, Mrs. Merritt, how good of you to come with your dear girls! And Mr. Merritt—this is better than I dared hope."

The rooms filled rapidly. Enid, after one languid waltz, disappeared with Harry and was not seen again till supper. Amélie flew from partner to partner, pouring streams of vivacious talk into patient masculine ears. The twins were dutifully taken out in turn and unfailingly brought back. Both Mr. White and Mr. Morton came, serious young men who danced little, and looked on more as if the affair were a problem in sociology than an entertainment. There were plenty of men, for Mrs. Baldwin's entertainments had a reputation in the matter of supper, music, and floors.

"After you've worked through the family, you can have a ripping old time," Cora heard one youth explain to another; a moment later he stood in front of her, begging the honor of a waltz. She felt no resentment; her sympathies were all with him. She looked up with gentle seriousness.

"You needn't, you know," she said. "Dora and I don't really expect it—we understand." He looked so puzzled that she added: "I overheard you just now, about 'working through the family.'"

He grew distressfully red and stammered wildly. Cora came at once to his rescue.

"Really, it's all right. We don't like parties, ourselves; only it is hard on mother to have such sticks of daughters, so we do our best. But we never mind when people don't ask us. Sometimes we almost wish they wouldn't."

The youth was trying desperately to collect himself. "What *do* you like, then?" he managed to ask.

"Oh, books, and the country, and not having to be introduced to people." She was trying to put him at his ease. "We really do like dancing: we do it better than you'd think, for mother made us keep at it. If only we didn't have to have partners and think of things to say to them!" She held out her

[A PUNY YOUTH WITH A RETREATING CHIN, COMING UP THE FRONT STEPS.

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hand. "Thank you ever so much for asking me, but I'd truly rather not." He wrung her hand, muttered something about "later, then," and fled, still red about the ears. Cora returned to her mother.

"Well, my dear, you seemed to be having a tremendous flirtation with that youth," laughed Mrs. Baldwin. "Such a hand-clasp at parting! Don't dance too hard, child." She turned to the half-dozen parents supporting her. "These crazy girls of mine will dance themselves to death if I don't keep an eye on them," she explained. "Amélie says, 'Mother, how can I help splitting my dances, when they beg me to?' I am always relieved when the dance is over and they are safe in bed—then I know they aren't killing themselves. The men have no mercy—they never let them rest an instant."

"I don't see Miss Enid about," suggested Mr. Merritt. "I suppose she and her Harry——!"

"Oh, I suppose so!" Mrs. Baldwin shook her head resignedly. "The bad child insists on being married in the spring, but I simply can not face the idea. What can I do to prevent it, Mrs. Merritt?"

"I am afraid you can't," smiled Mrs. Merritt. "We mothers all have to face that."

"Ah, but not so soon! It is dreadful to have one's girls taken away. I watch the others like a hawk; the instant a man looks too serious—pouf!—I whisk him away!"

Cora stood looking down, with set lips; a flush had risen in her usually pale cheeks. Dora, setting free an impatient partner, joined her and they drew aside.

"It does make me so ashamed!" said Cora, impulsively.

"I think mother really makes herself believe it," said Dora, with instant understanding.

They watched Amélie flutter up to their mother to have a bow retied, and stand radiant under the raillery, though she made a decent pretense of pouting. Her partner vanished, and Mrs. Baldwin insisted on her resting "for one minute," which ended when another partner appeared.

"Amélie is asked much more than we are, always," Cora suggested. Dora nodded at the implication.

"I know. I wonder why it never seems quite real. Perhaps because the devoted ones are such silly little men."

"Or seem to us so," Cora amended conscientiously. "Don't you wish we might creep up-stairs? Oh, me, here comes a man, just hating it! Which do you suppose he will —Oh, thank you, with pleasure, Mr. Dorr!" Cora was led away, and Dora slipped into the next room, that her mother might not be vexed at her partnerless state.

Mrs. Baldwin saw to it that the twins had partners for supper, and seated them at a table with half a dozen lively spirits, where they ate in submissive silence while the talk flowed over and about them. No one seemed to remember that they were there, yet they felt big and awkward, conspicuous with neglect, thoroughly forlorn. When they rose, the others moved off in a group, leaving them stranded. Mrs. Baldwin beckoned them to her table with her fan.

"Well, twinnies, yours was the noisiest table in the room," she laughed. "I was quite ashamed of you! When these quiet girls get going—!" she added expressively to her group. The twins flushed, standing with shamed eyes averted. In the rooms above the music had started, and the bright procession moved up the stairs with laughter and the shine of lights on white shoulders: they all seemed to belong together, to be glad of one another. "Well, run along and dance your little feet off," said Mrs. Baldwin gaily.

They hurried away, and without a word mounted by the back stairs to their own room. When their eyes met, a flash of anger kindled, grew to a blaze.

"Oh, I won't stand it, I won't!" exclaimed Dora, jerking the wreath of forget-me-nots out of her hair and throwing it on the dressing-table. "We have been humiliated long enough. Cora, we're twenty-four; it is time we had our own way."

Cora was breathing hard. "Dora, I will never go to another party as long as I live," she said.

"Nor I," declared Dora.

They sat down side by side on the couch to discuss ways and means. A weight seemed to be lifted off their lives. In the midst of their eager planning the door opened and Mrs. Baldwin looked in at them with a displeased frown.

"Girls, what does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Come down at once. What are you thinking of, to leave your guests like this!"

The twins felt that the moment had come, and instinctively clasped hands as they rose to meet it.

"Mother," said Dora firmly, "we have

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done with parties forever and ever. No one likes us nor wants to dance with us, and we can't stand it any more."

"Miss Browne still wants us to come there

"AFTER YOU'VE WORKED THROUGH THE FAMILY, YOU CAN HAVE A RIPPING OLD TIME," CORA HEARD ONE YOUTH EXPLAIN TO ANOTHER.

and teach," Cora added, her voice husky but her eyes bright. "So we can be self-supporting, if—if you don't approve. We are twenty-four, and we have to live our own lives."

They stood bravely for annihilation. Mrs. Baldwin laughed.

"You foolish twinnies! I know—some one has been hurting your feelings. Believe me, my dears, even I did not always get just the partner my heart was set on! And I cried over it in secret, just like any other little girl. That is life, you know—we can't give up before it. Now smooth yourselves and come down, for some of them are leaving."

She blew them a kiss and went off smiling. After a dejected silence Dora took up the forget-me-not wreath and replaced it.

"I suppose we might as well finish out this evening," she said. "But the revolution has begun, Cora!"

"The revolution has begun," Cora echoed.

In the drawing-room they found Mrs. Baldwin talking with Mr. Morton and Mr. White. They were evidently trying to say good night, but she was holding them as inexorably as if she had laid hands on their coats; or so it seemed to the troubled twins. She summoned her daughters with her bright, amused glance.

"My dears," she said, "these two good friends were going to run away just because they do not dance the cotillion. We can't allow that. Suppose you take them to the library and make them wholly comfortable. Indeed, they have danced enough, Mr. White; I am thankful to have them stop. I will take the blame if their partners are angry."

She nodded a smiling dismissal. Disconcerted, wholly ill at ease, the four went obediently to the library, deserted now that the cotillion was beginning. The two men struggled valiantly with the conversation, but the twins sat stricken to shamed dumbness: no topic could thrive in the face of their mute rigidity. Silences stalked the failing efforts. Mr. White's eyes clung to the clock while his throat dilated with secret yawns; Mr. Morton twisted restlessly and finally let a nervous sigh escape. Dora suddenly clasped her hands tightly together.

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"We hate it just as much as you do," she said distinctly.

They turned startled faces toward her. Cora paled, but flew to her sister's aid.

"We knew you didn't want to come," she added with tremulous frankness. "We would have let you off if we could. If you want to go now, we won't be—hurt."

They rose, and so did the bewildered visitors.

"I am afraid you have—misunderstood," began Mr. White.

"No; we have always understood—everybody," said Dora, "but we pretended not to, because mother— But now we have done with society. It is a revolution, and this is our last party. Good night." She held out her hand.

"Good night," repeated Cora, offering hers. The guests took them with the air of culprits; relief was evidently drowned in astonishment.

"Well, good night—if we must," they said awkwardly.

Mrs. Baldwin, looking into the library half an hour later, found the twins sitting there alone.

"Where are your cavaliers?" she demanded.

"They left long ago," Dora explained sleepily. "Mayn't we go to bed?"

"Oh, for pity's sake—go!" was the exasperated answer.

In the morning the twins appeared braced for revolution. When a reception for that afternoon was mentioned, they announced firmly that they were not going.

"I think you are wise," said Mrs. Baldwin amiably. "You both look tired."

They were conscious of disappointment as well as relief; it was the establishment of a principle they wanted, not coddling. Three weeks went by in the same debilitating peace. The twins were smiled on and left wholly free. They had almost come to believe in a bloodless victory, when Mrs. Baldwin struck—a masterly attack where they were weakest. Her weapon was—not welcome temper, but restrained pathos.

"A mere fourteen at dinner and a few coming in to dance afterward, and I do want you twinnies to be there. Now I have not asked one thing of you for three weeks; don't you think you owe Mother some little return?"

"But—!" began the twins, with a rush of the well-known arguments. Mrs. Baldwin would not combat.

"I ask it as a favor, dear girls," she said gently. They clung to their refusal, but were obviously weakening when she rose to her climax: "Mr. White and Mr. Morton have accepted!" She left them with that, confident and humming to herself.

The twins stared at each other in open misery. Reappear now, after the solemn declaration they had made to those two! Their cheeks burned at the thought. They mounted to their room to formulate their resistance, and found two exquisite new gowns, suitable for fairy princesses, spread out like snares. "To please Mother" seemed to be written on every artful fold. And Mrs. Baldwin was not a rich woman, for her way of life; such gowns meant self-denial somewhere. The twins had tears in their eyes.

"But if we give in now, we're lost!" they cried.

Nothing more was said about the dinner, Mrs. Baldwin gaily assuming success, but avoiding the topic. The twins wore a depressed and furtive air. On the fatal day they had a long interview with Miss Browne, of the Browne School, and came away solemn with excitement, to shut themselves in their room for the rest of the afternoon.

A few minutes before the dinner-hour Mrs. Baldwin, triumphant in satin and lace, paused at their door.

"Ready, twinnies?" she began, then stared as though disbelieving her eyes. In the glow of the student-lamp sat the twins, books in their hands and piled high on the table beside them; their smooth, dark hair was unpompadoured, their shoulders were lost in the dark blouses of every day.

"What does this mean?" Mrs. Baldwin asked shortly, fire in her eyes.

"Mother, we told you we could not go to any more parties, and why," Cora answered, a note of pleading in her voice.

"We begin teaching on Monday in Miss Browne's school," added Dora more stoutly. "We have tried your way for years and years, mother. Now we have to try ours."

Mrs. Baldwin's lace bertha rose and fell sharply.

"Indeed. I am sorry to disappoint you, but so long as you live under my roof, you will have to conform to the ways of my household."

"Then, mother, we can not stay under your roof."

"As you please! I leave the choice en-

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tirely to you." She swept out, leaving them breathless but resolute.

"I am glad of it!" said Dora with trembling lips.

In explaining their absence at dinner, Mrs. Baldwin was lightly humorous about the twins' devotion: one could not weather a headache without the other. Mr. White and Mr. Morton exchanged glances, and showed interest in the topic, as if they were on the track of some new sociological fact.

Later in the evening, the twins, their spirits restored, stole to the top of the stairs and peered down at the whirling couples, exultant not to be among them. Mr. White was standing just below, and he glanced up, as if he might have been listening. His face brightened.

"May I come up?" he signaled, and mounted two steps at a time, keen interest in his thin, intellectual face.

"Is it really headache, or is it revolution?" he asked without preface. "Morton and I have been longing to know, all the evening."

"Revolution," said the twins.

"How very interesting! Do you know, we see how far you can carry it out." He was leaning against the banister, looking at them as if they were abstract propositions rather than young girls, and they felt unwontedly at ease.

"To the very end," Dora asserted. "We begin teaching Monday, and—and we have to find a place to board." Her color rose a little, but she smiled.

"That *is* plucky," he commented. "We can help you there; I know a number of places. When do you want to move?"

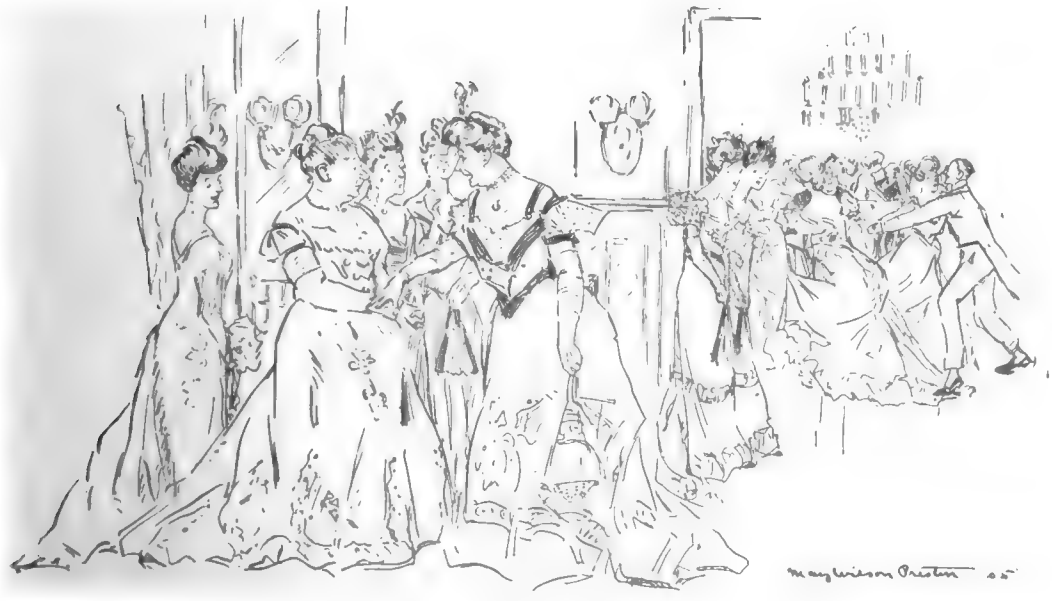
"To-morrow," they answered in unison.

He consulted an engagement-book, reflected a few moments, then made a note.

"Morton or I will call for you to-morrow at three," he announced with business-like brevity. "I think I know just the place, but we will give you a choice. If you really wish to move in at once, you could have your things packed, ready to be sent for."

"Oh, we do!" said Cora. He glanced meditatively at their fine and glowing faces.

"Of course you won't be comfortable, luxurious, as you are here," he warned them, with a nod toward the great paneled hall.



"THE MEN HAVE NO MERCY—THEY NEVER LET THEM REST AN INSTANT."

came to-night just to see if you would be there. You—you staggered us, the other evening. We were glad when you didn't appear—if you won't misunderstand. It is so unexpected, in this environment. I shall be curious to

Mrs. Baldwin passed the drawing-room door below with the stately tread of a reviewing officer.

"Oh, we don't care!" they exclaimed eagerly.

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The next day their mother treated the twins as if they were not. She spoke no word to them and did not seem to hear their husky little efforts at reconciliation. They found it hard to remember persistently that they were revolutionists rather than children in disgrace. She was unapproachable in her own room when Mr. White and Mr. Morton came for them.

"Well, we can't help it," they said sadly as they locked their two trunks and went down the stairs.

Three hours later the twins had entered a new world and were rapturously making an omelet in a kitchen that had begun life as a closet, while Mr. Morton put up shelves and hooks and Mr. White tacked green burlap over gloomy wall-paper. Groceries and kitchen utensils and amusing make-shift furniture kept arriving in exciting profusion. They had not dreamed that there was such happiness in the world.

"If only mother will forgive us, it will be simply perfect!" they told each other when they settled down for the night in their hard little cots. They said that many times in the days that followed. The utter joy of work and freedom and simplicity had no other blemish.

For five weeks Mrs. Baldwin remained obdurate. Then, one Sunday afternoon, she appeared, cold, critical, resentful still; lifted her eyebrows at the devices of their light housekeeping; looked disgusted when they pointed out from the window the little café where they sometimes dined; and offered to consent to their social retirement if they would give up the teaching and come home. The twins were troubled and apologetic, but inflexible. They had found the life they were meant for: they could not give it up. If she knew how happy they were!

"How, with your bringing up, you can enjoy this!" she marveled. "It isn't respectable —eating in nasty little holes alone at night!"

"But it is a nice, clean place, and Mr. White and Mr. Morton are nearly always with us," Dora began, then broke off at an expression of pleased enlightenment that flashed across her mother's face. "They are just very good friends," she explained gravely; "they don't take us as girls at all—that is why we have such nice times with them. We are simply comrades, and interested in the same books and problems."

"And they bother about us chiefly because we are a sort of sociological demonstration to them," Cora added. "They like experiments of every kind."

"Ah, yes, I understand," assented Mrs. Baldwin. "Well, you certainly are fixed up very nicely here. If you want anything from home, let me know. After all, it is a piquant little adventure. If you are happy in it, I suppose I ought not to complain."

She was all complacence and compliment the rest of her visit. When she went away, the girls glanced uneasily at each other.

"She took a wrong idea in her head," said Dora. "I do hope we undeceived her. It would be hard for her to understand how wholly mental and impersonal our friendship is with those two."

"Well, she will see in time, when nothing comes of it," said Cora confidently. "That's their ring, now. Oh, Dora, isn't our life nice!"

Mrs. Baldwin, passing down the shabby front steps, might have seen the two men approaching, one with an armful of books and the other with a potted plant; but she apparently did not recognize them, for she stepped into her carriage without a sign. The visit seemed to have left a pleasant memory with her, however; her bland serenity, as she drove away, was not unlike that of the cat which has just swallowed the canary.

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In the Down-Country

By G. B. LANCASTER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This story of Mr. Lancaster's, the first of several to appear in successive numbers of this magazine, introduces to the public a new and powerful author, whose field is a country hitherto almost unknown in fiction. They are tales of New Zealand sheep-shearers and cattlemen, for whose crude strength Mr. Lancaster has keen feeling, and whose tragic struggles among the hardships and the terrors of their wilderness solitude he describes with remarkable force and vividness.

"IT 'LL be jest an or'nary sod wharè." *

"But you made it, dearest."

"And you won't have no folk anywheres near yer."

"I'll have you."

"'Fraid I'm jest an or'nary sort of chap, Liza."

Then she put her arms round him, and told him what he was among men, exactly as all lovers have told all lovers since love began. But Lavel drew her head back and looked at her, troubled, and marveling that so small and rare a thing could in sooth be his very own.

"Yer don't know the life of a woman outback. Are yer sure yer won't p'r'aps be sorry—after?"

"Not unless—you forget to love me."

"Never. I'll never do that, Liza."

He kissed her as a man unaccustomed to tenderness, and went away to ride through the noise of the streets, through the silence of range and level and barren down to the home that he had built her. It stood on a new-leased government block, and Franklin had helped in the making, as Franklin had helped Lavel in all things since they two first were mates.

At earliest hearing Franklin had hated this unknown girl who was to break the tie between them.

In learning more he began to fear her. Liza was bred in the town, and nursed on the talk of the dressmaking rooms at a big shop. Lavel was bred in the back-country, and had taken his teaching from men in bush-townships, and on the roads. The very trick-words of lip and brain which foreshadow the whole must of necessity be separate languages in the man and the woman. And this was but as the beginning. A man who would live on the land needs a helpmate in kind: sturdy, expecting little, ready always and uncomplainingly to bear up her end of the burden. And the burden will be heavy. Wherefore Franklin pulled his beard and growled while they wrought at the two-roomed wharè until it stood up in all its ugliness among the tussock hills.

"Gie her comforts for the Lord's sake," he said then. "A wife's a cheepin' thing else, an' she'll dither the life out o' ye. But I jalouse she wull dae that onyways."

And just then Liza, walking with a new consciousness among the workroom girls, blushed at their twitter of lace-trimmings and underskirts and all else that belongs by right to a bride, and thanked God dumbly for love.

But Franklin could not guess at this, and it was for Lavel's sake alone that a sheet-iron lean-to was sloped to the hinder end of the wharè, and a handful of tiger-lilies stuck in a scarified patch of soil. Then Lavel rested from his labor in a florid content, saying:

"Reckon that's good enough for the Princess o' Wales. Now we'll wade in at the fencin', for I must hev the stockin' done wi' by next month. S'elp me bob, but it's fair rotten to hev to take the inside o' a week gittin' spliced."

It was into the golden land of love and desire that he brought Liza home through the sunsetting. For the scarped ranges and the marshes were passed and all the world lay forward in a broad flooded yellow on tussock slopes and plumes of waving snow-grass. The little squat wharè shared in the benediction, and a skylark sent them welcome down

* A Maori house.

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from God's gate. Liza laid her cheek to the rough, unplaned door, and named her home "Heaven-on-Earth," speaking very softly, yet not so softly but that Lavel heard.

"You've got some ratty ideas, old girl," he said. But he put his arm about her closely as they went in together.

Franklin rode over on the Sunday. And he found that Lavel had married a child with a cotton frock and eyes made glorious by a something that he did not understand, and wrists no bigger than the waist of his thumb. Lavel showed them in half-pride and half-derision, and Liza's sweet lip drooped.

"I can work," she said eagerly. "Truly I can. I am so strong—and there is very much to do."

"Aye," said Franklin, looking down on her gravely. "There is much tae dae."

"It is so wonderful that I should be allowed to help him." This very shyly. "He is so good to me. You can never guess how good he is—for you are not his wife."

"I've been regruttin' that a' these years," said Franklin solemnly; "but, ye see, he didna ask me."

Then they laughed together until Liza ran into the house in a small fury. But she waved a cup at them in forgiveness when they passed the kitchen window, and Franklin growled through his beard:

"She's a bonny bit thing, Lavel mon. Think ye ye hae dune richt tae bring her oot tae this?"

"Pooh," said Lavel, "she'll be happy enough. A feller can't make this sort of thing pay without a wife, you know. And she's dead gone on me. Macklin sent over those Leicesters yesterday. Come along down to the paddock an' have a look at them."

"Aye," said Franklin, underbreath, "she's a bonny bit thing, but I doot she's the mate for ye, ma lad."

For if Franklin knew the good in Lavel he knew distinctly the evil too.

There was a whole new life calling for Liza, and she went to the learning bravely. It was play at first, with Lavel to carry the heavy buckets and tins, and to help in the washing-up at nights. But this failed to attract him presently, and the outside work taxed his mental and physical strength, and began to rub his temper. Liza struggled over strange dishes that Lavel refused to eat, and learned to milk the cows, and feed the pigs, and to fill the kettles without flooding the stove-place. For the work of a woman on the land is always that of a man. It tried her severely; and the long evenings that closed the hard days were cruelly dull, with Lavel falling asleep over his pipe, and the clucking wind arguing through the door-latch with the busy clock on the mantel-shelf.

It was in the fourth week that she first spoke to him in anger. It was in the seventh week that he first swore at her. They made that up; he with uncouth regret, she with tears that washed some of the gold out of life for always.

Then Franklin came. He noticed the swelled eyelids, and the loss of spring in the little thin figure; and he called Lavel to account sharply, even savagely, down by the pigsties among the manuka. Lavel's low brows met in a scowl.

"She played up, an' I guv it to her straight. An' I'll do it agin when she wants it. Don't you come gassin' about my business that way, Franklin, for I'm blowed if I'll stand it."

And by this it was intimated that Lavel was ashamed, and afraid to show it.

This was a strait life for the two out on the tussock hills, and one that demanded and took all they could give. But they gave apart, not knowing, and this was unwise, for it hurt both more than was necessary.

Liza lost flesh and spirit, and the loneliness of the many hours ate into her like a canker. Lavel tramped at the plow-tail, flayed his fingers over the straining of wires, sunk post-holes, and built hurdles. And the eternal dread that sufficient money might not always be forthcoming kept him awake through the nights.

Franklin came very often, for Lavel wearied for one of his kind to speak with. He forgot that the only woman within twenty miles lived at the end of a bridle-track, and Liza could not ride. He forgot, also, the little tender pettings that a woman craves; and so it came about that Liza broke her heart daily, never guessing that Lavel was hiding from her all that he considered a man's trouble. She did not know of the seed-land that had gone before the wind even to the bottom of the plowing, of the cattle that broke out and died of tutu down on the river-bed, of the merinos that got foot-rot in the swamp. But the constant pressing of this burden weighted Lavel beyond his strength, and, being quite an ordinary man, he made himself consistently objectionable in consequence.

Liza had learned little refinements in the workrooms; and so it fell that by degrees the

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filthiness of the cow-house in rain, the smell of Lavel's boots when he came from the yards, even the hang of his coat on the shoulders that were growing bowed, were of offense to her. The tussock that blew to west, to east, to southward on the bleak hills was a thing, merciless and all-abiding, to hold her from the life she had known and loved.

It was before Franklin one day that Lavel railed unguarded because Liza had forgotten to feed the calf. And that Franklin, awkward and troubled, should plead for her clumsily, was gall beyond anything that Liza had been called to bear yet.

"He's quite right," she said, with her head up. "I didn't ought to forget."

Then she went out, and beat her hands wildly on the staring blank wall that she had named "Heaven-on-Earth," and cast herself down in the hollow of the manuka hill with all love shaken out of her by that struggle against the unalterable which comes to most men and women soon or late, and which—while it lasts—makes life rather more terrible than it is meant to be.

Franklin was fighting a devil on his own account these days, and his pipe lost flavor. The changes that flecked Liza's voice; the scent she always used; the quaint upstanding wave of hair on the left temple—over well he knew them. But belief in his strength of will drove him back to her week by week, until autumn chilled to winter with threatening of the snow that would presently cut the sod whare off from all the world. Then it would be that Lavel and Liza must go back to the state of the first man and his wife, with none to come between. Franklin feared what this might mean when he rode through the bleak wind one Sunday and found Liza alone by the fire.

"I'll make you some tea," she said dully. "George is out round the sheep. He won't be in for hours, I expect."

She moved through the room that she had made dainty with sewed curtains, and shining tinware, and books; and Franklin watched her under his hand.

"Ye're lukin' fair an' peeked, lassie. This weather no suits ye, maybe?"

"It's not the weather," said Liza, and laughed uncertainly. For her nerves were on tension beyond her knowing.

She moved the kettle in the red of the firelight, and Franklin cried out at the shapely seamstress's fingers that were chapped to bleeding and blackened with work.

"Eh, lassie! What hae ye dune tae yer honds? Swelled an' bluidy—the saft bit fingers! Ye'll no' be pullin' aff that ring the noo."

"No, I suppose not," she said. And then constraint fell from her.

"Why did you tell me that? Do you think I don't know? Do you think I don't know I can't pull it off? Never! Never! So long as we both shall live. O God, I can't bear it! What shall I do? What shall I do?"

She clung with both hands to the breast of his coat, and in the mad words that she said Franklin fancied she was stripping her whole soul bare to him. The quick tones carried him down on the rush, and the nearness of her piteous mouth was more torture than is healthful for any man.

"You were his mate once. Was ever he cruel to you? But I am his wife. He can do what he likes to me. Oh! if you had a wife, would you hit her—and call her names——?"

"What? Na—he wudna strike ye."

"He did! He did! Twice. Once I left the gate open and boxed some sheep. Once I was tired, and answered him back. And he'll do it again. I know he will. Oh! why doesn't he love me as he used to?"

This should have cleared the position to Franklin's understanding. It did not, for other forces were at work.

"Take me away." This was not any more Liza, the dressmaker, with her careful mannerisms, but a woman caught in a power too strong for her. "I'll kill him if I stop here. I'm learnin' to hate him now. Oh, if you care for me, take me away!"

"If I care!" He kept his eyes from her because that touch on his breast was quite all that he could bear. "Fine ye ken that I care. Tak' yer bit honds aff me, lassie, or I'll be showin' ye that I—care tae much."

"Do you? Do you care? He doesn't. He never will. Every day and every night I know that he never will. If I could die——"

"God hae mairey—ma lassie—ma ain lassie! What can I dae? What can I dae?"

Liza had whipped herself into pure madness. And because Franklin did not know that the mood would pass, his thews were being tested severely.

"Take me away! Take me where he can't find me! You're strong. You wouldn't let him have me back——"

"He's ma mate. He is ma mate, I tell ye. I canna dae him wrang. Ye dinna ken what ye say. He is ma mate."

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"Don't I know? Don't I?" Her hands gripped him closer. "Oh, don't let us be shut up here together—just him an' me!"

Franklin cried out inarticulately, and almost his strength went from him. But he did not move. He stared blindly at the wall, and two memories came to him in great lightning flashes: Lavel standing just there with a dripping brush, his eager face and fair hair all splattered with whitewash; Lavel, in pride and a half-comic tenderness, arranging the next room, and puzzling over the hang of a curtain. He pushed Liza away.

"Dinna tempt me," he said. "For the luve o' God, dinna tempt me! He's hurtin' ye sair, an' I luve ye abune a'. But I canna help ye. I canna."

He dropped his head on the mantel-shelf, and groaned like a wounded elephant; and presently he heard her crying, as a man cries, in great dry sobs that shake the soul.

He swung round.

"Liza!" he said, and put his honor behind him when he crossed the room to take her up in his arms.

Through the window above her bent head he saw Lavel riding home across the snow-grass, and his hands fell away as they touched her. There was a silence that drew together all known agony for one man; but Franklin's voice was quite level when he spoke.

"Rise ye oop, lassie. Here's yer mon come hame. He does luve ye richt weel, though I'll no' say he's ower gleg in the showin' o't. But he has a mony things tae trouble him, an' ye maun forgie, an' luve him yet. Ye air ay the ane lassie for him. I'll no' wait tae see him, I'm thinkin'. Gude-by—Liza."

Out in the windy dusk he twisted in the saddle, looking back to the four-square hut with its litter of yards and straw-thatched sheds. Past the wire fence running down where the young trees bent from the south he saw Lavel go in and shut the house door behind. Then he turned, pressing his eyes with his hands, and his horse went home unguided.

He carried a very complete heartache north with him that week, forgetting Liza every hour of the twenty-four because it was his duty, and rolling on his bed of nights in a cold fear lest Liza had run away from Lavel into the show of the ranges.

In the late autumn the will of the man he served sent him again to the down-country. He came with a draft of cattle, and at one of the stages they told him to make Lavel's stock-yards at the day's ending. He had not heard Lavel's name since he took that old trail last year, but his tongue dried in his mouth when he would have asked concerning Lavel's belongings. And through the long day that brought him over the last hill at sunset it is probable that Franklin paid fully for the sin of loving without the law.

The wharè, and the young trees, and the slip-rails where the cows stood lowing were swamped in the blood-red that ran out of the western sky. The window-panes flared blank, and the awful restlessness of that love which may not be satisfied made the work of rounding and yarding the mob sheer torture.

Lavel came out before the last rails were up. He was unskilful of words as in other days, but he shook hands with a mate's grip.

"It's good ter see yer agin, old man," he said. "Come along in."

Franklin followed, in deadly terror because the fear that had tortured him so long was come to the clearing. He uncovered on the threshold, and his eyes saw black. Was she there? Liza—Liza—Lavel pushed open the door of the inner room, and crossed the sill. Franklin stood still; the passion in him shook him by waves, and his throat ached. Then it came to him like the blare of a trumpet that sin, honor, blood-brotherhood between man and man are nothing beside the love of a man for a woman. He had left her—but he had come back. It was Lavel speaking behind the half-closed door, but Franklin heard only the answer.

"Franklin? Why, I thought—ah, George, just see how he's curling up his little toes! The darling—darling!"

"Hillo, sonny! Hillo, hillo! Scratch us up a good tea, Liz, will you? An' gimme the kid. I want ter show——"

"George! Don't you dare take him till I get some more clothes on to him! He'd catch his death! What? Yes, I've got plenty for tea, dear, and if it's good enough for you it's good enough for Franklin. Look! He can almost pull my hair! Oh, baby—baby——!"

"And we can put him up for the night, old girl? Franklin——"

"Oh, bother Franklin!" said Liza. "All right, dear; yes, if you want him. There! go to your daddy, my sweetheart. Keep the shawl well round his head, George, and don't let the light get in his eyes. Tell Franklin I'll be out in a minute."

And Lavel went back to tell it.

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THE PLAYERS

A REVIEW OF THE SEASON—By Hartley Davis

With color drawings by Lawrence Mazzanovich

THE most conspicuous characteristic of the past stage year was the precedence taken by the American playwrights, who practically dominated the theaters in this country. Long have the native dramatists fought for recognition, and great has been their triumph. The four plays which will stand out for years as landmarks of success were home-made.

It has long been the custom of managers to import foreign successes, whose drawing power had been proved, thereby lessening to a very considerable degree the percentage of risk. But of late years the foreign market has run dangerously near to dryness. The chief source of supply being thus shut off, the managers were compelled to seek other founts or to abandon production altogether. American playwrights, quick to realize their opportunity, brought forth manuscripts in great numbers, manuscripts which had the merit of freshness in viewpoint and treatment even if they lacked originality in idea and in technical finish.

There was more class, as our English cousins say, in the theatrical offerings of the past season than in those immediately preceding it. Not only was the percentage of successes larger, but the average of excellence was distinctly higher, and increased box-office receipts proved how swift and substantial was appreciation for this recognition of intelligence.

One of the greatest successes ever won by a player on the American stage is that of David Warfield in "The Music Master," which for nine months attracted so many people that there was never a vacant seat in the theater. As a play, "The Music Master," by Charles Klein, doesn't amount to much, but it is a marvelous fine vehicle for David Warfield; it has, in fact, enabled him to establish himself as the foremost eccentric character actor in America.

Not for years has a player made such a sensation as this modest, gray little man who began life as a pedler in San Francisco, and who told stories to every customer. His art as a story-teller made him talked about, but when he made his first appearance in a cheap variety theater he was hissed; audiences thought him stupid and uninteresting. Afterward those same stories made thousands laugh.

Mr. Warfield doesn't consciously study or analyze the characters he "creates." During the rehearsals of "The Music Master," the work of the star, even in the final dress rehearsal, made no pronounced impression upon those who watched him closely. His first-night performance was so entirely different that he seemed to be presenting another character. "I just felt that is the way it should be played," Mr. Warfield explained to those who questioned him, "and I couldn't have played any other way." He has the absolutely certain intuition of genius.

Before "The Music Master" made Mr. Warfield the most-talked-of actor in New York, "The College Widow" had started the metropolis to laughing, and the cachinnations continued for more than eight months. There could be nothing more distinctively American than this comedy by George Ade, which satirizes life in what is sometimes called a "fresh-water college" so joyously, so keenly, and so brilliantly. Nobody bothered about plot or construction. The comedy was made to make people laugh, and it succeeded.

With "Leah Kleschna," the play is the thing. It is true that Mrs. Fiske is exceeding fine as the thief, her father's accomplice. It is true, also, that all the members of the

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strongest company Mrs. Fiske could bring together, fit their rôles with artistic exactness, but it is none the less certain that the strength of the story itself overshadows individualism. It has been many a weary day since a great star has presented a play of this kind, in which more consideration is given to the ensemble than to individual exploitation.

"Leah Kleschna" was one of the four great successes of the season because it is a drama with real power; it has in it that which grips people and makes them think. It proves that certain conclusions accepted as law are mere fetishes without reason for being. Of all the prominent stars and managers on both sides of the Atlantic, Mrs. Fiske was the only one who had the courage to produce this brilliant and scholarly play of a thinking man, C. M. S. McClellan, whose previous stage successes, "The Belle of New York" and "Glittering Gloria," had been written more or less as pot-boilers, and who signed them with a pen-name because he had neither pride nor satisfaction in them.

"Adrea," with Mrs. Leslie Carter in the title rôle, coming a month later, also made a sensation. A gloomy, barbaric play of elemental passions, fashioned upon the Sardou lines, it gave the star the greatest opportunity of her career, and it marked the apotheosis of David Belasco's genius as a producer. The splendor of its settings and its costuming, the strength of its situations, and Mrs. Carter's acting made all New York marvel. Without Belasco it must have been a tricky and tawdry thing, and at times it required all the resources of the wizard to sustain it. But he was so successful that it stands as his crowning achievement, and he has said that he does not hope to surpass it.

This quartette, "The Music Master," a character study which is practically all David Warfield; "The College Widow," a pure comedy; "Leah Kleschna," a profound study; and "Adrea," a dignified, theatric melodrama, have been the tremendous successes of the year which will be remembered for their enormous financial profit and the fame brought those concerned in them. And each was written by an American.

Only less pronounced was the interest in George Bernard Shaw's satire "You Never Can Tell." Arnold Daly was the star, although the rôle offered him slight possibilities. The four months' run in New York of "You Never Can Tell" surprised the keen commercial managers, and jolted them into fearing that they were not intimately in touch with popular taste. Shaw really threatens to become a fashion, which will probably exasperate the paradoxical Irishman exceedingly.

I do not know why there should be any association of Ibsen and Shaw in one's thoughts unless it is because of the supposition that it requires a superior and specially trained intelligence to enjoy them. Certainly their dramatic work has nothing in common except that it is the product of scholarly, deep-thinking men bent upon flaying social hypocrisy. They employ methods highly antithetic, however. The Ibsen cult is surely growing. Ibsen is probably the greatest master of technique that ever lived, and if he had found it possible to express himself in plays that please instead of fascinate in a horrible way, his popularity would be unbounded. New York had a fair measure of Ibsen this season, with Mrs. Fiske and Nance O'Neil playing "Hedda Gabler"; with an elaborate production of "When We Dead Awake," Ibsen's latest play; and with Ethel Barrymore finishing her season in "A Doll's House," to say nothing of several less pretentious efforts to popularize the work of the great Norwegian.

In a season notable for comedy successes, "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots" occupies one of the highest places. It marks the full development of Augustus Thomas's skill as a playwright, a native endowment developed by long experience and study, and topped off with a graduate course in Paris, where the machinery of farce has reached its greatest perfection. Among American dramatists Mr. Thomas stands supreme in the brilliancy of his lines.

Mr. Thomas had another success—a comedy which proves his ability to dramatize pictures successfully. "The Education of Mr. Pipp" establishes a precedent and it is possible that we may see many of the Gibson drawings made into comedies. Much of the success of "Mr. Pipp" is due to the exquisitely humorous and delicately sympathetic acting of Digby Bell.

Clyde Fitch reduced his usual output considerably: "The Coronet of the Duchess," written for Clara Bloodgood, died of inanition. "Cousin Billy," made over from the French for Francis Wilson, succeeded largely because of the star's popularity and the novelty of seeing him on the stage without his making

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JULIA MARLOWE IN "ROMEO AND JULIET."

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RICHARD MANSFIELD IN "RICHARD III."

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MRS. LESLIE CARTER IN "ADREA."

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OTIS SKINNER IN "THE HARVESTER."

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LILLIAN RUSSELL IN "LADY TEAZLE."

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MAUDE ADAMS IN "'OP-O'-ME-THUMB."

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DAVID WARFIELD IN "THE MUSIC MASTER"

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FORBES ROBERTSON IN "HAMLET."

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any effort to sing. Mr. Wilson had been cavorting in comic opera for a score of years and had grown rich in it, yet there is no doubt that he is far more amusing in straight farce. Mr. Fitch scored with "The Woman in the Case," written for Blanche Walsh, because of a powerful and exciting third act in what is otherwise a rather stupid melodrama.

The latter part of the season was notable for the infusion of new blood into the home-made drama, no fewer than four graduating from the novice class. For something more than five years Harrie K. Chambers, who is a brother of Haddon Chambers, has devoted himself to writing plays, but it was not until "Abigail" met with the approval of Grace George and her husband that Harrie Chambers, newspaper writer, became Kellett Chalmers, playwright. "Abigail" proved a delightful, dainty little comedy with real humor and real pathos, admirably written and cleverly constructed. And because of these qualities and because of the acting of the star—Grace George has never done anything so well—it went along swimmingly. "Strongheart," by William C. DeMille, made a strong impression, but it did not have, at least in New York, the success it deserved. It just misses being a big play, and makes one certain that young Mr. DeMille is bound to be heard from some day. But even were the drama not so good, the acting of Robert Edeson should carry it to success. His characterization of the full-blooded Indian who has been highly educated and highly civilized is one of the most interesting, convincing, and at the same time one of the most powerful portrayals the stage has seen in years. About the time that most of the New York theaters were thinking of closing, there came upon the scene "The Heir to the Hoorah," by Paul Armstrong, a comedy of character, chock-full of humor, of feeling, and of delightful contrasts. It soared into success without an effort. Willis Steell trailed in with "The Firm of Cunningham," in which he presented a characterization of a certain type of woman, played perfectly by Hilda Spong, in itself enough to carry a play.

In the lenten time came, too, "The School for Husbands," which, despite the Molière title, is a truly original comedy and a brilliant one, placed in the early eighteenth century. Its author is Stanislaus Stange, who is known as the original dramatizer of "Quo Vadis." Alice Fischer was the star, and her abounding vitality, her rollicking humor, and her sure skill as an actress have abundant play.

The American-made plays stretch out amazingly, and by no means all of them can be noted. "The Usurper," in which N. C. Goodwin starred, and which is a mighty good melodrama even if New York didn't care for it, was written by I. N. Morris, a Chicago dramatic critic. George V. Hobart, a most prolific writer, scored his first real stage success in a comedy for May Irwin, for whose return to the stage pretty much the whole country will be thankful, called "Mrs. Black is Back," and it is the best vehicle she has ever had.

When this list is contrasted with the foreign plays that won favor, the disparity is almost pitiful. By far the best of the importations was that jewel of a comedy, "The Duke of Killicrankie," one of the daintiest, drollest, and most whimsical of conceits, in which John Drew was seen at his best, and which had the triumph it deserved. Arthur Wing Pinero sent us "Letty," another of his problem plays, with one strong act succeeded by an anticlimax that was illogical and absurd. Though William Faversham, the star, had a part that suited him exactly, and though the problem provoked some discussion, "Letty" had a dubious success, largely one of curiosity, I think. "Sunday" succeeded, not because it has any value as a play, but because Ethel Barrymore has a large personal following. She made the name part very lovable, very distinctive, and there were fine shadings that were significant of her great progress. There was strength and poetry in "The Harvester," that idyl of the fields written by Jean Richepin, a truly great genius, yet I doubt very much if it could have won favor in its adapted form had it not been for the acting of Otis Skinner, although it seemed to me that it deserved success for its own sake. "Business is Business," a literal translation from the French, proved that W. H. Crane is one of the greatest of our character actors in serious parts as well as in comic ones, but the play was too much like a tract to amuse people.

Turning to the foreign actors who came over during the season: Sir Charles Wyndham, greatest of light comedians, came back after a score of years to prove how finished is his art and how high above his contemporaries he stands in the evening of his life. It was a privilege to see him in the familiar "David Garrick" and "The Case of

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Rebellious Susan," and in the one new play, "Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace." Mrs. Patrick Campbell came over with "The Sorceress," a Sardou melodrama, written for Sarah Bernhardt; but although Mrs. Campbell looked the rôle and played it excellently, she is not Sarah, and Sardou has passed the age allotted to man. Réjane, recognized as the greatest French actress in comedy, returned after an absence of six years, to present plays of the modern French school, which the self-respecting American doesn't care for. Her tour was most unprofitable and it caused the abandonment of the plan to bring over Novelli, the great Italian.

Ellis Jeffreys, leading woman of the Haymarket Theater in London, instantly established herself by virtue of her beauty and her personality in a pleasant little trifle adapted from the French, called "The Prince Consort." It lasted until the star was ready to appear in a revival of "London Assurance" with a really distinguished cast.

It was the misfortune of E. S. Willard, who is one of the best of contemporary players and whose popularity in this country is as great as it is in England, to present in "Lucky Durham," written by the late Wilson Barrett, the worst play seen on Broadway for years, and to follow it with a French adaptation which he called "The Brighter Side," which was little better.

Nor was Forbes Robertson any luckier with his new play, "Love and the Man," which even his finished acting could not make interesting. But when he appeared as *Hamlet*, people flocked to see him. I am inclined to think I have raved about Mr. Robertson's *Hamlet;* I shall always rave about it, for his is the only human *Hamlet* I have ever seen on the stage, and flesh-and-blood people are infinitely more worth while than melancholy psychological abstractions.

With E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe appearing jointly in magnificent productions of "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing"; with Viola Allen sumptuously presenting "A Winter's Tale"; with Ada Rehan and Charles Richman in "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The School for Scandal"; with Richard Mansfield playing "Richard III" and "The Merchant of Venice," there was opportunity for those who love the fine old plays to see them presented by some of our foremost players. Mr. Mansfield's new production was "The Misanthrope," and it met with a success for which the star was not prepared, since this marvel of character creation and brilliant dialogue is wholly lacking in action. Mr. Mansfield's *Alceste* will rank with his finest portrayals. The second advent of Robert Mantell was one of the remarkable developments of the season. This sterling actor, who had not been seen on Broadway for a dozen years, and whose existence had almost been forgotten, came back unheralded and, despite the most discouraging conditions, he won a veritable triumph by his acting in "Richard III," "Othello," and "Richelieu."

The season saw two comic operas and many musical plays that succeeded. "The Duchess of Dantzic," given by the London company, was a distinguished performance. Madame Schumann-Heink, probably the greatest of grand opera singers, proved in the comic opera, "Love's Lottery," that she is as fine in comedy as in tragedy. Fritzi Scheff started the season with a musical version of "She Stoops to Conquer," called "The Two Roses," but they faded quickly. She then presented a repertoire of the real comic operas popular a score of years ago, and with admirable success. Lillian Russell went forth in an excellent lyrical version of "The School for Scandal," called "Lady Teazle." It met with favor, so the perennial prima donna will be with us a few years more.

One of the most pronounced successes of the season was won by Edna May and three really fine comedians in the charming, well-bred, and joyous little conceit, "The School Girl," whose innocuous humor was really delightful. It deserved its long run. Joe Weber and Lew Fields proved that each is strong enough to stand alone, the former adhering to the policy that made them rich as partners, while the latter essayed something a trifle more pretentious. "Woodland," that entirely novel conceit, and "The Sho-gun," really the brightest thing George Ade has written for the stage, pleased large audiences for weeks.

The stupendous success of the year was the Hippodrome, that great entertainment which is bigger and better than anything that New York had ever seen and which attracted ten thousand people a day, a triumph no one was prepared for except its projectors, Thompson & Dundy, who were called Coney Island showmen until the success of the Hippodrome placed them at the head of those who provide entertainments.

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The Little Beach Boy

By LESLIE BRIGHT

Illustrations by Emilie Benson Knipe

THE great sea roared for him. The big waves fell in salaams before him, spreading their offerings of lace and brilliants at his little feet as he lay there, prone under the warm sun on a huge rock down near the water. He had burrowed his head, close-covered in a white cap, down upon his arm and was voicing a chant of great monotony which came from lips rounded into a fixedly preserved "*O*"—a sort of tribute-song to the sea he loved so dearly. Presently he raised his head to follow the flight of the swooping sea-gulls that were making fast across the bay for their low-tide promenade on the clam-beach around the light-house-tipped point.

It was then that he perceived on the banks of the private grounds, which sloped down to the end of the point, a tall man who was standing before an easel uncompromisingly placed so that the painter should have no outlook except over the open sea. Drummi liked the man at once. He scrambled to his feet and stared at him so hard that before long the man's eyes met his. As the smile that met the stare was one of chummy friendliness and not one of patronage, it started Drummi into a clamber over the rocks that separated the beach on which he had been lying from the fenced-in point beyond. The boy's impulsive directness of approach changed, when he reached the little stretch of beach which lay between the tall mass of rocks and the bank, into a course of slowly taken curves and loops. Every now and then, just to show that he was really not thinking of coming at all, he stopped short, and picking up a pebble from the sand, threw it as far from him as he could into the water.

As Drummi really wished very much to get to the man, his circling walk finally did terminate a little distance from the easel.

"Hello!" was the welcome. The man seemed ever so much bigger near by than he had from a distance.

"Going to paint it?" drawled Drummi rather coldly. He was not going to be caught into the informalities of friendship until he had ascertained that the man was all he thought him to be.

The quality of the drawl, the strange mixture of urbanity and childishness in the boy's manner, brought the man's keen gray eyes into focus upon the youngster. "Going to try," he answered, lighting his pipe.

"Do you love the sea?" asked Drummi authoritatively.

"Do I?" came the man's answer round the pipe-stem.

It satisfied Drummi. "May I watch you begin?" he asked rather breathlessly.

"Yes—but I don't know how very well," explained the man.

Drummi thought that for one who said

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that he did not understand painting, the man placed a great blue smudge with delightful skill.

"You don't look like an artist."

"I'm not."

"But you paint."

"I'm a broker with a hobby."

Drummi did not understand at all, but as he did not want to betray this fact he whistled a breath or two.

"When did you come here?"

"Last night."

"Do you live here?"

"Just sometimes. I come whenever I can get away from New York. That's my cottage." A paint-brush pointed back, but the man's eyes were upon the sea.

Drummi viewed the long stretch of red lying on the top of the higher bank.

"Whew!"

"What's the matter?"

"Looks as big as a hotel."

The man laughed. "Well, that's one thing it isn't. I live there all by myself."

"You don't like hotels, then?"

"Hate them." The answer was a trifle distrait. The man was mixing paints and he was not perfectly sure that he was putting the right ones together to make the shade he wanted.

"That's *fine*," exclaimed Drummi, so chummily and vehemently that the man stopped mixing paint and looked up at him curiously, trying to remember what he had said.

"Oh, hotels." He nodded. "Evidently you haven't much use for them either."

"I hate them, too, but my modther"—(Drummi pronounced "mother" in a little thick way of his own) "she loves them very much. That's why we always live in them. You see my modther's a widow and I'm all she has, so I must keep her happy and do as she likes."

The man bit his lip.

Drummi continued:

"In the city I'm with her most all the time, but here I can be on the beach all day 'cause there's such lots of nice women for Modther to talk to at the hotel. I don't think they're so awful nice but that's 'cause I don't like women, 'cepting my modther. I think Modther and the other women would be happier if there were some nice men here. I've heard them say that the men this summer were very unattractive. Modther says they are 'ladies.' That makes the other women laugh. Will you go with the women?"

There was a sudden, strange wistfulness in the tone of the question.

The man had been saving up a big laugh for the moment Drummi should finish speaking, but this sudden wistful tone made him look deep into the eyes that were regarding him fixedly from under the white cap-brim, and he saw something in their depths which made him decide not to laugh at all. He simply said "No" with much gravity.

At the utterance of this monosyllable, Drummi felt that he might be quite free from further anxiety about the calibre of his new friend.

"I guess you and I don't 'xactly care for women," he observed with a tone of finality.

The man permitted Drummi's great jump to a conclusion to pass without protest.

"Are there any nice boys here for you to play with?"

"I don't like 'em because they live in the hotel. Modther says that very nice boys live at hotels, but I think they're like girls, an' I don't like girls. I like hall-boys, because one of 'em in New York told me that he wouldn't stay a minute if he weren't paid well for it. He's fine. He's pitcher on a baseball team that plays on Sunday afternoon somewheres."

The broker-artist's lips were smiling but his eyebrows were bent together and he was looking out at the sea.

"What's the matter?" exclaimed Drummi sympathetically. "Can't you do it?"

"It's hard to know how to start," murmured the broker-artist half to himself.

"Oh, it'll go all right," assured Drummi, who now stood by the easel.

Then as if in fear of embarrassing the man, he strode off a few steps and stood still as a mouse, his hands pushed down in his belt, his eyes absorbed in watching the flat, blue water lift itself up into heaps at the edge and roll over, pushing a line of white up on to the sand.

As Drummi stood there watching him, temptation came. He would not tell the women nor his mother about the attractive man. He would keep him a secret as long as he could. But was this right toward his mother, whom it was his duty to keep happy at any sacrifice to himself, in constant compensation for a "loss" that she had suffered? The loss had hazy lines in Drummi's mind, though he considered it always in his care of his mother.

The responsibility of any choice in the

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matter was lifted from his shoulders by the broker-artist when they parted company.

"I say, old man, don't say anything about me nor this up there. People would laugh. They wouldn't understand as you do."

"All right," came the quick answer on a proudly taken breath.

"If you're round here about half-past four, come up for a cup of tea with me."

Every morning after that Drummi found his friend at work. A whisk of the big palette in the air welcomed him as he made his stealthy round of the rocks. In the afternoons the broker-artist did not paint, but unfailingly he would come down from his big red cottage to find Drummi, who simply haunted the rocks waiting to be found. Sometimes they would sit together on the shore and talk, sometimes they would take a ramble about the coast up the Point. Their afternoon good times always ended in tea at the red cottage. It seemed funny to Drummi to see a man pour his own tea. The operation set the broker-artist on the very pinnacle of esteem and hero-worship. It seemed the proof-positive of a life exempt from any interest in womankind and gave Drummi a picture of what his own home would be did he not have to take care of his mother. This conception of the ideal home meant no disloyalty of thought to her. One often has to waive one's ideal ways of doing things for the sake of very dear people.

One morning as the artist and the boy were deep in discussion over the picture of the sea, there passed over the bluff behind them, on a trail seldom used by the hotel people because it seemed almost to belong to the private estate by which it ran, a slender woman in a rather deep-pink gown which must have been chosen because it matched the wild-roses that bloomed along the path. A big black hat rested lightly on her dark hair. About her parasol a lacey ruffle waved lazily with the gentle motion of her walk. She came to a quick little halt when she caught sight of the tall man and the small boy in earnest conversation before the easel. Great astonishment at what she saw showed plainly in her poise. She watched the two intently for an instant. Then she passed on. The edge of her trailing skirt caught at the sea-

IT SEEMED FUNNY TO DRUMMI TO SEE A MAN POUR HIS OWN TEA.

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HE GRAVELY ASKED THE BOY'S OPINION OF THE PAINTING.

grasses. Now and then, her parasol twirled on her shoulder. It seemed as though it must be twirling to a gay little laugh, but of this one could not be certain, for the lacey ruffle hid her face.

"It's so stupid at the hotel, Drummi," she whispered that night to him, "that I think I'll go down to see you on the beach to-morrow. I can take my embroidery there. I won't bring down any of the other women—you don't need to worry about that."

Drummi was too deliciously sleepy to pay very much attention to the words. His head was deep in his pillow. It was one of his mother's pretty, penitent promises which never came to anything. He gave her cheek an indulgent little pat, told her to go downstairs for the rest of the music, and then he left her for his journey from that day to the next on the through express of his unbroken sleep.

But Mrs. Tower brought the subject up again at the breakfast table. "I am really going down to see you to-day, Drummi."

A tiny shade of apprehension lest she were really in earnest clouded his look as he gazed at her across his cup of weak coffee.

"You don't need to worry, dear," she hastened to add; "I won't let myself be a spoil-sport. You can play about and I'll embroider or read. I don't like to have you alone, dear, so much of the time." An infinitesimal spark of mischief shone in her brown eyes.

Drummi was so deeply puzzled by this sudden solicitude on his behalf that he did not see the mischief spark. He fixed upon his mother a very steady look in his effort to read her. She returned the look unflinchingly. It was an odd scene, that. The child's face was old in its close scrutiny; the mother's exceedingly young in its rosy charm and bright perversity of expression.

Presently Drummi grew very red. His eyes dropped and his fingers buried themselves rather fiercely in a roll. When the color that had flooded his cheeks paled somewhat, he laid the broken roll on the table with great constraint of gesture and said with quiet gallantry:

"I'll try to find a good place for you, Modther."

"I want to sit on the other side of the high rocks, dear, where the people don't go."

"That side's pretty dangerous, Modther. This side is a great deal safer for women," murmured the little strategist.

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"I like the dangerous side, Drummi," she exclaimed with the smile that brought a dimple to her cheek. Drummi knew that that dimple came only when his mother was in her most radiantly gay mood. She had many other happy smiles which did not bring it. She also looked, he thought, as though she might have meant something more than just what she said.

"What time shall I expect you, Modther?"

"Oh, any time, dear, in the morning or afternoon. Don't wait for me," she answered, drawing herself up lightly from the table. "I'll just go down sometime through the day to be with you when you are alone with your sea."

Drummi flushed red at her last words. They made him seem to himself a bit of a scoundrel. He did not raise his eyes as he stood waiting for her to pass him before they should wind their way out of the big dining-room. His mother stopped at several of the tables to speak to her friends. It seemed to him that it was always that way—there were always hands out to detain his mother wherever she went.

"I'm going now, Modther," he said, when they were in the entrance hall.

"Very well, dear."

"It's pretty sunny on that side of the rocks, Modther. You'll get awfully sunburned, and you know you don't like that very much."

"Perhaps you are right," she answered; "I tell you what I'll do!"

"What?" asked the boy a little eagerly.

"I'll take my parasol!" She uttered the idea as though it were an inspired one.

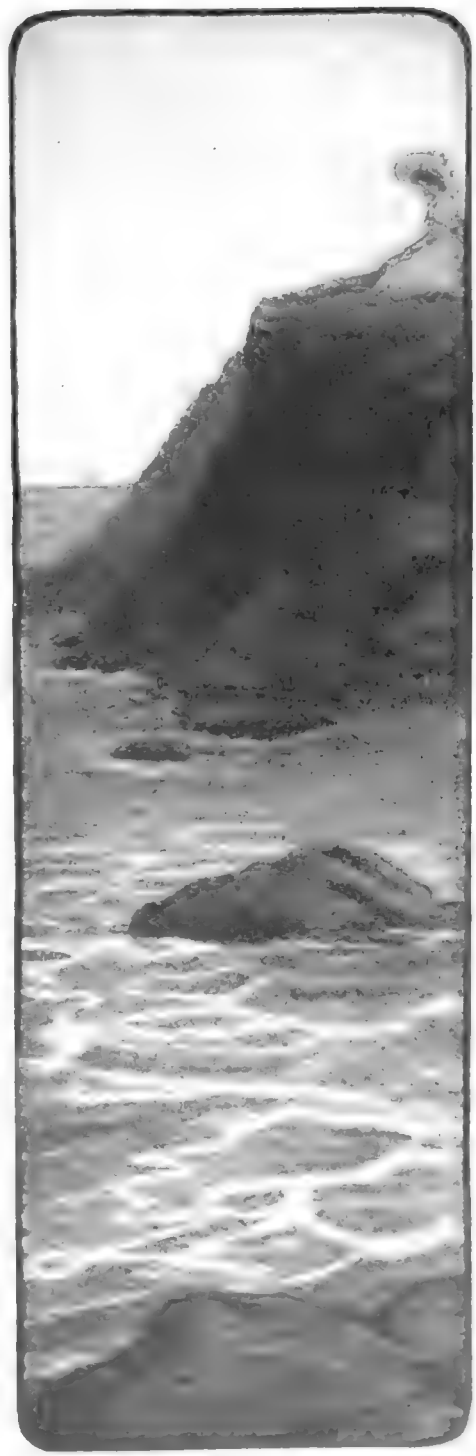
He turned under the look that was laughing so merrily at him and walked patiently away from her, but the brave shoulders drooped a little and his head was not quite erect.

"Well, Drummi, it seems to me that you look a bit sad," the broker-artist greeted him.

"I'm all right." Drummi dug a stone out of the sandy soil with his foot and then kicked it away. "Sea's fine to-day, isn't it?"

"That's right; it is!" The man looked out over the sparkling blue with a professional narrowing of the eyes that he would never have dared assume before any one but the trusting Drummi. "There isn't a cloud anywhere to cast a shadow."

Drummi looked up, but the sky began to swim before his eyes. He hurried to his feet and dashed off down the bank to do away with some big tears. He was furious at him-



A VIVID MASS OF VIOLET HAD SETTLED ON THE HIGH BROWN ROCKS.

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self. He hadn't had the faintest desire to cry. What had the tears come for, anyway? He came back stamping and whistling, and holding his eyes very wide open to the sunshine.

The man saw that something was wrong, and gravely asked the boy's opinion of the painting, which was fast nearing completion.

Drummi squared his shoulders and stepping beside the man he gazed with him at the blue picture. The broker-artist explained that he wished that he could lighten it up in some way, but Drummi thought that the deep indigo of the sky and sea was capital. They advanced their theories together for some little time in desultory fashion. The day inspired lazy talk. When the broker-artist fell to applying color again, Drummi sauntered down to the water.

Thus the sparkling blue morning wore on quietly. Drummi, in the bright, strong charm of the broker-artist's presence, had forgotten his trials.

But he was reminded of them when his eyes caught sight in one of his sea-sweeping glances of a vivid little mass of violet that had settled on the high brown rocks. He stood the shock so quietly that the man did not notice his distress at all. Under his white linen brim Drummi rolled his eyes up to get a glimpse of the man's face. He was looking in imperturbable absorption at the horizon-line.

Drummi said nothing. His faith in his friend was very deep, but his faith in his mother's charm was deeper. He felt a change in the atmosphere all about him wrought by her soft, light presence. He marveled that the man did not feel it. He would soon. The moment would come.

There, the moment had come! The man, in complete discouragement over the problem in color before him, raised his head abruptly and let his gaze pass landward for a rest. It caught in the fluttering violet.

"Well, Drummi, the women have found us out at last."

"What?" asked Drummi dully.

"There's an exceptionally pretty girl on the rocks."

"Yes," said Drummi, rising punctiliously, "I know it. It's my modther, and I must go to make her comfortable."

"Your mother!" repeated the man. Then he took up his brush and went on painting the sea.

This quiet, business-like resumption of toil came like sudden balm to Drummi's harassed soul. The man was indeed all that his estimate of him had pictured. His heart beat proudly and happily as he strode across the little beach to the rocks.

"Drummi, who is that?" his mother asked.

"He's Mr. Emery. He paints there every morning and isn't interested in women."

"I see. You like him, don't you, Drummi? Have you known him long?"

"Quite a while, Modther."

"Why didn't you tell me about him, Drummond Tower? It wasn't right to Mother to let her think that you were all alone when you were so safe with a big strong friend like that."

The appreciation of his friend caused Drummi to announce with restrained exasperation:

"He's not the least bit interested in women. He pours his own tea. He asked me not to tell the people at the hotel about him 'cause he doesn't want to be bothered. It's too bad, Modther."

He sent his serious eyes up to scan her face. He found that instead of being impressed by what he had said, she was smiling down upon him.

"Do you know, dear,"she said, "I think that Mr. Emery will put me into his picture."

"He *won't*, Modther," insisted Drummi uneasily. "He's not interested in any one here but the sea and me."

Mrs. Tower just sat there very quietly in the same position for a long time. When they returned together to luncheon, she told the delighted Drummi that she did not like the rocks as much as she had thought that she should, and would not go to them again.

That afternoon Drummi and his friend loafed over the samovar together in a sheltered corner of the big red cottage's piazza. When they had finished their tea, Drummi rose from the hammock in which he had been swinging. The broker-artist turned indoors to give an order to his man. Drummi sauntered down the piazza to the corner where the oil painting was standing on the easel. With eyes all prepared for the familiar scene of water and sky, Drummi reached the picture. He stood before it staring very hard.

A few minutes later the man found him still standing there, riveted to the floor.

"I didn't think that your mother would object, Drummi. She was so far off, it might really be any one. It's just the charm of the cool little mass of color among those

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HER PRETTY HANDS KEPT BUSY AS SHE ROUNDED THE LEAVES OF HER EMBROIDERY.

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warm browns. I couldn't resist tumbling the rocks into the picture for the effect."

The boy said nothing.

"What's the matter, Drummi?"

"Nothing," he murmured in a smothered tone. Then with a little hoist of the brave shoulders and a thrust of his stubby hands into his belt, he said:

"If you want to meet Modther, I'll introduce you if you'll come to the hotel. I think that she would like to meet you very much. She said that you would put her in the picture. She didn't seem to mind."

"Perhaps I'll happen up for a little while this evening then," Emery answered, smiling.

But the man of the world before him had changed to a child who was saying so brokenly that it sounded as though he were sobbing:

"I thought—you—just came here for—the sea!"

With a jerk of his cap-brim down over his swimming eyes, Drummi dashed from the piazza and fled across the grounds.

"Drummi, *Drummi!*"

But the small boy was hidden in the wild-rose bushes.

At dinner that evening Mrs. Tower noticed that Drummi had fallen into his world-ennuied manner. He ate rather listlessly.

"He put you in, Modther," he said quietly.

"What do you mean, Drummi?"

"In the picture."

She understood. With triumphant gaiety she reminded Drummi that she had said that he would do so.

A few bright butterfly stars hovered about the flower-moon which had shed many of its petals down upon the dark water and yet had lost none of its beauty of outline. Robert Emery had been taking a long walk and now was standing on the rocks near his place watching the moon-petals as they were drawn together and apart by the gentle movement of the water.

Drummi had doubtless expected him that evening up in the hotel. He pictured the look of relief which must have spread over the boy's round face when the hours slipped by with no call for the introduction.

Of course, he had not gone. The woman was exceptionally pretty and had decidedly attracted him, but the boy was his friend. There were other pretty women and there was but one devoted Drummi. It was clear to him that she had knowingly acted the spoil-sport. The surprise of her beauty when he saw her upon the rocks had wiped out the judgment he had passed upon her before he had seen her, a judgment based upon Drummi's long days passed in loneliness by the sea, upon the boy's distrust of people in general, upon his grave, care-taking attitude toward her.

When Drummi had dashed from him late that afternoon, he had berated himself roundly for having hurt the little fellow's faith in his loyalty to him and the sea.

He struck a match and glanced at his watch. It was eleven o'clock. Drummi was, of course, in bed, sound asleep. The night would pass in a minute and in the morning he would find the rocks and the violet out of the picture. It had been rather thoughtless of him to change the character of the picture, which Drummi had loved so because it was all of the sea, just because of that fleeting interest of his in a pretty woman. He turned toward home. It was just as he did so that he heard a little moan. He glanced about quickly and caught sight of a huddle of white lying on the sand at the base of the rocks.

"Drummi, old man," he cried as he knelt beside the child and touched his face. "What do you mean by being here?"

"I was lonesome. I thought I'd come down to the—sea. But I waited till I was sure you—weren't coming, so you wouldn't think—I didn't want to introduce you to Modther. I guess I was rude running away that way from you. I—I guess I'm hurt."

"Hurt?" The tall man knelt closer to him. "Where, Drummi?—tell me just where, because I'm going to lift you and I want to be careful about it."

"My arm," he whispered vaguely. "I guess I twisted it."

"There—is it all right that way? Yes? There—up you are! Poor old man, it's tough luck." The boy's head had fallen back on his shoulder and Emery saw that he had fainted.

The man hurried anxiously on to the hotel grounds. There came a cry of surprise from the piazza when he was sighted. People rose from their chairs and poured down the steps exclaiming to him and sending back the whisper for Mrs. Tower. When she came, they fell back on each side of the steps, and she descended alone and stood before the man and her boy, her lips parted breathlessly, her eyes imploring him to tell her what had happened.

"I found him all alone by the rocks on

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the beach. He is hurt. I think his arm is broken," the broker-artist said grimly, looking down into the woman's glorious dark eyes that fell ashamed under his.

He glanced down into Drummi's little white face and she saw the look in his eyes change.

"I did not even miss him," she murmured under her breath. "Poor, poor Drummi."

The next day Mr. Emery's man came, bearing some flowers and an oblong package, which Mrs. Tower opened for Drummi. Her hands drew off the string a little eagerly, but the eagerness fled with a little start as she looked down upon a picture of the sea and the sky—just the sea and the sky! She did not look into Drummi's face as she placed the picture on the chair in a good light for him.

As Mrs. Tower rubbed a little bit of damp, sea-colored paint from her finger, she said, lightly, that her voice might not catch in a quaver of intense loneliness that had come to her throat,

"There's a note, Drummi."

"Read it, Modther, please."

"You really wish me to?" She asked it with genuine hesitation.

He nodded. His eyes were on the picture.

"Dear old man, I'm called back to New York on business. Glad to hear that you're getting on so finely. John has orders to take you flowers from the place every day. Keep up your nerve. Hope I shall see you down on the beach when I return. I can not tell just when I shall be able to get back. If you want to write, here's my address. I send you the picture we painted and think such a lot of. Others may not know what it is. We know it is the sea and the sky because they were what we tried to copy! I know it will give you pleasure—that's why I have found courage enough to send it. Sorry you have to be cooped up in that old hotel. Never mind—you'll be down by the sea soon.

"Your friend,

"ROBERT EMERY."

Emery was kept in the city much longer than he expected. When he did return, the boy was well enough to be taken to the beach for a part of every day, and for this the man returned thanks, for he had dreaded the possibility of having to visit him at the hotel. He found Drummi lying back in a big rolling-chair, guarded by a pleasant-faced, middle-aged woman whom Drummi introduced as his aunt, who had come to help his mother take care of him. She tactfully left Drummi with his friend soon after his ecstatic greeting had paused for the formalities of the introduction.

As Robert Emery sat there talking to Drummi he noticed a pretty woman start down the steps of the hotel. It happened that when she lifted her head at the lower step she saw him. She immediately turned back and passed into the building.

When the aunt came down later with a man to wheel Drummi back, Emery said good-by gaily to the boy, promising to come to him the next day.

Faithful to his promise of meeting Drummi at a certain time, Robert Emery left the cottage in the latter part of the next morning. He decided to take the wood-walk to the hotel beach. It was in the little wood that he met Mrs. Tower. A quick color sprang into her face when she saw him there in her path. She did not speak, until he broke the silence between them by telling her that he was very glad to find Drummi looking so well.

At the mention of the boy's name the color in her face died away, leaving her pale. The dark eyes grew very dark indeed. She was looking at him steadily and there was not the slightest suggestion of coquetry in her gaze. When she began to speak it was in a low, strained voice that broke now and then nervously.

"I know what you think of me. You think I'm a selfish, vain woman, with no thought for Drummi. That is what you thought the night you brought him to me. You said it to me in your manner. You were right—but you are not right now. I was cruel and it has taken this pain of his, and what your manner said, to open my eyes." She drew her head up very proudly. "I say this only because I want to ask you not to turn Drummi's confidence from me—I was winning it back—and now you've come—and —and you mean so much to him—that I——"

"I will go away," said the broker-artist quietly.

"No, not that," she exclaimed, "when he has looked forward so to your coming. Don't change any plans for me, only leave room for his confidence in me to keep on growing."

She made it evident that she did not wish to say any more and he stood back for her to pass. As she stepped before him he glanced quickly at the dark head that drooped a little. Her neck was very slender.

He turned on his way, laden with a problem. The situation had been comparatively simple when he thought her a hard, selfish woman. It had become strangely complex now that her appealing penitence had brought

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him the obligation of consideration of her as well as of Drummi. What could he do? His first duty still was his friendship for the boy.

Light did not come to him quickly, and it was Drummi himself who solved the difficulty a few days later. He came to the point abruptly.

"Mr. Emery, would you mind having Modther with us on the beach?"

The man's brows knit quickly.

"Does your mother wish to be here?" he asked a little coldly.

"I don't know. She hasn't said anything 'bout it to me. But I know Modther's cried sometimes since you came. I thought it was 'cause she missed the people in the hotel, but I kind of think it's 'cause she feels bad 'cause I'm away from her so much. It's that or something. Modther's kind of different now. She was with me all the time since I hurt myself till you came. She looked as though she wanted to cry when your note came saying you were coming. I heard her tell Aunty she wished you'd stay where you were."

"She did, did she?" said the man under his breath, amused lines gathering in his face. Mrs. Tower once more rose in his esteem.

"Modther's more chummy with me now and we talk about the sea and things." The boy spoke a little wearily. The man could see that it was costing him some sacrifice to say what he did. He thought that he could say something that would comfort Drummi.

"If she came, Drummi, couldn't I still be just as chummy with you as I have been?"

"Modther has always liked attractive men to be interested in just her," he answered gravely, in the tone he used when speaking of women in general.

The man's hand passed over his face with his smile-suppressing gesture.

"You might go up to the piazza now and ask Modther to come and embroider down here, if you wouldn't mind."

"But Drummi, old man, she might not like to have me come."

"She'd like to know that I want her," he said simply.

She came with her embroidery after she had been convinced that Drummi alone had suggested her coming. Drummi received her as though it were ladies' day at a men's club. Gradually his manner grew more natural, for she talked very little and when she did speak it was with a quiet shyness. Evidently she did not desire to be the all-absorbing centre. Her pretty hands kept busy, flashing their stones in the sunlight as she rounded the leaves of her embroidery.

Mrs. Tower did not stay through the whole session. Some letters to get off for the mail was the reason she gave for leaving them. Conversation dragged slightly after she left, but neither admitted to the other that he was sorry she had gone.

It was six weeks later that Emery had a momentous little chat with Drummi alone on the beach before a sparkling October sea. His cottage was closed for the winter, and he was to go to New York that evening. The doctor had said that Drummi, too, might return to the city in a few days. Drummi was looking out over the great mass of tumbling water longingly, wondering when he should come to it again.

Emery drew a picture of their spending the next summer together in his big, red cottage. Drummi liked the picture. but shook his head.

"I couldn't leave Modther — and I shouldn't want to."

"I can understand that," Emery assented warmly. "The fact is, Drummi, I'll put your mother in the picture, too, if you'll let me. To be direct, Drummi, I love you and your mother, you love your mother and me, your mother loves you, of course, and me, for some odd reason. Now if we all love one another—why—well—to be still more direct, Drummi—your mother has said that she will marry me if you will give her to me and give me to her, which won't take anything at all away from you."

Through this tangle of explanation Drummi had been sidling up along the bench they were occupying together. Now he nestled his head against the gray tweed arm. The action surprised the broker-artist. It was almost babyish, and Drummi was intensely manly. He glanced down into the boy's face and saw that it was very young indeed. Drummi had shifted responsibility over on to broader, stronger shoulders.

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"I BEEN SETTIN' ON THIS HERE FENCE FOR FIFTY YEARS, SUH, GROWIN' THAT HOSS."

The Gray Ghost

By JACQUES FUTRELLE

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

I

"NO hoss cain't run without laigs, an' mostly hind laigs at that," opined Colonel Wishard judicially. He relighted his corn-cob pipe meditatively, and I allowed an assertion so incontrovertible to stand unchallenged. "No-o, suh; cain't run without laigs. Now that hoss thar can run some—fact is, Mistah, that hoss can run like hell; still, my idea of a *real* hoss—one that can *run*—is a hoss with long hind laigs and a wheel in front." He puffed his recalcitrant corn-cob into vigorous action. "But, of course, they don't build hosses that way."

Freakish would best describe the animal which had called forth these remarks. But even that word is weak and inadequate and trivial. For instance, when I noted that the horse was leaden gray, I also noted that it was not a usual sort of leaden gray. It was a very leaden gray—a dismal, dank, cheerless leaden gray.

The head was small, broad across the eyes, with a sort of hang-dog droop to it that made one feel depressed until one caught the glint of a cheerful intelligence in the small eyes. The chest was as broad and sturdy as the back of a hack, and the lung capacity seemed limitless. But there was a lamentable sag in the front part of the animal's architecture. It seemed to need stimulation—propping up, as it were. Looking from the front over the horse's ears the view was up-hill all the way to the hind quarters, which were abnormally large and splendidly muscled. From the side the animal was a sort of a panorama of hind legs.

"Ain't particular purty, is he?" asked the Colonel.

"Not enough to notice," I replied. "Why don't you sell it and get a horse?"

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"DON'T LET THAT COON GET ON THAT THING; HE'LL BREAK IT."

"Look here, Mistah," said the Colonel, somewhat sharply, "that's a hoss as is a hoss, that thar hoss. Why that hoss—uh-h-h-h,"—and his rhapsody degenerated into an inarticulate grunt of satisfaction.

"Where did you get him?" I asked gently.

"I growed him, suh," he snapped at me. "I been settin' on this here fence for fifty years, suh, growin' that hoss."

"Fifty years?" I exclaimed.

The Colonel fairly bristled with rage. His pipe was firmly and relentlessly clinched in his teeth, his broad-brimmed hat pulled low over his eyes. I started to say something soothing, but such a course seemed wholly without promise at the moment and I glanced casually across the flattened acres enclosed by a roughly made, circular race-track.

One could readily trace the ravages of half a century in everything about the place, in the collapsing corners of the gloomy, ramshackle barn across the way, gilded now by the sinking sun; in the weather-beaten furlong posts which pointed uncompromisingly toward the sky; in the occasional gaps of the rail fence which enclosed the track; in the person of the Colonel himself, perched aggressively on the fence. His wrinkled face, keenly pointed beard, and bristling mustache were all much the same color.

The horse which had so unfortunately alienated a rapidly growing friendship between the Colonel and myself cropped grass lazily thirty feet away inside the track enclosure, while off at one side of the circle half a dozen other horses browsed intermittently. Even at the distance I could trace in these the structural eccentricity which showed them to be the brothers and the sisters and the cousins and the aunts of the leaden gray.

I glanced again at the Colonel, but the belligerent gleam was still in his eyes. I started on a diplomatic tack.

"Fifty years, Colonel?" I said. "Why, surely you can't be fifty years old?"

"Fifty years old?" he bellowed. "Do I look like a child, suh? Do I look like an infant in arms? Well, I ain't, suh. I'm seventy-two years old, suh, an' when I say I been settin' on this here fence for fifty years growin' that hoss, I expect you to believe it, suh."

"Why, certainly I believe it," I hastened to assure him. The Colonel was like a small and very active package of firecrackers.

"An' when I say, suh, that that thar hoss is the greatest hoss in the world, I expect you to believe that," raged the Colonel. He scrambled down from the fence, came close to me, and stretched his five feet three inches of dignity to the utmost. "The greatest hoss in the world, suh. Run? Shoot at that hoss when he is goin' away an' the bullet won't hit him for ten minutes. An' I expect you to believe that, suh. Good day, suh."

And the Colonel stalked away toward the barn, the intermittent puff of his pipe leaving a fuming trail. I felt like a timid person after the Fourth of July. The explosion had left me nerveless. I sneaked back to the village half a mile away, scarce daring to glance at the once magnificent white-columned South-

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ern mansion which I knew was the peppery Colonel's home.

Next morning I was sitting in front of the "hotel" where I was stopping, when I saw Colonel Wishard coming down the road, evidently bound for the post-office.

"Good morning, Colonel," I said.

He bowed very stiffly, very formally, removed his hat and passed on. I was sorry. I should have liked to reestablish the *entente cordiale*. The Colonel was a type—I like types, especially types with theories. My gratification was great, therefore, when, on the Colonel's return from the post-office, he came directly to me with his hand outstretched.

"Suh," he said, "I feel that I owe you an apology, an' I trus' you will take my han' in friendship, suh. I've got a damned fine hoss, suh, an' any 'spersions cast on that hoss is like you insulted me, suh. Have a se-gyar, suh," continued the Colonel. I accepted. There was a slight pause. "I am always ready to admit a fault, suh, an' trus' you won't think it selfish of me now if I ask for your advice, suh?"

"Only too pleased to give it," I assured him.

"Fact is, suh, I'm about to embark in a new business, for me, an' frankly I don't know much about it. I'm gonter take that gray hoss you saw North, suh, an' race him at the Metropolitan tracks."

"Race him?" I gasped.

"Yes, suh, race him," said the Colonel tersely. "I wrote to the secretary of the Jockey Club an' enclosed a check for five hund'ed dollars, suh, entrance fee for my hoss in the Long Island Handicap. Now, suh, I have just received a letter askin' me the name o' my hoss. I cain't enter a hoss that ain't got no name. What should I do, suh?"

"Name the horse," I suggested feebly.

"A good idee, suh. I will. But what shall I name him?"

"But—Great Scott—that thing—I mean your horse is—er—er—fact is it's very expensive to race horses at the New York tracks. Had you figured on that?"

"Damn the expense, suh! I know it. It tuck me fifty years to grow a hoss that I thought was really a good hoss—one with laigs, suh—an' expense ain't got nothin' to do with it."

"But, Colonel," I expostulated, "your horse would have to go against all the greatest horses of the country there, particularly in

"I'M AFEARED, SUH, I DON'T QUITE FOLLOW YOU."

that race—horses that have made world's records."

"That's the reason I'm takin' my hoss thar, suh."

There was a calm and satisfied dignity about the Colonel, yet in my blindness I again tried to dissuade him.

"Your horse won't have a ghost of a chance—not a ghost of a chance," I said positively.

"Ghost," repeated the Colonel, thoughtfully. "The Ghost. That sounds nearly like a name for my hoss, suh. The Ghost."

"But, Colonel——"

"The Ghost. The Gray Ghost. That's it. My hoss is gray, you know. The Gray Ghost it shall be. Thank you, suh, for the suggestion. I shall telegraph it to the secretary o' the Jockey Club."

"But, Colonel, are you sure your horse can run fast enough to——"

"Run fast enough, suh?" repeated the Colonel, with the merciless glitter of triumph in his eyes. "Run fast enough? You ain't never SEEN no hoss run YIT."

II

THEORETICALLY "Batty" Logan lived a methodical, well-regulated, orderly life; but, as he tersely expressed it, "there's many a slip

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between the book-maker and the lunch counter." The general plan of his existence called for breakfast at three A. M.—if he had the price; luncheon at noon—perhaps; and dinner at six—if he happened to guess right. If, perchance, none of these things came to pass in the course of the day—oh, well, there were other days. It was only after two days' failure to connect with the Commissary Department that "Batty's" philosophy grew wan and pale.

Batty was a tout. Once he had been a jockey, and a good one. He had lived the brief, cloying moment as the winner of a Suburban; he had sat in the flowered horseshoe. Then fate began to tear down his air-castles. Prosperity and the normal-working appetite of a boy of fifteen conspired to defeat him. He grew heavy.

At last came the day when he couldn't make weight. As he had been a good jockey,

"ALL TO THE PICKETS."

he was a good tout. For a time Fortune dropped jeweled apples at his feet. Money flowed through his hands. And then the end came. He struck a losing streak. For weeks it clung to him. Occasionally he found it convenient not to eat. Finally convenience became compulsory. Now Batty was in hard luck. He hadn't looked a ham sandwich in the face for two days. Only one relic of his former glory remained—this was a very fine split-second watch. That was his stock in trade. With it he was enabled to keep tab—albeit a precarious one—on the ponies in their work-outs. Eat that? Eat his grandmother. That gone, he was a ship without a rudder.

He was roosting on the rail at the Montauk track. The sun was just shaking the dew out of his eyes for another day's work. Temptation struggled hard within Batty. The watch lay in his open hand. It meant breakfast, luncheon, dinner, lodging for days and days, with enough left over for another dash at the ponies with a ten-spot. It was the supremely critical moment in a life in which critical moments had been plentiful.

"Whoa, suh. What's the matter with you, suh?"

Batty twisted his head to see who was behind him. Not that he was interested—the only thing he was really interested in was his appetite. A wizened old man with a wide-brimmed hat pulled low over his placid blue eyes and a corn-cob pipe in his mouth had spoken. He was leading a—a something with amazingly long hind legs—a leaden gray something. Batty was amused.

"Honest now," he asked. "Wot do you call that?"

"It's a hoss, suh," snapped the wizened old man. The placid blue eyes suddenly flashed fire.

"Aw, quit yer kiddin'," grinned Batty.

"An' what did you think it was, suh?" flamed the old man.

"You can search me," said Batty.

"A race-hoss, suh, from Tennessee. The greatest race-hoss ever growed." Colonel Wishard was bellowing at the impassive Batty.

"Aw, don't make me laugh. Me lip's cracked."

Colonel Wishard started for Batty, who didn't move; then he thought better of it, turned, and made a motion to a solemn-looking negro who had followed The Gray Ghost to the track. The negro turned to mount.

"Say, Mister," said Batty solicitously. "Don't let that coon get on that thing; he'll break it."

Colonel Wishard snorted. Dummy threw a leg over The Gray Ghost and moved over to the furlong post, forty feet away. When Batty saw the horse in motion he laughed.

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The Gray Ghost had a style all his own; his front feet pattered and his hind legs jumped.

"Of all the eccentrical horses I ever see," said Batty, "that is the eccentricalest. Hey, Whiskers, betcher six to one he don't do the mile in fifteen minutes."

Colonel Wishard's lips closed in a thin, rigid line. Batty was tearing the old man's heart out. But the Colonel could stand the gaff; he knew the horse. Batty mechanically set his watch for the start.

At the word The Gray Ghost was off. It was a hop, skip, and jump pace, but the jump part knocked holes in Batty's previous ideas of the action of a horse. It covered ground, and covered ground amazingly.

"Gee! That nag can move some," remarked Batty to himself. The action of the horse fascinated him. He forgot to notice the fractional time as the leaden gray went by post after post, but finally when the animal turned into the stretch and flashed past him, on the bit, Batty glanced at his watch, and fell off the fence.

Colonel Wishard closed his watch, waved horse and rider off the track, and turned to Batty. That expert in horse-flesh was sitting on the ground with a dazed expression on his face, anxiously holding his watch to his ear. He was pale with excitement.

"Now, suh, you see that's a race-hoss," said the Colonel.

"And that ain't no idle vaporing of a buggy intellect—if my clock didn't stop," panted Batty. He shook the timepiece violently.

"Purty slow mile though," continued the Colonel.

"Mile? Me grandmother! Mile? That track is a mile and a quarter."

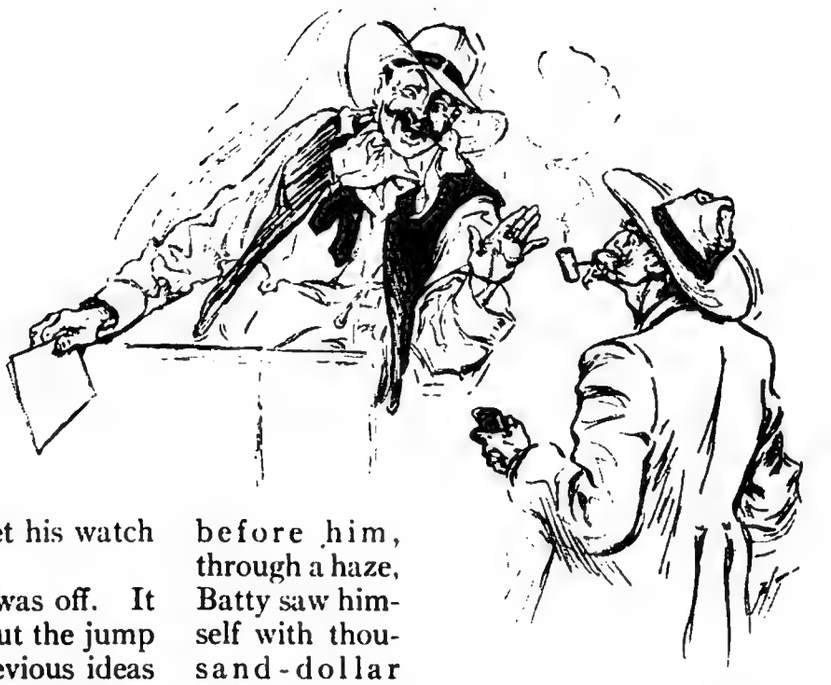
"Oh," said the Colonel placidly. "That's more like it. But that nigger didn't let him out."

"Didn't let him out?" gasped Batty. "Can he run faster'n that?"

"Certainly, suh," said the Colonel. "That's a race-hoss."

Batty came close up to the Colonel. The future had opened out voluminously, gorgeously.

"Say, Mister," he said, "I ain't never see no race-horse till I see that one." Just before him, through a haze, Batty saw himself with thousand-dollar bills dribbling through his fingers, leaking out of his pockets. "Wot—wot are you going to do with him?"



"WELL, NOT THE SAME, UNCLE HEZEKIAH."

"Race him, suh, of course."

"Sure. Sure, Beau. And you're in right," gurgled Batty. "But what race is he goin' in?"

"I intend, suh, to start him in the Long Island Handicap on the openin' day at this track, which I believe, suh, is day after tomorrow."

"Say, Boss," continued Batty. "Me name's Batty Logan—used to be a jock—rode the Suburban winner in '99, and I thought I knowed something about race-horses. I pass. That one is the limit. He can run. Hand us your flipper."

And two gentlemen who admired race-horses shook hands. It was a momentous occasion.

"But say, Beau," said Batty, with sudden anxiety. "Is the skate in right for the Long Island?"

"I paid five hund'ed dollars to race my hoss in that Handicap, if that is what you mean," said the Colonel.

"Say, Cul, you ain't wise a bit, are you?" And Batty displayed certain terpsichorean accomplishments which amazed the old gentleman exceedingly. "Say, I guess we're foolish, hey? I guess we don't know nothin', yes? Us! Can you see us? Diamonds sprouting out of us like whiskers! Private yats with pizazzas all round 'em! Oh, me grandmother!"

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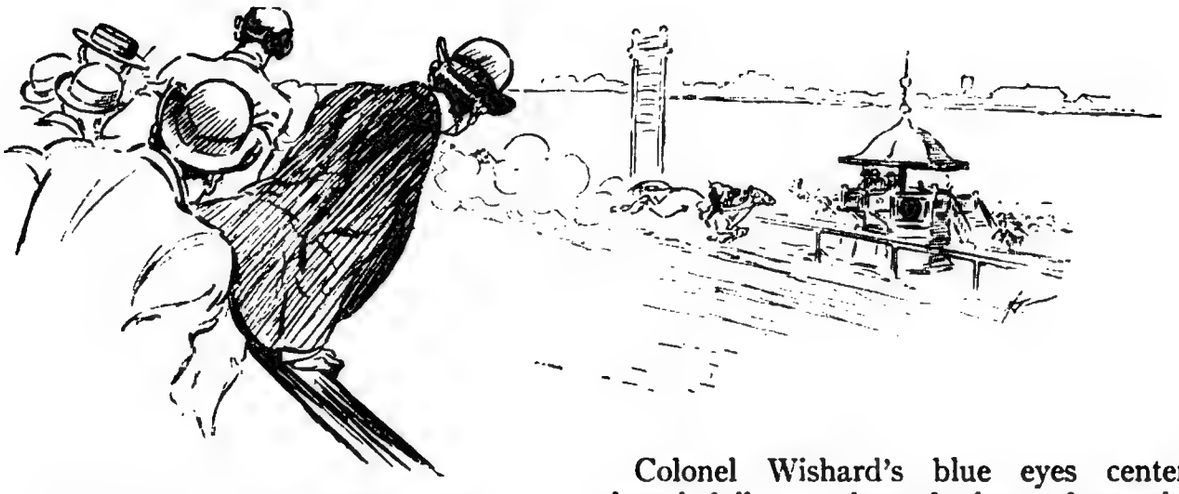

"HELLO, BILL! AIN'T YOU COMING HOME?"

"I'm afeared, suh, I don't quite follow you," said the Colonel, with some resentment. "You spoke of 'us,' suh——"

"Sure, Bill, *us!* Don't you see? Can you see the bookies on the sprint for the tall timbers, and us clippin' coupons off their coat tails as they run? But, say," and again there was anxiety in the voice, "does anybody else know what this horse can do?"

"No, suh. I jus' arrived last night from Tennessee, suh, an' had the hoss sent direct to the track. My nigger an' me came in the cyar with him."

"Well, they mustn't know, see?" said Batty. "Shut up the nigger's mouth——"

"He's deef an' dum', suh."

"Well, tie his hands behind him so he can't wigwag the gladsome tidings, and maybe there won't be a mess of greens for us in the first few races that horse starts in!"

"I only intend, suh, to start The Gray Ghost in the Handicap. I want folks to know thar is one race-hoss in the world, if it did take fifty years to grow him. I came here for that one race, suh, an' my hoss'll set a world's record that'll stand forever, suh."

"Don't do it, Beau; don't do it." There were tears in Batty's voice. "Not that way. Let him race, let him win a little bit—just enough—then when you can't get the odds you want and have loaded your freight-car with thousand-dollar Williams, let the horse run his race. Then let him make the record."

"But I don't want the money, suh."

"Maybe not now," and Batty was almost on the point of weeping. "But you may after a while. You may take a notion to buy up Nashville and start a fish-pond on it, and then you'd have the mazuma to do it with. It's a shame to let the bookies keep it—they have to set up so late nights countin' it."

Colonel Wishard's blue eyes centered thoughtfully on a bag of tobacco from which he filled the black corn-cob pipe. For an instant only they rested on Batty's eager face.

"Suh, I feel that you know what a reel race-hoss is. Will you do me the honah of breakfastin' with me?"

"Sure, Beau, in a minute; but how about letting The Gray Goat——"

"The Gray Ghost, suh."

"How about letting him run for the long green?"

The Colonel lighted his pipe and started it going with several vigorous puffs.

"I will think about that, suh."

III

On the day of the running of the Long Island Handicap, at Montauk, I went down to the track to cast my bread upon the waters. One of the first persons I met was Batty Logan. He was leaning against the steps mounting to the stewards' offices, and didn't look happy. He was thinner than I had remembered seeing him since the days when he was a jockey. He also looked pale.

"Hello, Batty," I saluted. "How're they coming?"

"Hello, Beau," he said, without enthusiasm. "They ain't comin'—they're goin'. Mine's all gone."

"Not hitting them right, eh?"

"Hittin' 'em right? Say, Bill, do I look like I'd been living at de Saint Reggy?" Truly, he did not. "Come down to make a bet?"

"Well, I might," I said carelessly. "Are you wise?"

"'Am I wise?'" he repeated. "Ain't I wise, though! Here's a match."

"What for?" I asked.

"Aw, set fire to your roll and go get on the

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train. There's less mental anxiety about doing it that way."

I knew Batty of old. Such depression indicated that he was indeed very far along the line of hard luck.

"They ain't but one thing in the world I want right now," continued Batty, "and that's to get drownded in a sea of scrambled eggs. Me? All to the pickles."

"I thought possibly you knew a horse—" I began.

"Me? I don't know a horse from a canal-boat. I used to think I did. Honest, Beau," and his voice dropped mysteriously, "things is gettin' so bad with me I'm afraid I'll have to go to work."

Reluctantly I was turning away, when it occurred to me that a sandwich might be grateful to Batty. I put the question.

"No, Beau, much obliged," he said. "I'm waiting for a man. I've got a chance to pick up a five-dollar William, and one o' them right now would make me feel like Russell Sage. Fact is," he continued, much embarrassed, "an old gazabe from Tennessee engaged me to pilot a nag in the Handicap, and now he's taken a notion to run him in the first race, too. Ain't that crazy? First mount I've had in five years. The old boy's up with the stewards now, askin' permission for me to ride overweight."

"Two races in one day, and overweight? How much overweight?" I asked.

"Honest, Beau, I'm ashamed to tell you," he said. "It's thirty-nine pounds"; and he laughed.

"Thirty-nine *what?*" I gasped.

"Well, I'll tell you, Bill," he continued confidentially. "This old gent brings a horse up here, gets stuck on me shape, and asks me to ride. Sure I'll ride, if the stewards'll let me. I need the money. I'd ride a gy-raffe around the track if they was a fiver in it."

"What horse is it?" I asked.

"The Gray Ghost."

Instantly my mind flashed back to a quiet little village in Tennessee and a wizened old man sitting on a fence with a corn-cob pipe in his mouth.

"Colonel Wishard?" I exclaimed in surprise.

"Do you know him, Beau?" Batty was uneasy.

"I met him in Tennessee," I replied. "Has his horse got a chance?"

"Got a chanst?" and Batty glowed with indignation. "Got a chanst? A skate that never was in a race, come into a six-furlong sprint against good horses, with thirty-nine pounds overweight, and got a chanst? If I can get him to the half-mile post without him falling down, I've earned the fiver all right, all right. Got a chanst? Oh, me grandmother!"

A hand fell on my shoulder from behind, and I turned to face Colonel Wishard, who had just descended the steps from the stewards' office.

"Colonel Wishard!" I exclaimed.

"Suh, it gives me great pleasure to meet you ag'in," said the Colonel, as he lifted his wide-brimmed hat with a cordial courtesy.

"Say, Beau," said Batty anxiously to the Colonel, "what did they say up-stairs?"

"They gave permission, suh," said the Colonel. "But they laughed at me," and a hard glint came into the clear blue eyes. "Laughed at me, suh."

"Well, ain't we the lalla-perzips, though?" inquired Batty, with an enthusiasm all the more astounding to me because of his recent despondency. "Well, I guess yes. But, say," and again there was a trace of anxiety in his voice, "can the nag do it?"

"Do it, suh? Do it?" thundered the Colonel. "Of course he can do it. He can pull a farm waggin round that track faster'n them other horses can run."

"All right, Papa, all right," said Batty

"HIS RAIMENT WAS ALMOST AUDIBLE."

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soothingly. "I don't know a thing about horses, bein' as I was only a jockey for six years. I pass to you. You're the main chunk. You see, though, I have a natural anxiety, considerin' that I hocked me clock for forty plunks to invest on the nag. I ain't been eating regular, and if that nag don't win I reckon I never will eat no more."

"You think The Gray Ghost will win, then?" I asked sternly. Batty's change of front puzzled me.

"It's a cincherino, if the Colonel says so," he grinned cheerfully. "Say, Beau, I was just stringin' you. It don't do no good, you see, to climb on a rain-barrel an' shout what you know about a horse to the gapin' multitude, as it were. It don't improve the odds any. But since you an' the Colonel are friends——"

"Yes, suh," said the Colonel. "That hoss will win, suh."

"But two races, Colonel?"

"That first race is only an exercise gallop, suh, and he needs it. He'll win both races."

I knew the Colonel too well to express an opinion, but I resolved nevertheless to clutch my diminutive roll all the more firmly for fear I might be tempted. I couldn't see The Gray Ghost—neither could the bookies, for when they noted the announcement of thirty-nine pounds overweight they laughed.

"What's this Gray Ghost?" one asked.

"I don't know," said another, "but I'll try two hundred to one that he don't win."

Before Batty returned to the paddock to struggle into the green and gold silk, Colonel Wishard's colors, he placed forty dollars in my hands to go down in five-dollar bets with different book-makers at the best odds possible.

"The odds'll be way up," he said. "But if the bookies find out anybody is placing even forty piasters on the nag they'll cut hard, and when the Colonel begins to bet, maybe they'll wipe him off. And say, Beau," he continued, "just 'cause I tried to string you, I'll buy you a thousand dollars' worth of pie after the first race."

Ten minutes before the bugle sounded for the first race Colonel Wishard strolled into the betting ring. I followed him. In one hand he grasped a particularly healthy-looking roll of bills.

"Will you accept a bet of one thousand dollars, suh?" he asked of a book-maker.

"That's the easiest thing I do," said the bookie, reaching for the money. "What horse?"

"The Gray Ghost to win, suh."

"Gray Ghost to—to—to *what?*" shouted the bookie. Beads of perspiration suddenly appeared on his head. "Two hundred thousand dollars to one thousand? Well, not the same, Uncle Hezekiah, not the same." With one movement he wiped off the odds of two hundred to one, and with another he crowded the money into Colonel Wishard's hands. "Not for me," he said. "I ain't J. Pierpont Morgan." He was still perspiring. "I'll take a hundred dollars at fifty to one," he said.

"Thank you, suh," said the Colonel.

"Gray Ghost now fifty to one," screamed the ring announcer.

Colonel Wishard's trip down the line was punctuated by the ring announcer. Each bet cut the odds. "Gray Ghost now forty to one" was followed immediately by "Gray Ghost now twenty-five," and then, after a couple of minutes, "Gray Ghost now ten."

When the bugle sounded the post call, there was a rush of bookies for points of vantage from which to view The Gray Ghost. Finally there was a flash of green and gold topping a dismal gray at the paddock gate, and lo, The Gray Ghost! For an instant only the bookies looked over the animal, and then there went up a roar of laughter. A moment more and the shout was taken up by the grand stand.

The Gray Ghost had arrived!

"That ain't no horse," said one bookie, between laughs. "That's a blooming kangaroo."

Anger flashed in Colonel Wishard's eyes and his face grew white. His hand on my shoulder tightened until I winced.

"By gad, suh, I'll make 'em laugh another way," he said.

And he did. The Gray Ghost won by half a length in a second and three-fifths slower than the track record. There was a casual surprise in the grand stand, and some amusement. That was all.

After the third race I went down into the betting-ring, curious to see what the odds were on The Gray Ghost in the big Handicap, the fourth event. Chalked up against the horse was twenty to one, thirty-two pounds overweight, Batty Logan up. The Colonel was standing in front of a book-maker a few yards away.

"Colonel, allow me to congratulate you," I said as I grasped his hand.

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"Thank you, suh," he said. "I knowed my hoss could win, suh. I trus', suh, you'll git sompin' down on this race."

"Do you think he can win this, too?" I asked. "Two races in one day with the same horse, heavily overweighted, seems asking a great deal."

"He will win, suh," and the Colonel passed down the line. The bellowing of the ring announcer marked his progress and in ten minutes the odds dropped from twenty to one to fours. The last I saw of the Colonel before the race was when he was trying to induce a book-maker to accept a bet of five thousand dollars at any odds. The book-maker couldn't see it that way, and to settle the argument wiped all quotations off his slate.

"No," said the bookie decidedly. "I don't care if your horse is a jack-rabbit; if he can pick up thirty-nine overweight and win that first race in that company, then carry thirty-two over against the best horses in training in this race, and still you back him, I pass. Not for mine."

"MY THE'RY, SUH, IS HIND LAIGS."

The start of the Handicap, a mile and a quarter, was directly in front of the grand stand. When the post call came, The Gray Ghost trailed dismally along behind the other horses, with his head tucked cheerlessly between his short fore legs, and the hind quarters looming up like Pike's Peak in the distance. Batty wore a grin of exultation, and when I figured that he had won eight thousand dollars on the first race I could readily understand it.

Three false breaks from the starting-post, and then: "They're off!" And The Gray Ghost was left, standing stock-still, looking in the wrong direction! He was directly opposite me, not more than twenty feet away, and I saw Batty clench his teeth desperately.

Twenty lengths ahead the horses were smashing on when Batty, with a savage yank, swung The Gray Ghost nose forward and started in pursuit. There was a mocking jeer from the grand stand, and ribald shouts of encouragement. But Batty got down to work, and I saw he was going to get a run for his money. Slowly the gap between the bunch and the trailing Gray Ghost began to grow less. At the first turn for home he was lying fifth. To me the horse looked out of it. Batty had quit riding.

The grand stand was wild over the struggle between Gold Eyes and Black Devil. I happened to notice the gray. An amazing thing had happened. He had gained two lengths. At the last furlong post he was second, and I could dimly trace a smile on Batty's face. He had cut across the track and drawn up close to Gold Eyes' rider. That youth looked at him apprehensively.

Then, in Batty's voice was wafted to me:

"Hello, Bill! Ain't you coming home?"

He buckled down over The Gray Ghost's neck and drew away. A length of daylight showed. Five lengths from the finish he was sitting up straight, looking back, with a grin on his face.

"Hurry up, fellows," he sang out. And he flashed under the wire one length to the good. He had clipped a fifth of a second off the track record.

Then I cashed in.

IV

THE GRAY GHOST was a seven days' wonder in racing. He had done an impossible thing. The Colonel was the most eminent figure in the horse world, but he had nothing to say. He was credited with having taken more than a hundred thousand dollars out of

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the betting-ring on the day of the Handicap, but this he would not discuss. He had been approached with numerous offers for the horse; he would not listen.

Meanwhile Batty Logan was sitting up nights counting his money. I chanced upon him once, and he was the dizziest-looking youth I have ever seen. His raiment was almost audible.

"How is the world treating you?" I asked, as I sank into the chair opposite.

"Fine and dandy," he replied. "I guess I look on the bum, yes? You know on Handicap day I took down twenty-seven thousand cold simoleons on them two races."

"What kind of a horse is that Gray Ghost, anyhow?" I asked.

"Beau, if you was to strike me dead, I couldn't tell you," he replied. "I dunno. You know in the Handicap when I was left? Gee, but I made remarks for a couple of seconds, and when I turned to chase the others I was dead sore. But it was like a rockin'-chair, Beau. When I did that sprint and caught up on the back-stretch I figured the horse would be all in—and, hell, he wasn't even breathin'. Then I knowed I was all to the tabasco. When I started to run in the stretch, why that horse hadn't even let a kink out. I could have won by forty lengths just as easy."

Batty carefully selected a large, fat, black cigar and offered me another.

"And say, Beau, 'tween you and me and the starter's stand, that horse ain't never showed what's in him yet. The Colonel says the horse ain't never had a chanst yet, and next time he is going to let him run a RACE."

Thus the situation two days later, when The Gray Ghost was again entered at a mile and a quarter. Immediately the other owners at the track scratched their entries.

"Not for them, Beau," said Batty in explanation to the Colonel. "They see him run with all sorts o' weight, they've felt of them hind legs of his'n—an' not for them. They *know* he can run. Of course they scratched. Same with the bookies. I heard one say no more Gray Ghost for his'n—not one to a thousand; they're willing to make a book on horses, but no more greased lightning in their'n."

It was therefore with a troubled countenance that Colonel Wishard, accompanied by Batty and myself, climbed the stairs to the stewards' office.

"Gentlemen," said the Colonel as the three men turned to meet us, "I am in sompin' of an embarrassin' position. I understand, suhs, that ev'y hoss entered in the third race to-day ag'in my hoss has been scratched. My puhpose in breedin' a fast hoss, gentlemen, was to promote racin', not to stop it, an' I desire to apologize to you because there cain't be a third race, suhs. But I wanted to start my hoss on this here track once more to make a world's record, suhs, an' I don't want to start him by hisself. If you gentlemen could induce two other owners to start for place an' third to-day, suhs, I will declare my hoss in to break the world's record an' they may divide the whole purse. You understand, suhs?"

"Certainly," said the steward, and he exchanged glances with the others. "I think that can be arranged."

"Thank you, suhs."

"Colonel Wishard, how fast can The Gray Ghost run?" asked the steward who had done the talking.

"Well, suh, I don't exactly know," said the Colonel. "But he has done the mile on a round, rough track—a very rough track, suh, as this gentleman here can testify" (indicating me)—"in one thirty-three with a hund'ed an' forty-seven pounds up."

Batty bit his cigar in two in his amazement, and the stewards looked at one another with doubt in their eyes. Slowly one of them shook his head. The Colonel noted it.

"If any one here doubts my word, suh," he said, sharply, "I will bet twenty thousand dollahs that The Gray Ghost will do the mile with a hund'ed an' twelve pounds up in one twenty-seven."

"Of course nothing of that kind would be permitted," hurriedly said one of the stewards. "But do you happen to know the fastest mile ever run by a horse?"

"Yes, suh," snapped the Colonel. "A little better than one thirty-six on a straight-away course, by Salvator, suh."

"And your horse can beat that?" continued the steward. "You must admit that Salvator was a great horse."

"Great hoss?" snorted the Colonel. "The Gray Ghost'd make him look like he was pullin' a truck, suh. I've been in-ter-est-ed in growin' hosses for fifty years, suh, but I never started one in a race until now, when I knowed I had the hoss I wanted. I have my own the'ries, suh, as to how a race-hoss should be developed, an' I think I may say,

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without boastin', that my the'ries have been vindicated."

"And your theory, Colonel Wishard?"

"My the'ry, suh, is hind laigs. That's what a horse runs with. Ev'y season a hoss will cut down the world's record a fraction. The Gray Ghost represents, if I may say it, suhs, fifty years of these fractions. He is fifty years ahead of any hoss ever bred, the result of a development of hind laigs. I bred dozens of hosses, suhs, to increase their power in their hind laigs, and my hoss is the fouhteenth generation of hosses whose hind laigs have been properly attended to."

And that was the end of Colonel Wishard's theory.

Two other owners were induced to start in the third race and split the purse. The Gray Ghost was barred in the betting, allotted a weight of one hundred and twelve pounds, and a light-weight jockey, Jack Mathers, was selected for the race.

When the bugle called the third race, The Gray Ghost, with Mathers up, Little Silver, and Ida responded. The start for a mile and a quarter was directly before us, and when the flag fell and the three horses flashed away, Batty stood watch in hand. There was no pretty riding by Mathers.

"Ride that hoss all the way, suh," the Colonel had told him; "don't do nothin' but ride. He can stand it."

And ride Mathers certainly did. In the first six lengths The Gray Ghost had gained two and was going away. Further and further ahead he drew and his eccentric action was forgotten in a yell of appreciation from the grand stand. On, on, positively flying away from the two horses behind him, on past the first-furlong post——

"Eleven an' four-fifths," said Batty, "an' that's a world's record!"

On he crashed on the second furlong, the other horses lengths and lengths behind, Mathers low over his neck.

"Ten and four-fifths! Wow!" said Batty, as the second-furlong post flashed by. Colonel Wishard, with head thrown forward, gripped the rail before him. The grand stand had now become absolutely still.

"Eleven, an' on a turn, too," announced Batty.

And still on, on, on the gray streak flew. A hundred lengths he was ahead and little Mathers still urged him forward. The fourth furlong he did in ten and four-fifths, the fifth in ten and three-fifths. Batty announced the figures monotonously, but his voice trembled. No horse had ever approached this phenomenal pace.

"Eleven," droned Batty as the flying beast slipped past the sixth post and rounded into the stretch.

"He can do it in ten," said the Colonel. Never have I seen a face bearing the excitement of his at that moment.

"Ten an' a fifth," said Batty as the seventh pole went by. The other horses were in the middle of the turn into the stretch.

"Ten flat," shrieked Batty as The Gray Ghost finished the mile. There was a silence of death as the gray went on for the extra quarter.

"Ten an' two fifths," sang out Batty. And little Mathers doubled still further over The Gray Ghost. It was the last effort of the last furlong of the greatest race ever run.

"Ten flat," again sang out Batty. "Wow wow, said the fox!"

The Colonel straightened up. His face was white but his voice was calm.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I have realized an ambition. He did the mile in one twenty-six an' a fifth, mile and a quarter in one forty-six an' three-fifths."

The thousands in the grand stand sat as if dazed for a moment, and then the clatter of the forgotten Little Silver and Ida coming on to the finish, furlongs behind, aroused them to a shriek of frenzied laughter.

But that marked the end of The Gray Ghost in racing.

"They ain't nothin' to it, Beau," Batty had advised. "It's back to Tennessee for you. Your horse is too good. He's put a crimp in the racin' game fer keeps. You've got all the owners in ther hay-loft, an' if you don't take him away they ain't goin' to be no more racin'. Besides, they ain't nothin' in lettin' your horse skate aroun' the track fer exercise."

"Reckin you're right, suh," said the Colonel.

And the following day the Colonel, Dummy, and The Gray Ghost returned to Tennessee. It was my good fortune to be present at the farewell between Batty and the old Southerner. It was simple, but it was heartfelt.

"Mr. Logan," said the Colonel, "I desire, suh, to shake hands with a gentleman an' a hossman, suh. I trus' some day you may visit me at my home in Tennessee."

"Beau, you're the limit," said Batty. "You're the only one. Hand us your wing, Bill, and God bless yer."

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STRAIGHT TALK

By EVERYBODY'S READERS

If at any time there are any statements in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE which you believe to be incorrect, or any views expressed to which you take exception, or any subject discussed upon which you can throw additional light, write to us. We shall not be able to publish all the letters. Do not write at too great length. We may use excerpts from your letter and sign your name unless otherwise instructed. For every letter which we are able to publish we will present the writer, as evidence of our appreciation and in no sense as compensation, with a year's subscription to EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, to be sent to the writer of the letter, or anyone selected by the writer.—THE EDITOR.

FACTS FROM THE LAND OFFICE

APROPOS of your article in the May number entitled "The West Coast Land Grafters": Some time back in the '70's or in 1880, the Nelson Lumber Company, of Minnesota, had a great many acres of land filed by men that were never on the land later; about one-sixth of this land was cancelled by the Government agents and later opened for homestead; again, same was taken by bona-fide settlers. I bought of the last settlers many of these claims for the timber on them. Iron was found in the locality and many contests were brought on. The Nelson Lumber Company began suit through some trust company which held a mortgage on all their land to recover one of these claims that I had bought of the second filer. Hoke Smith ruled that notwithstanding that the first filer admitted that his name was not as filed, also that he had never been on the land, the Government had no right in the premises after having accepted the first filer's money. I lost the claim. Nothing was ever done with the Nelson Lumber Company, nor the first filer, notwithstanding he admitted he had taken the claim fraudulently. Now, after taking my money the Government will not even return the second filer's money. These are facts and on file at the land office at Duluth and Washington. W. H. L.

Howard City, Mich.

THE BIG PISTOL

I SEND you copies of two letters obtained by me in connection with settlement of a small claim against a western railway for loss of freight stolen from my household goods shipped recently from Browning, Montana, to Crow Agency, Montana.

OMAHA, NEB., October 26, 1904.

MESSRS. F. W. K. and G. A. B.,

Dear Sir: Will you kindly let us have your opinion of this claim. Do you think this amount ought to be taken care of? This is a case of concealed loss and is supported only by claimant's and shipper's affidavits. Shipper specifies the box of the twenty-five pounds walnuts but makes no mention of the other items claimed. Is the claimant in shape to route considerable business against us? Yours truly, E. C.

Claim D1237, W. H. B.

BILLINGS, MONT., October 18, 1904.

MR. E. C.,
F. C. A., Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir: Returning all papers in your claim D1237. It is not likely that declining this claim would result in any loss of business to us. Yours truly, F. W. K.

The facts are these: I shipped some household goods and when the boxes were received at their destination they were apparently in the same condition as when I shipped them. Upon opening them I found that about $25 worth of stuff had been taken out, not to mention some small articles of no commercial value, but of value to me and my family. No one but myself and wife knew the contents of the boxes, except in the case of one box in which the merchant had packed twenty-five pounds English walnuts. I had no expectation of getting anything from the company, but filed my claim just to see what would be the result.

The claim, as a whole, was refused, but they intimated that they would consider the one item of the walnuts. I filed a claim for that amount and have received payment for that amount. The point that I object to is the apparent readiness of the company to pay blackmail if deemed advisable to prevent loss of business. Had the claim been disallowed because there was not sufficient evidence to prove responsibility, etc., there could have been no objection, but when the claim agent asks: "Is the claimant in shape to route considerable business against us," and when the official addressed answers: "It is not likely that declining this claim would result in any loss of business to us," they themselves put it on a different basis.

Not a word as to who is morally responsible, and whether honest dealing would demand payment of the amount claimed, but a willingness to pay, whether or not the facts justified it, if I should happen to be

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situated so as to route business against them. In other words, the officials of the M. & B. Ry. Co. are willing to settle any claim that may be filed against them if it is likely that the claimant could injure their business. They are willing to pay tribute to their shippers provided they will do business. What great possibilities here for the Beef Trust! And is it likely that the men of the trust have not found this out? It is but another phase of the rebate system. We must revise our popular conceptions of the American man. It is doubtful if the average business man of to-day would agree with "Millions for defense, but not one cent for tribute"; he would more likely say that he was willing to divide the profits with any one who could, if he would, make depredations upon his business, and then increase the cost of his business to those who have no recourse against the injustice.

I thought when I commenced this that I had something new, but I find that it is only another manifestation of the rebates granted Standard Oil and the private car lines. It is but another view of the methods of the Standard Oil outfit to crush out competition. The man who can compel fair dealing can by that very fact get much more than is justly his, while he who can not compel favorable consideration by means of the Big Pistol can not get the other fellow even to ask the question, "Is this claim just?" W. H. B.

Lamedeer, Mont.

AN OLD MAID'S AMEN

I HAVE just finished the perusal of "Boston Bachelor's" eloquent discourse, in the May number of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and should like to say that there is at least one "gabby old maid" who mentally gave vent to a fervent amen, after reading his letter. I am fortunately, or unfortunately, as the case may be, a specimen of that much abused class—"old maids"—and can testify to the many joys of single blessedness.

With all due respect for those who have launched their craft upon the matrimonial sea, I must say that judging by my observation—which is all I have to go by—it strikes me as falling far short of what it is represented to be. The few couples whom it has been my pleasure to know, who were drifting along comparatively happy—I'd find when I got down to the root of their content, it always proved to be a living sacrifice on either the husband's or wife's part. It seems to be quite impossible to strike the happy medium and have the giving up and forbearance equally divided.

But now, my bachelor friend, suppose we try to be just, if we can't be generous, and not saddle all the blame off on the poor, long-suffering women. Surely they can't be the cause of all the "double-harness disasters." Now, don't you think that some of those gray hairs which adorn the heads of these dear married "lords of creation" may be due to an overvigilant watch on the purse-strings, also keeping their mental faculties on such a constant strain in making plausible excuses for their late hours, constructing imaginary business engagements, and keeping up that enforced martyr-like air which is only a covering for their many shortcomings as model husbands? No doubt if they would live up to all those rash promises made during the courtship and honeymoon they would have fewer gray hairs.

But my advice to girls is to marry by all means, if you desire to have some one scowl across the table at you three times a day because the bread is not "like mother used to make," an endless supply of socks to darn, and some one to foot your bills who will look at you as if you had stolen something every time you ask for a quarter. For myself, I find untold enjoyment in the possession of my own funds, be they ever so small.

But I fear "Boston Bachelor" did not look on the other side of the picture—when he has fallen a victim to rheumatic pains and all the other infirmities of old age which he can't possibly escape. Don't delude yourself with the idea that these fond mammas will always find you indispensable at their teas, pink luncheons, balls, etc. I am still on the sunny side of fifty, enjoy good health and an excellent time socially, but I often take a peep at the "other side" and I can plainly see myself an old woman, with no companions except a cat (I'm trying to cultivate a liking for the creatures, but so far I detest them), and my only social recreation will be my solitary cup of tea.

ONE OF THE "GABBY OLD MAIDS."

Gabriel, Durango, Mex.

LONG MAY HE WAVE!

A WORD through your columns to the "gay and festive, fair, fat, and generous" Boston Bachelor.

This is a case of ignorance and bliss! Long may he wave, this Boston Bachelor; there is room enough in the world for him, because he takes so little. If such as he are the "salt of the earth," one could wish to be doomed to everlasting freshness.

This happy being has never experienced the joy of married life, hence he can not miss it, but there are a few people in the world who appreciate their blessings. They know full well that matrimony brings cares, but they know also that the "greater the sorrow the greater the joy," so we will let this gay and satisfied being sail along in the life he likes the best. No married man would envy him, no woman could respect, much less love, such a butterfly of a man. We would not wish him harm, but we at least fear that the time will come when he will wish for a gentle presence near him, with loving heart and tender hand to smooth his pillow when his gay career is over, but it will not be there. He will die "unhonored and unsung," and his name will die with him. B.

Washington, D. C.

THE CHILD AND THE COUNTRY SCHOOL

I HAVE been much interested in Miss Bensley's articles and have found considerable food for thought in them.

We parents would, I believe, almost unanimously agree that her theories on child-training are excellent and that they are good sound ones to adopt if put on an elastic foundation, for they are bound to be subjected to strain and more or less variance with different temperaments. However, I would suggest that possibly her judgment concerning parents is not sufficiently tempered with mercy.

Previous to my marriage I had been a public-school teacher for five years, and with that experience sailed into the realm of motherhood with a

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complete code of theories, but was not long in discovering that even a really beautiful theory may be a subject for modification. I soon learned that a child is something more than a bit of modeling clay in our hands, and that if a baby hasn't theories, he has something which probably serves his purpose vastly better. While Miss Bensley might criticize me sharply, I should probably still hold that I understand the inside workings better than she.

But this wasn't what I most wanted to say. Miss Bensley suggests a question I should like to hear discussed by parents.

Up to, say, the age of ten years, are the advantages of a public-school education over a home training greater than the disadvantages?

I am thinking more particularly of the rural districts, for it is there my interests lie, and I see two rather serious drawbacks to the early public education.

Many communities are made up largely of a shifting "renter population," and are an uncertain quantity, also quality.

To descend to personalities. Unless we or another landowner moves, when our girls are of school age, they will have for associates, among others, the sons of parents who swear at each other and at their children. These boys are apparently lacking in all desirable traits and are markedly rude and unkind to their baby sister.

Then there is the question of instruction. The high schools are yearly sending out prospective teachers. Most town schools demand experience in those whom they employ, so these young people flock to the country and drift around from district to district, very many of them changing schools with every new term.

As a result our children are the victims of a great variety of "methods" and experiments, an oft-repeated review and general hashing up of what they know, but not very much else. E. W. B.

Blencoe, Iowa.

EMPLOYING BY INTUITION

Miss Bensley, in giving her "Experiences as a Nursery Governess," overlooks something when she says that the mothers with whom she came in contact do not think seriously enough of the qualifications that the instructor should possess. One woman actually told her, she says, that she engaged her because she did not use the word "ain't."

Miss Bensley overlooks the fact that she is a woman who possesses a thorough education and has an air of refinement and good breeding that she could not shake off if she tried, so when she presents herself to be decided upon as a future teacher for their children, they are not thinking of written recommendations, which are often not worth the paper they are written on; but the mother by a sort of intuitive knowledge recognizes that she is in the presence of a lady and determines to hire her at once, if she can.

If two women came to me to-day and one had a very fine recommendation signed by some great man and I noticed her have her hair curled tight in kinks, chewing gum, and looking about her all the time, I should turn from her and look at the other girl.

If she were dressed neatly and in good taste, answered my questions to the point, and possessed an air of refinement, but not a line of recommendation, she would be the one I should hire, as in all probability that woman did who said she hired Anna because she did not use the word "ain't." The woman who gave that as her reason was probably guided by the underlying ones which I just said would guide me.

The frivolous girl could easily have a recommendation signed by some great man, perhaps a relative, who would not be willing to give up his money to a needy relative, but would be willing to let her use his name. E. L. H.

Wapakoneta, Ohio.

TRAINING FOR FATHERHOOD

I want to add a word—or rather, to emphasize a point brought out by your "Governess."

I refer to the deficiency, on Mr. Rose's part, in fatherly care for his children—outside of providing them with food and clothes.

This attitude is typical of a large and possibly growing class, in which, however, I believe Jewish men are seldom found.

These people, like Mr. Rose, seem to have a feeling that having provided their families with an abundance, financially, they have discharged their full duty. They are sometimes bitterly enraged and inclined to blame any one but themselves, if later in life their children turn out unsatisfactorily.

I don't in the least intend to minimize the wife's lead in responsibility—but I can't believe a just God ever planned that the "weaker vessel" should shoulder in its entirety the double burden of child-bearing and child-training, while the husband, physically stronger, should escape on simply earning so many dollars per annum.

Indeed, I am unwilling to believe the Almighty could show so little regard for the capability of the men.

From the time I was eleven years old, my mother talked with me seriously, sweetly, and confidentially about my future duties as mother. My whole girlhood was one long beautiful training for the noble calling of mother.

Did my brother receive at her hands or his father's a similar training for fatherhood? Not at all.

Our family was typical of thousands.

I have seldom taken up a weekly paper without finding in the "Women's Column" a *spiel* on training our girls for motherhood.

Who ever read three articles in ten years on training *boys* for *fatherhood?*

Surely the Almighty meant the child's father to be more in its upbringing than a mere grub to supply roof, raiment and food. F. E. C.

Bethany, Mo.

DOWN WITH THE SHYSTER LAWYER

I am very much interested in Mr. Mack's article, "The Victim of Acquittal," in your March number, as it puts very powerfully into words a subject that I have studied over for years.

Several years ago, in San José, Cal., some other gentlemen and I exposed a fraud and saved many people from being swindled, and were publicly thanked from the pulpit by the leading ministers of the town. We undoubtedly did the State a service and yet we were promptly arrested for disturbing the peace, and the prosecuting attorney even went to the

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extent of engaging additional counsel to try and convict us. We were promptly acquitted, and while, unlike many less fortunate, no opprobrium attached to us from the incident, yet we were compelled to hire a lawyer to defend us and pay for his services.

After thinking over every plan that suggested itself, that justice may be done to a person wrongfully accused and compelled to stand trial for a crime, the course that seemed to me to be simplest and least open to objection is that every district that now elects a Prosecuting Attorney, also elect a Defending Attorney, to be paid the same salary and have equal power, privileges, and deputies when necessary, as the Prosecuting Attorney. It would be the duty of this officer to defend all persons charged with crime against the State. Make it imperative when a person is arrested with or without a warrant, that this officer be immediately notified, that he may take steps to guard the prisoner's rights.

With such an officer in charge, the shyster lawyer would largely disappear; the practise of arresting persons on suspicion and keeping them "*incommunicado*" for days and weeks, and subject only to the will of a chief of police, would also be done away with; and many a poor fellow arrested as a vagrant and railroaded to the chain-gang to give fees to justice and constable would not suffer as now. Pay the arrested person, during the time he is under arrest and not out on bail, the same pay as jurors receive. Neither would the guilty be so apt to escape as at present.

The above is merely the outline. I have worked out much of the detail that space will not allow me to describe here. L. P. V. D.

Los Angeles, Cal.

FAITH GROWS BY WORKS

I HAVE noted with reluctant interest the remarks of M. C. S. and E. F. T. in the April issue relative to the attitude of the workingman and the churchman, respectively, toward the subject of church attendance. They seem to be influenced in their views by a secular habit of thought so entirely apart from the religious that one almost wonders whether they are speaking of religion at all. The first is simply a faultfinder and speaks apparently without justification, to give a slap at religious institutions *per se;* for he makes mention of no specific complaint, points out no remedy desired by the class he assumes to speak for. The latter (E. F. T.) assumes an attitude of holy righteousness and seems to say, "We have done all we should; our duty is fully performed; let others do better." Both of these are wrong, all wrong! If M. C. S. is really a church member, he should do what he can to help the cause along; but if, as I suspect, he is nothing more than one of those who use the church as an anchor to windward for the preservation of self from a possible unpleasant future experience, it would be in order to admonish him that speculation is generally a losing game, and it is up to him to get right into the midst of something to which he can lend all of his heartfelt energies without stopping to hedge or complain; to serve either God or the devil, and do it faithfully; there is no middle ground.

The thing that is needed among Christian people generally is that their works should stand more prominently forward; they should watch and pray. Many are now half sleeping, soothing their consciences with an occasional service or joint prayer-meeting. These are very good; but it is the bounden duty of every church to hold as many religious services as can possibly be worked into the week; not haphazard gatherings, half in jest, half in contention; but meetings of true religious purpose and zeal, standing as the light to lighten the world. Is the spiritual development not more important than the physical? Who could expect to live and do effective work eating two or three meals of a Sunday and a lunch on Wednesday evening? Another thing: the institutional efforts of the church are very good; but their real effectiveness depends entirely upon the inspiration with which they are carried forward; and there is but one true inspiration, which does not come of incantation, or complaining, or a general mixing of dogmas and doctrines; but by watchings and prayers; by service and by the Word of God. Faith grows by good works.

It is not my desire to "set back" the gentlemen referred to; but I hope they will think this matter over in a spirit of brotherly kindness. H. A. M.

Harrisburg, Pa.

SOCIALISM NOT THE CURE

ONE of those fault-finding, ranting Socialists had been trying again to convert me to his way of thinking.

"So long as your party is represented by a class of people who are continually and everlastingly finding fault with our government, you need never expect to accomplish much for the correction of the evils you speak of," I said to him.

"Well then," he answered, "what are you going to do, and how are you going to break up the evil influences of these trusts and corporations?"

"Have you read EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE lately?" I asked him.

"No," he said.

"So I thought. You mark my word and watch the signs of the times," I said, "and you will find that such agencies as President Roosevelt and EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE will accomplish more in the next four years to correct the evils you speak of than all your so-called Socialists have done in twenty years."

Freeport, Cal. F. L. H.

SLEEPING HALF OUTDOORS

FOR some time I have been using a method of sleeping in the open air that is undoubtedly far superior to any other that has been suggested. I have had a cot built, the end of which can be pushed through an open window so that the occupant's head and shoulders will be outside of the window-sash. The legs, of course, are longer than those of an ordinary bed, are furnished with castors, and two of them instead of being at the head are about two feet nearer the middle. The part of the cot that projects is boxed in so that to passers-by it looks like a window-box without any flowers in it.

This obviates every one of the many disadvantages and troubles of sleeping on a porch, and can be used anywhere by anybody and where a suitable porch is not available. The patient can undress in a warm room, get in a warm bed without exposure, pull his head out by catching hold of the window-sash, breathe fresh air all night, and in the morning a slight pull brings him right into a warm room to get dressed. This bed can be moved from window

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to window to avoid cold winds; in case of storm it can be pulled in in a second, and the patient can get up any time in the night without exposure. In winter it is necessary to wear a heavy bath-robe in addition to the covers.

The air in the best ventilated rooms is not nearly so good as outdoors, and there are thousands sleeping indoors with windows open who ought to be clear out. In many cases it might mean the difference between life and death. After sleeping in this cot for two winters and a summer I would no more think of sleeping in a room, even with all the windows up, than I would of sleeping in the kitchen stove.

This may seem to many like a silly idea, but it is perfectly practical. I found it very pleasant even with the mercury twenty below zero. P. H.

Chillicothe, O.

CONSUMPTIVES SHOULD NOT MARRY

It is inhuman, it is outrageous and next to murder for consumptives to bring children into the world.

Take, for instance, a case I know to be only too true—and there are plenty more like it:

When they were married she was just beginning to show signs of consumption. He was a perfectly well, strong man. To-day she is just barely alive. He has grown hollow-chested and will share his wife's fate. They have six bright little children, but they are puny and have the same hacking cough as their parents. They probably will never live to be men and women; and if they should what kind of men and women would they make? 'Twould be the same story with them as with their parents. And their children in turn—what could they be? The inevitable end would be consumption.

These people, and I mean the average, are not rich. They have no time nor money *nor inclination* to go off in the woods, say, and live out-of-doors, or even to go to one of those merciful homes for such as they. They keep on saying, "Oh, we'll get over it some way." But they don't.

If we want to protect our homes and our country from this the deadliest of demons, that has been spreading so rapidly these last dozen years, we will have to do something and begin doing that something right away. I believe that over half the cases of tuberculosis can be traced back to their parents. Am I not right?

In the first place, consumptives should not marry; and in the second, I believe, if they do marry they should not bring children into this world to die the same death they do. Their lives would only be ones of suffering and would mean the same kind of lives to those others who came in close contact with them.

I know it is a great deal to ask; for who wants to remain single, or what parents want to be childless? Yet if we want to be free from this plague, some will have to make sacrifices. M. J. H.

De Tour, Mich.

IN REGARD TO THE COLD PLUNGE

The two instances which follow have come under my personal observation:

My husband, very healthy, but thin and of a nervous temperament, had for years been in the habit of taking a cold sponge bath each morning immediately upon rising. Several months ago he decided to take cold plunges instead, and always came out with an exhilarated and "more-worlds-to-conquer" feeling. After a while I noticed how extremely nervous he was growing; he must always be up and doing, and if he did sit down to read, he constantly kept one hand busy twisting his mustache or twirling his watch-fob. If sitting talking he constantly changed his attitude, crossed and uncrossed his legs, etc., until repose became to him an unknown quantity. He slept well at night, but wakened easily and long before the alarm-clock said it was time. We both decided it was overwork at the office, although he was doing no more than he had done many times before.

One day in conversation with a friend, the subject of cold plunges came up. I spoke favorably of them and she took exception, telling me her experience.

She is of the same build and temperament as my husband.

After indulging in the plunges for some time, she became so nervous that she jumped at every sound, was afraid to go around corners on the street, and could not go out alone after dusk or into a dark room. She explained her nervousness to her physician, but he did not succeed in helping her.

At last a cousin of hers, a physician, visited for some days at the house, perceived her nervousness, and upon learning of the cold plunges, told her they were the cause.

She stopped the cold baths and her nervousness disappeared of its own accord. I came home and told my husband. He went and did likewise and with the same result.

Hence it seems that for those who are not temperamentally in need of such a violent stimulant, the cold plunge is certainly unwise if not injurious.

San Francisco, Cal. B. H.

WHISKY IN FICTION

I am a regular and appreciative reader of Everybody's and am especially pleased with the stand you take on objectionable advertising matter. You deserve the support of all good people for that and for the generally excellent quality of the magazine. However, I can but wonder why you are not as careful in excluding liquor from the bill of fare in the fiction department, as in the advertising pages. Why, for instance, does Charles Belmont Davis, on page 459 of the March issue, make his delightful young Southerner and his friends consume indefinite quantities of Scotch-and-soda? It does not add an iota to the force, vividness, or beauty of his story and does detract from its pure and high one. He would say, I suppose, that it is what such young fellows would do. Well, if it is, why set their bad example before the boys we are trying to train for purity and soberness? I am not finding fault, especially with this one writer—I could find many such instances in your pages from month to month. Do you not think the subtle suggestion of fiction is more dangerous than the bold-faced advertisement? You may say that we find such lines in all our fiction—so we do in most of it. And the influence is not good.

It is just because yours is already the cleanest, brightest, most wholesome popular magazine I know, that I appeal to you to raise your standard just a little higher and give us a journal for our households that is *absolutely* safe and untainted.

West Alexander, Pa. [Mrs.] C. B. F.

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On the Northeast Wind

By OSCAR KING DAVIS

BEING entirely new to the business, Kinney placed a profound reliance upon the credentials he carried. The junior Senator from his State had given him a personal letter to the Minister for War, which would open the secret doors and make his way plain and easy. Then he arrived at Tokyo, and began to assess the difference. The War Minister read his letter with a sibilant indrawing of breath, and when he at length recalled the long-forgotten name of the junior Senator, greeted Kinney with a broad smile and a low bow, and promptly gave him the first degree in the Order of the Sealed Lip.

The special correspondent of the *Planet* left the Office of the Shut Door knowing that he had met the Conspiracy of Silence. He went back to his hotel and composed his first letter to the paper. It was not exactly what he had anticipated writing. The shock of arms, the ring of cheers, the excitement of conflict were not there. But it was of the requisite length, in his best style and not cluttered with technical military terms that would weary the reader. He sealed the envelope cheerfully and gave up a day to taking it himself to the homeward-bound steamer, lest the eyes of a censor profane it.

There followed days in which Kinney explored the deeps of unrest. Once a week, sometimes oftener, that merciless east-bound steamer clamored for his letter to the *Planet*. The leather binding of the Book of Job that he carried in his pocket was frayed and faded and the pages worn with use.

"I have been entertained in the House of Many Promises," he wrote, "and have eaten the Bread of Little Fulfilment. '*When I went out through the gate to the city, when I prepared my seat in the street, the young men saw me and hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up; the princes refrained talking and laid their hands on their mouth; the nobles held their peace and their tongue cleaved to the roof of their mouth. My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle and are spent without hope.*'"

The bills that came in troubled him mightily. Their constantly mounting sum steadily approached the limit of the credit he had thought so ample for a long campaign. He wrote to the Managing Editor. It was apparent that he was an unwelcome intruder in an unveracious country. Was it not better that he turn from the place where he was not wanted, where he was useless at a great expense, to the place where his delight was and he was worth something at little cost?

"'*Oh, that I were as in months past,*'" he wrote, "'*as I was in the days of my youth. But now they that are younger than I have me in derision, whose fathers I would have disdained to set with the dogs of my flock.*'"

The Managing Editor, because he had a human heart in him, laughed when he read this, and understood. Then he wrote thoughtfully for a few moments on a cable blank, and that day there was more joy in Tokyo for one telegram received than for ninety and nine that were not sent.

"Letter received," it said. "Understand fully. Better stay little longer. Chance may develop. Your letters interesting if not war. Draw whatever you need."

Kinney was born again. The light of new determination was in his eyes. He sent a telegram of three words—the name of a book, the number of a chapter and the number of a verse—and when the Managing Editor consulted his Bible and found the place, he read with a smile:

"*For thou hast made me glad through thy works. I will triumph in the work of thy hand.*"

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How trivial a thing is chance! Coming back from the cable office, Kinney gradually became aware of a man walking ahead of him. Something familiar about the stride, the shoulders, and the carriage of the head, set him to ransacking the halls of memory in the baffling chase for identification. As he looked, the man turned partly, and immediately there flashed upon Kinney the recognition he had sought. It was Okamoto, the classmate he had saved from hazing in their freshman days, and had not seen since graduation. He hurried forward and laid his hand on the smaller man's shoulder. Okamoto turned, and as he recognized his friend held out his hand with a smile.

"I had heard you were here, Kinney," he said, "and have been intending to call on you. But I have been very busy. I hope I can come soon."

Something in the manner more than the words gave a queer feeling of repression to Kinney. But he was too genuinely pleased at meeting his old friend to look for unexpected rebuff.

"Come along to the club with me now," he urged. "There are millions of things I want to talk to you about."

Again Okamoto smiled and sucked in his breath. "Very sorry," he said. "Just now I am very busy. But very soon I shall come to see you." He called a rickshaw and went off at a rapid pace up the street.

Kinney stood as if he had been slapped in the face. His old mate had joined a new fraternity whose badge was the Sealed Lip. He felt himself grow hot at the insolence, and strode on to the club angry and unhappy.

The days passed as before, and Kinney kept himself on the rack striving to invent some scheme by which he could keep his promise. Some small progress had been made. He was assigned to an army, his pass was issued, and he only awaited the order to take the field. One evening he was in the midst of his hundredth inspection of kit when the boy brought him a card.

MAJOR TSUJIRO OKAMOTO
IMPERIAL JAPANESE ARMY

The first impulse was to excuse himself. It was mere curiosity to see what Okamoto would do that dictated having him up. Twelve years had passed since he had seen or heard of his classmate, except for that awkward meeting in the street. He was prepared to be quite as stiff and cold as any Japanese could wish, and he rose, as his caller came in, with a very formal greeting on his lips. But it was a different Okamoto from the one he had seen on the Ginza.

"I bring you very good news," said the Major, smiling and with outstretched hand. "You are to go to the front very soon."

"Indeed!" replied Kinney icily. "So I have been informed many times—so many, in fact, that I have learned that in Japan 'very soon' does not mean 'in a short time.'"

Okamoto laughed good-humoredly. "Ah, but this time it is true," he said. "You will receive the order to-morrow and will leave in three days."

"Perhaps," replied Kinney. "I will give you credit for being the first man who has ever mentioned an exact period of time to us, or specified a date."

"But you see I know," protested Okamoto. "I am going myself to-night, with the Staff. My battalion is already far ahead, but I have been obliged to stay for some special work."

The frankness of the man, the change from all that he had experienced of the Japanese, puzzled Kinney and confused him. He was uncertain how to reply. Okamoto regarded him with amusement.

"You have had a very hard time, Kinney?" he asked.

"I should say an instructive time," laughed Kinney bitterly.

"And I suppose now you hate Japan and everything Japanese," said Okamoto with cool audacity.

"Well," replied Kinney, amazed at himself, "in a land of vaunted politeness I have met the most persistent rudeness. I have received many promises, all made voluntarily, but none kept. I have been steadily deceived without cause. You know us Americans, Okamoto. What do you think is likely to be the result of such treatment?"

Okamoto sat eying him keenly as he talked. A note of sadness appeared in his voice as he made answer.

"Yes, I know the Americans, Kinney. I know my own people, too. I have tried to do what I could. The trouble is up there!" He waved his hand toward the Office of the Shut Door. "They must do what they have to do in their own way. You, at least, know

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what this war means to us. It is for life, the life of the nation. It is our Empire that is at stake. We can not make mistakes. It is better to be too still than too talkative, to anger the correspondents than to betray valuable information."

"Yes, yes," replied Kinney earnestly. "You are quite right there, and I'm sure you'll find no responsible correspondent quarreling with you on that score. It's not how little or how much we're told, but that what is told shall be true. We are here only by courtesy of your army; if you don't want us, say so openly and no harm is done. But whatever you do, don't palter. Be candid, if you can't be communicative. Then no man will have the smallest ground for complaint."

"Ah, there are many things to do," said Okamoto soberly, "and it is so hard for you to understand us. We have done so much, and so much remains, and time is so very swift!"

"How long have you been in the army?" asked Kinney, with abrupt change from the unpleasant subject. "I didn't know you were destined for the service."

"I?" replied Okamoto, a little surprised; "always. I belonged to the army when I was sent to America."

"Oh," said Kinney, a light dawning on him. "I hope it was worth the effort."

"You are all ready to start?" asked the Major, ignoring his remark.

"It looks it, doesn't it?" retorted Kinney, with a laugh, and a wave of his hand at the chaos of his kit.

They naturally fell to talking of the different articles and their uses, and of camp and field gear in general, and the tension eased off until they were again, seemingly, the good friends of their college days. An hour passed, and then Okamoto announced that he must go; already he had stayed too long.

"We shall probably meet in the field," he said pleasantly. "It will be easy to recognize you by your plunder."

He went away smiling, and Kinney turned from the door to find a small leather case lying on his table with a map thrust half way in, a map of the country over which he expected to travel with the army. As he glanced at it he saw that it was Japanese, but that most of the names had been traced in pencil in English letters. He thought Okamoto must have dropped it, and dashed down the corridor, overtaking the Major at the hotel gate.

"You dropped your map," he said, breathlessly.

A queer light shone in Okamoto's eyes as he looked his friend in the face and replied: "I? Oh, no! It is not my map!" Then he shook hands again with the wondering Kinney and was gone.

The *Planet* man returned to his room, locked the door and sat down to a study of his treasure. No money could have procured such a prize. The best map he had been able to buy had not a hundredth of its detail, as the briefest examination showed, and in his elation at its possession he forgot for the moment the manner of its acquisition. When he thought of it again, he pondered long. It was another of the inscrutable traits of the complex Japanese character. The man who had met him after twelve years with such blood-chilling frigidity as Okamoto had displayed that day in the street, thus voluntarily did him a favor it would never have crossed his mind was possible, and perhaps at considerable risk to himself, for War Office maps are not lightly to be disposed of.

"Well," said Kinney, with a start, when he thought of that possibility. "He knew his man, anyway. I'll take care of that part of it."

Okamoto's word was true. Before noon the next day the order came, and ten days later Kinney and his mates were landed at that "certain place" they had seen so often represented by asterisks. Within an hour one of the old campaigners had heard that their army would fight in a week two hundred miles and more beyond them. Kinney had a helpless interpreter and a worthless servant, and his horses were on a transport that would not be in for two or three days. The old campaigner said they must wait for the horses at all cost. But in the street Kinney met a missionary who spoke his tongue, to whom he bared his heart. The missionary advised packhorses, helped him pick up a train, and bade him Godspeed as he set off alone up the road in the wake of the army. How his soft muscles and aching bones protested against the grueling he gave them in those next few days! Nothing mattered to Kinney. He had the only two absolute essentials, the will to go and the money to pay, and he made the distance. The surprised Staff Captain to whom he reported at headquarters remarked:

"You must have traveled very hard!"

"I got here," replied Kinney sententiously;

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and the Captain led him to the place designated for the correspondents' camp. Kinney pitched his tent and arranged his belongings. Then he took food and drink and tobacco, and went out to contemplate his surroundings.

Three days passed and there was no fighting. Soldiers and guns and war material were all about, concealed in the valleys. Kinney climbed the hills, and in the solitude of their crests studied his map. He was alone, but supremely happy, and he prayed that the battle might be fought before the old campaigners should get up. Nevertheless he was not wholly sorry to see them begin to straggle in, and for a day or two he sat by the road and greeted them with pleasant smiles and cheery welcome as they arrived. One afternoon he climbed the steep hill back of his camp and in a clump of scrub pines on its summit found Major Okamoto, scanning with a glass the cross-river hills.

"Hello!" said the officer, as Kinney approached. "You are violating the rules. It is forbidden for correspondents to go on high places."

"Look here, Tsuji," replied Kinney, "do you think I am the kind of man who would betray anything he might learn to the enemy? Do you, too, take me for a spy, as they seem to do at headquarters?"

"Still unhappy, Kinney?" asked Okamoto, with a little laugh. "I thought the field and the sight of the army would take all that out of you."

"No, not unhappy, exactly," replied Kinney. "If I only knew where the fight was to be, and that I should see it, I should be quite content."

"Like most of the rest of us," said Okamoto quietly. "If we could only read the future!"

They were silent for some time, both sweeping the opposite shore with their glasses.

"There is a big town there," said Kinney, pointing down the river. "Do you know what it is?"

"That is Antoken," replied Okamoto. "It is near the mouth of the river, just across from Chefoo. Do you know Chefoo?"

"Oh, yes," said Kinney. "I know Chefoo."

Indeed he did. He had spent hours thinking and planning how to get a message to the uncensored cable there, in case he should see a great battle.

"There is a Chinaman in Antoken who speaks excellent English," said Okamoto irrelevantly. "I saved his life during the Boxer trouble at Tien-Tsin. He was a telegraph clerk there. He would do anything for me."

"I should think likely," replied Kinney. "When we get there I shall look him up."

"His name is Wong Lin Shung," said Okamoto. "I'll give you his address."

He took his card and on the back wrote the name in English and in Chinese, and Kinney methodically put it in his case. Then they fell to examining the hills again.

"Have you a map?" asked Okamoto, at length.

For his life Kinney could not have matched his friend's ingenuousness. He dared not trust himself to reply, and silently pulled out the map the Major had given him and spread it before them. They pored over it together for some time, Okamoto pointing out the Russian positions and checking them off with faint pencil-marks. Then the Major went away and Kinney returned thoughtfully to his camp.

Daylight found Kinney and the rest of the correspondents, with the Staff officer detailed to take charge of them, waiting on the crest of a tall hill near the river for the roar of guns that should mark the opening of the struggle for the crossing. All day he watched the terrible artillery duel, and sat late at his table in his tent writing the message that was to go back by runner to the telegraph. It seemed to him he had hardly turned in, under orders to be out again at daylight, when he was aroused by a scratching on the flap of his tent. He jumped up and looked out. A soldier stood there, holding a horse with one hand and in the other a scrap of paper which he offered to the correspondent. Kinney lighted a candle and read a single sentence:

"This man knows the way."

He had no need to ask the name of the sender. He had known that handwriting for fifteen years. He glanced at his watch. It was one o'clock. The helpless interpreter slumbered in his blanket and Kinney did not disturb him. Quickly he threw on his clothes, thrust a few biscuits into his pocket, picked up his glasses, camera and water-bottle, saddled his horse and followed the silent soldier. The priceless map was safely buttoned in his pocket. He chuckled inwardly at thought of the surprise there would be in camp in the morning when he failed to appear.

Silently they held their way up the river, traveling close to the foothills. They neither saw nor heard another living thing for miles;

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and then, as they turned a little and drew nearer to the stream, Kinney caught the soft chuck of wheels in ruts and the tread of moving feet. They reached the bank, and before them lay a pontoon bridge, its floor covered thickly with matting that deadened the sound of wheels and hoofs. Into the stream of men and carts that filled the roadway they plunged and won across. Once or twice some one spoke softly to them, and the soldier guide replied. That was all. It seemed to Kinney that the entire army was on the move, and his heart thumped loudly at the prospect of the day.

Beyond the bridge rose the hills, and along their base the column of men moved swiftly down stream. But his guide took him straight up among them, scrambling over rough paths into seemingly trackless tangle. The muffled sound of the marching feet died away, and they were alone again in the ghostly stillness. Over the eastern hills a faint light began to appear. Dawn was almost at hand. Kinney saw that they were approaching another stream, and heard again that half-smothered noise, this time ahead of them. His guide stopped and pointed. In the growing light Kinney caught certain dark masses that moved slowly forward. He understood. The guide wheeled and rode away. Kinney was alone. He dismounted and sat down waiting for light enough to see the map. Day came at last, and with the precious paper spread over his knees Kinney slowly traced out the course he had come and studied what was in front of him. At once a singular thing caught his eye. There was a penciled line across the river at the place where he had crossed, and at a spot in the hills near the other stream was the letter A. That must be where he was now. On ahead, following a faintly marked trail through hills and trees, he found B. Beyond that again was C, with an arrow pointing to the west, and following that he came to D at Antoken. What did it mean? He puzzled over it in vain.

"I'm a fool, Tsuji!" he cried bitterly. "I don't understand!"

The bark of a gun somewhere to the west brought him to his feet, and now he saw the men ahead of him moving on. He sprang into the saddle and hurried after them. Other guns roared, and he saw, on the face of the hills far down the river, the smoke of their shell-bursts. The sun came up to shine on an earth shaken by the concussion of artillery. The fight was on, and he was to see it!

The men in front and at his right were moving swiftly now, and he pushed up and joined them. Few gave him more than a curious glance. Once or twice one spoke, and Kinney replied:

"*Americanjin. Nippon banzai!*" ["American. Hurrah for Japan!"]

Always that brought a ripple of smiles and a burst of subdued talk in which sometimes he caught the name of the *Planet*, read by the men from the badge on his arm.

Already the roar from the left told him the battle was raging at full tide there, and now his own men, with incredible swiftness, deployed into line across the uneven country and raced ahead. In vain Kinney strove to locate the enemy. He searched the country with his glasses. Not a Russian could he see. He had a curious sensation of cold about the stomach and knew he was afraid. He turned to look for cover, and thought of the cabled words of the Managing Editor. The pride of his race caught him and he went on.

Presently he came close behind his men again and saw that they were checked. He tied his horse, calmly drew out his camera and set about making pictures, standing bolt upright behind the line to get the better range and focus. He had forgotten that bullets which killed the men might hit him, and they whistled and cheeped about his ears unheeded.

Then a tremendous thing happened. The line of his men suddenly rose from the ground with a cheer which rang above the guns, and dashed on at full charge. Taken completely by surprise, Kinney stared for a moment, forgetful of the camera in his hand, like a man failing to shoot at his first deer. Then he recovered and ran, too, pausing now and then for a picture. He had gone half a mile, perhaps, far enough to see the Russians driven in wild confusion from their position and forced into headlong flight, when he remembered his horse. Panting, breathless, exhausted, he hurried back, flung himself into the saddle and spurred after the men.

He overtook them hurrying in column along the rough, broken trail. The enemy was beaten, and this was the pursuit. Perhaps there would be more fighting. The watch on his wrist caught his eye. The morning was nearly gone and he had forgotten to eat. He stopped and dismounted to give the horse a bite of grass and cram a biscuit into his own mouth. Then up again and on.

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The busy men, intent upon their work, had no words for him, and he pushed by them unmolested, working toward the head of the column. At length it was in sight, yet far away, and peering through his glasses he saw Okamoto in the lead. In a flash there came to him the explanation of those letters on the map. He had overtaken the troops at A and had seen the fight at B. There would be something more at C. That left D; but what that meant he did not know. As he pondered he saw Okamoto with one company break into the double and go running down the path. Around a curve and over a rise they disappeared from sight.

Kinney tried to follow, but the way was narrow and crowded and he could not get by. The sharp renewal of rifle fire ahead set them all to hurrying faster. Kinney rode to the top of the hill where he had lost Okamoto, and a wonderful sight lay before him. Ahead, a mile or more, stood another hill, its crest covered with Russians and black with their dark uniforms. In the valley beyond, spread out so that only the near end of their line was visible, were Okamoto and his men, fairly in the path of the Russian retreat and blocking its way. That was C.

Secure on his hilltop, Kinney sat down to watch. He saw his men dash on to their comrades' help. He saw the Russians reenforced, and guns come up. He heard the noise of fearful fire, the loud bark of the Russian quick-firers, and the angry sputter of machine guns. Still his men held on, and now their mates drew near. A clatter of hoofs behind, and he turned to see a mountain battery coming straight for his hill. He had hardly time to move before it was in action, firing over the heads of his men in the hollow. Then he saw the banner of the Rising Sun take the breeze at the foot of the Russian hill, and the guns behind him held their breath. He caught the flash of steel in the afternoon sun, and a cheer arose from the batterymen. It was a charge! A charge up that hill in the face of that fire! Breathless he watched. Half way up his men went. A little farther, and he thought they faltered and were about to stop.

"Go on!" he screamed. "Oh, go on!"

The batterymen cheered again, and he joined with a full-throated roar:

"*Nippon banzai! Banzai! Banzai!*"

He looked again, and caught the flutter of white above the Russian lines.

"Surrendered!" he shouted, and threw his hat high in air. "We've won! We've won!"

He was in the saddle and racing over the rocky trail as if for his life, the mountain battery clattering hard behind him. The men on the hill had hardly caught their breath when he was up and on his feet, his camera clicking with the speed of a Maxim. Even as he worked they began to seek out and care for the wounded. He saw a detachment made up from fresh men, who had just arrived, sent hurrying on in pursuit of the few who had escaped. It was over. His men had won, and he had seen it all! He could have cried for very joy and excitement. He stood by his horse, packing the priceless films in his saddle pockets, when a calm voice said:

"Well, did you have a good view of it?"

He wheeled and confronted Okamoto, a bloody bandage on his head, and one arm tied up. His uniform was torn and stained, his face covered with dust and dirt; but there was a gleam in his beady eyes Kinney had not seen since that night of the attempted hazing years ago.

"Oh, Tsuji," he cried, "you were hit! It's not bad?"

"No," said Okamoto quietly. "We have won a great victory and captured many men and guns. Did you see?"

"See!" laughed Kinney, almost hysterically. "I was with it! In it! I almost caught up to you!"

The queer little smile came into the Major's eyes.

"You see," he said, "sometimes those who can not tell can do." He glanced up at the westering sun. "You have had A, B, and C," he continued. "D is there." He pointed toward Antoken. "I think it likely some of the Staff will be here very soon." He held up his hand to the breeze. "The wind is in the northeast," he added. "It probably will be stronger to-night. Good-by." He turned and started down the hill.

"Good-by, Tsuji!" called Kinney, understanding only that he was to go. "God bless you!"

Okamoto turned, with that queer half smile yet in his eyes. "Good-by!" he said.

Beyond the hill Kinney found a road that led the way Okamoto had pointed, and followed it blindly. He was past the stage of wanting explanation now, and, besides, his mind was in such a turmoil that he needed quiet and solitude to enable him to recover. Presently the masts of junks in the river at

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Antoken came into view above the roofs of the houses. The sun was almost down and the breeze was freshening. He was looking at the junks when Okamoto's words came back to him.

"The wind is in the northeast!"

He saw it all! Northeast! And over there, to the southwest, only a few miles away, lay Chefoo and the cable, with English operators and free wires! In his pocket was the name and address of the Chinaman in Antoken who spoke English. The tired horse felt the sharp spurs suddenly struck in, and Kinney was charging toward Chefoo and the free cable.

With Okamoto's card in his hand he dashed into the city, where already the men of his army were taking possession. In the street he caught a startled Chinaman and thrust the card before his eyes. With a comprehending nod and a gesture to follow, the man led the way, and presently Kinney was talking in his own tongue to Wong Lin Shung.

"To Chefoo to-night, and I pay what it costs," he said. "I am from Major Okamoto, you see?"

"Ah, yes," said the telegraph clerk. "From Major Okamoto! And you are in a hurry!"

He stepped to the door and spoke to a man in the compound. "The junk will be ready in twenty minutes," he said to Kinney. "You will have some tea?"

While he drank the steaming tea and devoured the little sweet cakes the smiling Chinaman set before him, Kinney penciled on a leaf of his note-book a short message to the dean of the old campaigners, left far behind on the hills across the river:

"Not dead, but gone before. Please send my men and kit back to Japan."

All night in the vile-smelling cabin of his crazy ship Kinney pored over his map and the filled pages of his note-book, slaving over his message to the *Planet*. The wind rose to half a gale, but held true, the laboring junk pitching and heaving before it on her course. Day came and the correspondent, heavy-eyed and weary, still drove his pen over the paper. The junkmen brought him food which he could not eat, and tea that scalded his mouth. He remembered his forgotten flask and the chocolate in the saddle pockets on the horse he had left with Wong to be sent back to Okamoto. The morning passed and still he wrote, and in mid-afternoon, when the creaking junk had hauled into the harbor of blessed Chefoo, it was a white and haggard man who stood impatiently in the sampan and was sculled slowly ashore. But he had remembered to remove his arm badge, lest he be stopped by the thronging men of his craft and made to furnish copy for his rivals.

The cable editor of the *Planet* had just handled the brief official bulletin from the Legation at Washington which announced the bare fact of the battle, when the office-boy dropped on his desk a sheet that made him start and whistle. He rose and stepped quickly to the Managing Editor's corner.

"Kinney at Chefoo bulletins three thousand words on the fight."

The Managing Editor leaned back in his chair and his eyes glistened. Then he reached for a cable blank and wrote:

"Kinney, Chefoo. Good boy. Make it six thousand. Urgent."

The weary Kinney, watching the last of his message go, got that word of cheer and took on new strength. Steadily as he wrote he saw the story flashed away, and felt in his heart something of the glee there was in the *Planet* office ten thousand miles away. Before he had finished a new order came:

"All you can of fight and two thousand personal experience getting Chefoo."

There was brandy now to help, and food, and the sweet consolation of knowing he had made good his promise. Somehow the word had gone about that a man from the front, who had seen the fight, was in the cable office, and the curious, eager correspondents flocked in to take a look at the haggard man who sat at the table and wrote, wrote, steadily wrote, while time after time the operator at the sending machine asked for relief. The day was dawning when the last word was penned, and Kinney, sixty hours without sleep, rose to stagger across to the hotel. As he reached the door the receiving clerk called him back and thrust into his hand another message.

"I can't do it!" cried Kinney. "I'm worn out! They'll have to wait!"

"Better read it," said the smiling clerk, and Kinney, glancing at the form, saw over the Managing Editor's name:

"You have given *Planet* greatest news beat fifty years. All world beaten. Ten strike. Reads like page Homer. Thanks and congratulations."

But there was no room left in Kinney's heart or brain for sensation, and he tumbled into his bed and slept the clock twice around with that message clasped in his hand.

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Little Stories of Real Life

Mrs. Spiller's "Treatment"

By E. Louise Liddell

EVERYTHING in Mrs. Spiller's kitchen fairly beamed with cleanliness, from the speckless window-panes, brilliant yellow floor, shining range with its array of dazzling copper kettles, to the mistress of the house herself, whose stiffly starched gingham gown and white apron creaked ominously as their wearer swayed to and fro in her rocking-chair.

Mehitable Spiller was a woman of fifty, sharp-featured and anxious of countenance, as became a strenuous housewife; for the "Widder" Spiller had acquired a reputation not easily sustained. No woman for miles around made such bread and pies, such butter and cheese, as she; none equaled her in the number and gorgeousness of the home-made rugs and quilts that adorned her floors and beds.

A PERSON OF SOME CONSEQUENCE.

Naturally the widow was not unmindful of the prestige she had gained, hence she repudiated with scorn brother Dan's frequent suggestion as to the expediency of introducing "hired help" into her immaculate kitchen. She had kept house for Dan for many years, and the bachelor's single-blessedness was generally attributed to his sister's aversion to being superseded in the domestic domain by a sister-in-law. This was unjust to Mehitable, however: she was willing, nay, anxious, that he should marry, provided he chose the "right one" —that one, in her opinion, being Miss Charlotte Crandall. This young woman was an orphan, amiable and capable, and possessed of considerable means. What more could be desired?

Unfortunately, Mehitable had a conviction that every man required "managing," and, alas! Dan had a weakness for a youthfully pretty face which might upset the match-maker's plans; for Charlotte had neither extreme youth nor beauty to recommend her. Hence the widow refrained from urging her preference, though at the same time she discouraged his attentions to others.

Now it happened that Charlotte was just making a neighborly call on our friend. The spinster was a person of some consequence in these days, having recently returned from a two-months' visit to Boston. The widow, as a stay-at-home body, was full of inquiries.

"I wonder, now," she ventured, after a lull in her first storm of questions, "ef you happened to hear anythin' 'bout that Christian Science that's round?"

The widow referred to the cult as one might to a contagious disease; but the visitor was too embarrassed to note the manner of speech.

"I never *dreamed* anybody up this way would hear the first thing 'bout that!" she exclaimed.

"Wall, I guess they hain't, 'ceptin' me," returned the widow complacently. "I run up ag'in' it in an old paper —I'm pooty observin', you know—an' I thought right away 'twas more'n likely you'd be posted."

Confusion and indecision were blended in Charlotte's rosy, freckled face. "I never meant to speak of it, an' I dunno's I orter," said she, "but I *did* hear consider'ble 'bout it. To tell the truth," she added, spurred on by the growing interest in her companion's face, "Ezry's folks was all carried away with it, an' *Maria's* took lessons!"

"I wanter know!" ejaculated Mehitable

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delightedly. "Then do jes' tell what it's like. It 'peared dretful queer to me."

"Oh! it's wonderful! wonderful!" answered Charlotte impressively. "Why, they say it's jest's easy as can be to cure folks of most ev'rything."

"'Pears to me that's goin' to make it ruther bad for the doctors," suggested Mehitable thoughtfully.

"Wall, of course, *ev'rybody* don't b'lieve in it yet," admitted Charlotte. "I ain't sure's I do, though I did see Maria cure Ezry of a dreadful sick headache. It was one Sat'day afternoon, an' she'd been out shoppin'. He was groanin' an' takin' on turrible when she come home. She sot right down an' give him a 'treatment' 'fore she took off her hat, an' ef you'll b'lieve it he was up an' eatin' baked beans inside of an hour."

"What's a 'treatment'?" demanded the practical Mehitable.

"Why, it was jest tellin' him he hadn't any headache, an' that there wasn't any such thing as pain—she didn't speak out loud, she said it to herself, you know. She said some of 'em would have treated him that he hadn't any head, but she thought *that* was goin' too far."

"I should say she went far 'nough, ef she could make anybody with sick headache hev a relish for baked beans," observed the widow dryly.

"It did seem a'most mirac'lous," said Charlotte. "But that ain't anything to what they *can* do, 'cordin' to Maria. They give what she calls 'absent treatments,' an' cure folks without their sensin' it. Maria made Ezry's brother leave off smokin', an' he never mistrusted, till afterwards, what the reason was he didn't care any more for terbaccer. His wife was dreadful pleased."

"That *was* cur'us, sure 'nough," agreed the widow.

"Oh, I ain't told you half I heard," said Charlotte. "I dunno's I b'lieve it all, but I guess there's somethin' in it. They say they can infloounce folks to do what's right in other things. But, dear me! how I've been runnin' on. I ought to be home this minute."

"You mustn't think of goin' till after supper," urged the widow. "Dan would be reel disappointed to miss seein' you."

"I heard Dan was keepin' comp'ny with Abbie Green," remarked Charlotte, rather irrelevantly, a gleam of amusement in her demure gray eyes.

"That triflin' thin'!" rejoined Dan's sister with asperity. "He might 'a' waited on 'er home from prayer-meetin' or singin'-school, or somethin' like *that*, but nothin' more."

"I'LL JEST HEV TO GIVE HIM ANOTHER TREATMENT."

"I was only sayin' what I heard," responded Charlotte, tying the strings of her shade-hat. "But reelly, I must be goin'."

There was a dissatisfied expression on Mehitable's thin face, as she watched her departing guest. "Looks most's though she was runnin' away from him," she soliloquized. Then shading her eyes from the western sun, she turned her head in the opposite direction, where a cloud of dust was visible in the distance. That dusty cloud meant that the cattle were straggling homeward, and that not far behind them was the master of the farm.

"Provokin'!" continued the widow. "I counted on keepin' her till he come. It does beat all how folks will stand in their own light. The's no earthly reason—'ceptin' their contrairiness—why she 'n' Dan shouldn't take to each other. I most b'lieve she *does* like him."

She paused for a moment in deep cogitation. Then a smile spread slowly over her face. "I've a good mind to try it," she mused. "It ain't no harm to infloounce folks for their good." She looked down the road again. The unsuspecting Dan was plainly in sight now.

"I'll do it!" declared she. Deliberately she began: "Daniel Hawley, you know you set ev'rything by Charlotte Crandall. She'd make a sight better wife than any of them silly girls down to the village. You're goin' to marry her 'fore long, an' you'll go to see her right after supper."

Mehitable quite prided herself on the comprehensiveness of this formula, which she repeated a score of times or more before her brother got within hailing distance; then she hurried into the house to prepare the evening meal.

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At supper the chief topic of conversation was the visitor of the afternoon, and certainly the bachelor was as greatly interested as one could desire.

"I s'pose Lottie ain't changed much," he remarked.

"I don't see's she has," replied Mehitable; "'pears to me she looks younger, ef anythin', an' she was wearin' her hair pompydore."

"Lottie is jest four years younger'n me," said Dan. "But I ain't no Methuseler," he added facetiously. He was in fact fifteen years his sister's junior, a comfortable, happy-go-lucky fellow, young for his years.

"I shouldn't be 'tall s'prised," continued Mehitable artfully, "ef Charlotte concluded to go back to Boston. Maria'd like to hev her, an' there ain't no partic'lar reason for her stayin' up here with John's folks."

"Oh! I guess Lottie ain't wantin' to live in the city," returned Dan confidently.

The widow gleaned what comfort she might from this assurance, and waited hopefully for him to announce his intention of calling on their neighbor. But apparently he had no such intention, for he settled himself all too contentedly on the porch with the weekly paper.

Mehitable occupied herself with the stocking she was "heeling off," till she had unwittingly knitted a heel of prodigious length. "I'll jest hev to give him another treatment," she said to herself in desperation. Moving her chair back and closing her eyes, over and over again she commanded the delinquent to "go an' see Charlotte right away."

In her absorption, she was quite unaware that her lips were keeping pace with her thoughts, till a hearty laugh reminded her that she was buzzing away in a manner not conducive to secrecy. She met Dan's laughing eyes guiltily, despite her effort to appear unconcerned. "I swan!" chuckled he, "ef you wa'n't asleep, an' talkin' in your sleep, too, though all I could make out was somethin' 'bout Charlotte."

"Charlotte has been in my mind consider'ble to-day," returned Mehitable calmly, thankful to have escaped so easily. And then, to her delight, Dan arose, folded his paper, remarking carelessly that he "guessed" he'd "fix up an' go over to Lottie's a spell."

"I fetched him that time," said she exultingly, when she was by herself again. Next, it occurred to her that it mightn't be a bad idea to give Charlotte an "absent treatment," to impress her with the fact that she was truly glad to see her friend Dan; and this she at once proceeded to do. Then, weary with her unusual mental exertions, she betook herself to bed. She slept with one eye open, however, and had the satisfaction of knowing that the clock struck eleven before her brother came tiptoeing into the house. "I never knew him to stay anywhere so late before," she murmured sleepily, then resumed her slumbers in the consciousness of duty well performed.

The next week Mehitable invited Charlotte to tea—incidentally "treating" her to make sure of her coming. She came, and Dan escorted her home. After that there was more or less running back and forth between the two farmhouses. The widow gave "treatments" in season and out, thereby neglecting her rug and quilt making, which somehow seemed of little importance in comparison with her new avocation.

At last she reaped the reward of the persevering. One morning after breakfast Dan announced sheepishly, "Lottie 'n' me's thinkin' of gittin' married in the spring."

"There!" cried Mehitable triumphantly, as she bestowed a sisterly embrace, "I knew my 'treatment' would bring ev'rythin' out all right."

MEHITABLE BESTOWED A SISTERLY EMBRACE.

"Yes, you hev treated Lottie reel nice," said Dan gratefully. "She's hed a notion ever sence she got back from Boston that you was beginnin' to suspicion how matters stood."

The widow regarded him blankly. "I dunno's I foller your meanin'," she faltered.

"You see it's goin' on three years sence I fust spoke to Lottie," explained Dan awkwardly.

"You mean you asked her to hev you?" demanded the widow.

"That's jest it," acknowledged the culprit, "an' I've been askin' her, off 'n' on, ever sence."

"But you never acted 's though you cared a particle!" remonstrated Mehitable.

"Wall, you see, Lottie suspicioned you might be put out over it, seein' that you sot so

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much by your housekeepin', an' folks praisin' you for bein' so uncommon capable. But lately, sence you've treated her so corjul-like, she ain't been so much afeered."

Mehitable regarded him mutely, finding it difficult to readjust her deep-rooted convictions at a moment's notice.

"I was some to blame," resumed her brother. "I kinder thought you mightn't fancy hevin' anybody comin' in to take the lead. You allus hev kep' things up to the mark, I must say. But o' course, my wife would be fust," he concluded resolutely.

"How reedic'lous!" declared Mehitable, "an' me longin' for years to hev you fetch Charlotte here."

"Sho! you don't say so?" stammered Dan.

"Yes, I do," affirmed the widow. "I'm sick an' tired to death of tryin' to keep things jest so, all the time. Ef you wanter git married next week, it'll suit me all the better."

"I'll see what Lottie says," rejoined the bewildered swain.

"An' be sure 'n' tell her not to mind 'bout bein' overpartic'lar in her housekeepin'; it's dretful wearin'," she called after him.

"Jest to think of the time wasted givin' them plaguy treatments!" murmured the schemer regretfully, as she arranged the breakfast-dishes symmetrically in a shining dish-pan.

Dick's Drive

By Arthur Guiterman

"WHAT! Play golf?—I?—Not much! Not while there are such things as polo, tennis, lacrosse and hockey in this fair land of ours, and I'm under forty and still able-bodied! Where's the fun in hitting a poor, defenseless little ball with nobody trying to stop you or to knock it the other way? Give me a game where I'm fighting somebody—where another man is using all the strength, skill and brains he has to keep me from doing what I want to do. That's worth while!

"Look at that string of cups—yes, and the one small intercollegiate medal that means more than all the rest put together, and ask me if I play golf! No, I'm not bragging; I've never done anything remarkable. If the trophies stand for victories, there were at least as many defeats; and I'd be sorry not to have met plenty of better men than I am. Now, that silver lacrosse stick——

"Here, you! never mind that cup! Well, what if it *is* a golf trophy? Didn't I tell you I never played the game? And I didn't. But they insisted on my taking the cup, and I had to, just to keep the peace. Yes, it's true, but I suppose you'll call me a liar if I don't tell you the story, so sit down and I'll jump into the middle of it.

"Just as I ran my trap alongside the porch of the Pukwanah Country Club house the last Saturday afternoon in May, down came Maisie Roseboro in golfing trim, prettier 'n a whole art museum, and evidently looking for company, as she seemed pleased to see me.

"SET THE BALL ON TOP OF IT—JUST SO."

"'Howdo, Mr. Cunningham?' said she. 'Don't you want to try a round with me?'

"'Sorry, Miss Roseboro,' said I, 'but I can't; it's against my sworn oath to play that game, and besides—I'm in training for the tennis championship, and mustn't overexert myself. But if you'll let me tote that kit of burglar's tools around for you, I don't ask any better job.'

"'Come along,' she said, laughing like a bobolink, 'I'll have the biggest, awkwardest caddie on the links—and the laziest.' And away she marched with me tagging behind, vowing that I wouldn't let her lose a ball.

"Do you know, golf isn't at all a bad game—to watch a pretty girl play. Even when she is a bit awkward with the implements, she does take such funny, captivating little poses, and she is so deadly serious about it all.

"You make her little mud-pie for her and set the ball on top of it—just so. Then you hand her the club she wants; she hefts it, wiggles it, looks reproachfully at the ball, takes her position, probably with her little feet toed-in, tries two or three practise-swings, and then—'Whoof!'—and you mustn't laugh or smile if she fans the air. Besides, when she happens to make a long hit, there's your pleasant stroll over the turf before you field the ball.

"Owing to the yacht race on the Sound the grounds weren't at all crowded that day, so we had a pleasant, loafy time of it without

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unnecessary hurrying. In fact there was nobody behind us, and in front of us there were only two old duffers who seemed to be playing a match very deliberately. One of these old chaps was standing on a dirt-platform a good sprinting distance ahead of us, making motions with his club and threatening his ball with the terrible things he was going to do to it in a minute, when something perfectly dreadful happened.

"Maisie's ball was lying on a nice bit of turf. She hauled off, hit it with a good, clear click, and away it went, soaring through the air in the wrong direction, dropping square on the platform in front of the old chap, cutting him short in the middle of his swing and making him jump as if he'd stepped on a tack! It was magnificent, but I understand it wasn't golf.

"'Oh!' cried Maisie, drawing up one foot just like a setter-pup. 'Oh! I shouldn't have done that! But I didn't know I could loft so far!"

"The old fellow had spun around, and I could see by the white whiskers that it was Osborne, vice-president of the club, and by the red face that he was mad clear through. That's another trouble with golf—a man loses his temper so. In football, now——

"SHE HAULED OFF, HIT IT, AND AWAY IT WENT."

"Well, as I was saying, he faced round and waited until we were within five yards, and then, before poor little Maisie could open her mouth to apologize for having violated the 'etiquette' of the game, as it appears she had done, he drew back and swiped her innocent little ball 'way off to the side into a tangle of long grass and briers!

"It was positively the most ungentlemanly piece of work I've ever seen. Swearing would have been honey to it; and it was my turn to get madder'n a wet hen in a hornets' nest.

"'Gimme that stick!' I growled, grabbing the club out of the old codger's hand.

"'Oh, Dick! don't! don't!' cried Maisie, turning pale.

"But I swung back as you would for a far drive in polo, or an overhand shoot in lacrosse, put my full body-weight into the stroke, and away went old Osborne's ball a-scooting like a white streak, in a clean, long line hit to center-field!

"Osborne stood with his mouth open, watching his ball travel.

"'Now, look here, Mr. Osborne—' I began.

"'Great Scott! What a drive!' said he.

"'Though you're an old man—' said I.

"'By Jove! Over the bunker!' he cried.

"'That's no excuse for your acting that way to a lady,' said I.

"'Jemima Johnson! Plumb on the green!' he yelled; 'Jeliffe! Jeliffe!' The professional popped his head out of the club-house window. 'Bring the tapes! quick!' And off he trotted after his ball with me striding behind like an avenging angel, and Maisie fluttering along like the dove of peace.

"'I beg your pardon, Mr. Osborne!' I said rather tartly.

"'Two hundred and twenty yards to the bunker,' he murmured.

"'Will you be so good as to give me your attention for a moment?' said I, tapping him on the shoulder.

"'Oh! Ah! Yes!' he said, waking up and taking in Maisie, me, and the situation. 'I apologize! truly, I apologize! It was very wrong in me. But please wait just a minute.'

"The professional met him on the far side of the bunker, and together they laid the tape up to the ball. Then Osborne came back to us simply bubbling with excitement.

"'Mr. Cunningham,' he said, 'it gives me the greatest pleasure to announce to you that by a truly marvelous drive of two hundred and ninety-eight yards, seven and one-half inches, you have won the cup offered by me to any member who should exceed by more than ten yards the previous club record of two hundred and fifty-two yards. And,' he went on, 'I hope you will continue your practise in this direction, for in spite of all this talk about the short game and approaches, I maintain that good driving is far too important to be neglected.'

"'But!' said I in astonishment, 'I'm no golfer! I wasn't playing! I didn't know anything about the cup!'

"'That makes absolutely no difference,' said he. 'I offered the cup myself, without any restrictions, expressed or intended, as to the conditions under which the winning stroke should be played, except that it should be well attested—and surely, under the circum-

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stances, you ought to accept my judgment that the cup is fairly won.'

"'And now,' he went on, turning to Maisie, 'can Miss Roseboro pardon an old crank who is honestly sorry for a piece of extreme rudeness? Even if you had been in fault, I shouldn't have given way to my temper as I did, and of course I know you couldn't intentionally have played out of your course in the direction of the teeing-ground. The course is badly planned at that point, anyhow. Let me say, not in excuse, but in extenuation, that Adams and I' (I forgot to say that the other man had come up to supervise the measuring performance) 'were playing a very close match, and that I have been so frequently annoyed by some of the younger members "playing through," in gross violation of the etiquette of the game, that I suppose I was looking for trouble. At any rate, I am sincerely sorry, Miss Roseboro, and beg that you will forgive me—and that Mr. Cunningham will, also.'

"MAD CLEAR THROUGH."

"Of course Maisie forgave him very sweetly, and of course I shook the hand that he held out to me and begged his pardon for having taken liberties with his ball.

"'But, Mr. Osborne,' I said, 'I really can't take that cup.'

"'Ah, but you really must, Mr. Cunningham,' he insisted; 'you won it; and if you refuse I shall be certain that it is because you bear a grudge.'

"'Take it, Dick,' whispered Maisie.

"So of course I took it, and that's the way I won a golf trophy without ever having played the game. By the way, I—I won more than that. When you came in I was just writing to ask if you would be an usher."

The Wolf's Holiday

By Caroline Duer

MR. "SNAPPY" DAVIS lighted his cigar and surveyed his assembled friends with a smile which lifted one corner of his mouth and displayed a particularly long tooth in a lupine way. This, and his sudden violent irritability of disposition, had gained him his nickname.

"Well, boys," he said, "I ain't much in the sentimental line, as you know, but I guess every man has his soft days, and seein' as we've struck a kind of old-woman's-sociable gait to-night I don't mind obligin' wit' my experiences on the one an' only occasion when I yielded to female influence."

Just here Mr. Casey, owner of the grocery-shop, in the comfortable back room of which the estimable company of young toughs and grafters was met together, pushed a bottle within reach of Mr. Davis's hand, and the gentlemen present composed their features into expressions of attention. "Snappy" was greatly admired in his set, and his infrequent talk was precious.

"You remember old 'Penny Wise,'" he began, referring to a well-known "fence," late of that neighborhood, who had assisted many of those present to dispose of ill-gotten gains. "Well, he played me a dirty, mean trick, he did, onct; give me the glassy eye an' left me pinched for the price of a lawyer when I needed one bad, an' him wit' a bucketful of my swag that he hadn't paid me half its wort' for! Made out he was in a tight place himself an' scared to dispose of any-t'in'.

MR. "SNAPPY" DAVIS SURVEYED HIS ASSEMBLED FRIENDS.

"Well," continued Mr. Davis darkly, "when I comes back to th' Bowery I had it in for him, I can tell you, and I rather calculated to cure him o' bein' in 'tight places' in a way he'd remember, so he wouldn't never get caught in no more of 'em. So one night I goes aroun' to his shanty—'twas like a rickety dog-kennel more'n a house—and I knocks gentle on the door, same as we always did, meaning to bust in the shutter if he didn't answer. It was a kind of a quiet time—

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seven o'clock on a Sunday evening, 'long early Febery, and mild for that time of year. There weren't nobody about down that alley-way, but I just knuckled the door-panel sof'ly, like I was a bashful young lady a-visitin' her sweetheart; and presently I heard his cracky old voice callin' that the latch was off and I'd only to turn the handle. So in I walks, and there I finds him all twisted up wit' the rheumatism in his chair by the stove at the back of the store.

"'How is it you ain't pertected yourself better against t'ieves, Penny?' says I, goin' over to him, after I'd shot the bolt.

"When he sees who it was, he begun to shake; I guess it was his guilty conscience inside him. But he couldn't be sure that I wasn't speakin' on the level, so he gurgles out somet'in' about nobody harmin' *him*, and then he laughs.

"'You're lookin' good, Snappy,' he says then, wishful to please me an' not knowin' as I knowed the trick he'd played me. 'Any-t'in' in my line of business to-night?'

"'I guess not,' says I, whippin' my handkercher aroun' his mouth. 'Now see here, you old skinflint,' says I, 'I'm goin' to have back from you all you ever made out of me and more besides! You held me up for pure meanness and cussedness an' I'm goin' to do the same by you.'

"Wit' that I whisks off the shawl offen his knees an' ties it around him an' the chair, and there I has him as neat as possible.

"'Now,' I says, stickin' the poker into the stove, 'I'm goin' to have a look about, an' if I don't find all I want I'll come back to *you*.'

"ME BOLTIN' HUNKS OF GINGERBREAD."

"I wasn't goin' to hurt him, but I meant to have what was my rights, an' frighten him fer fair, an' judgin' by the way his eyes follered me —rollin' till they pretty near rolled out of his head—I knew I'd begun right. Well, I hadn't more'n got to work on the foist drawer when I hears the handle of the street door turnin', and when the party couldn't get in (by reason of me havin' had the prudence to settle matters as I told you), there come the gentlest tap ever you listened to. I stops still an' it comes again, only louder, an' a girl's voice calls, 'Grandfather, you've forgotten to leave the catch off an' I can't get in.'

"Old Penny gives a kind of smothered leap, like a hare in a trap, when he hears her, an' the chair gives a creak, an' she says from outside, 'Oh, I'm afraid it hurts you dreadful to move, dear.'

"'It would if you could,' says I, shaking my fist at him, an' I sneaks across the floor and bundles him, chair an' all, into the next room—the stove was near the door of it, the way it would warm the two—an' I shuts him up in a closet—a tight squeeze it was, too—an' then I runs in a hurry to let her in. I didn't want her spreading no reports that she'd heard the old man groanin' or anything like that.

"Boys, she was the prettiest, niftiest little thing you ever see, wit' big eyes, an' a nose like a wax doll; an' she had a basket on her arm, an' a red tail-feather of a lulu-bird in her hat, an' she jumps about a foot when she sees me.

"'Excuse me, Miss,' says I, 'for being so long. Your grandfather left me to mind the house and I expects I was taking a bit of a snooze.'

"'Where is he?' says she.

"'Stepped out,' says I, 'for the evening. He told me to tell you.'

"'Why, he couldn't hardly walk acrost the floor yesterday,' she says.

"'You're dead right, Miss,' I says, 'but he seemed sort of lonely and so me and some friends of his, we just carried him in his chair over to pass the time of day wit' old Foggaty at the corner.'

"'Ain't you kind!' says she.

"'Oh, I don't know,' says I, wondering would she go soon, but she just looks at me as sweet as sugar an' as innocent as them doves on valentines an' says she:

"'Yes, you are kind, I can see it in your face; an' you're givin' up a Sunday evening to mind grandfather's thin's for him, an' I don't believe you were going to have any supper. Were you, now?'

"I allowed I hadn't thought of it, an' she went to the counter and put down her basket solemn-like.

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"'Folks that's unselfish,' she says, 'don't think of themselves, but I'm goin' to give you some of the cake I brought grandfather.'

"With that she hitches out a little table from a corner an' spreads a red napkin on it, an' fetches a plate from somewhere, an' yanks a great round cake from the basket, an' breaks a piece for me.

"'It's gingerbread,' she says; 'do you like it?'

"'I guess I do,' says I, 'but it's so long since I tasted it I disremember.'

"'Grandfather's awful fond of it,' says she.

"That made me anxious to get outside of a big lot of it to spite him, so I pulled up a chair for her an' another for me an' in a few moments we was sittin' there talkin' like we was acquainted for years, me boltin' hunks of gingerbread and she nibbling the crumbs for company. It made me glad to t'ink of him in that closet an' how wild he'd be if he knew that his granddaughter an' me was so cozy together. But I felt kind of uneasy in case he might get loose an' make a noise—though I banked on having him fixed too fast for that—an' I guess I didn't make myself so fascinatin' as usual. Anyhow she took the heft of the talk. She told me how old she was, an' where she worked, an' how many brothers and sisters she had, an' how she tried to be a good example to them. An' she wanted to know did I have any little brothers an' was they hard to bring up? She said she lived wit' her father, an' her mother was dead, an' the tears was in her eyes when I give out that I was a lone orphan from childhood an' couldn't remember not'in' but kicks an' blows, a cold back and a' empty stomach.

"'An' you ain't eatin' now,' she says, wistful-like. 'Don't you want no more?'

"'It's kind of dry, Miss,' says I, smilin' at her, 'after a time.'

"'Oh, I'm so sorry,' she says, and she pulls out a bottle from the basket. 'A' old lady I sew for gave me this for grandfather. I know he'd like for you to have some if he was here.'

"'I know he would, too,' says I, knockin' the top offen the bottle. 'I'll drink his health, and yours, Miss,' an' I pours out the full of a cup I found on a shelf, an' tosses it down.

"Boys, it was port wine, an' I'd not tasted liquor for mont's an' mont's, an' it made me feel like the ice of my disposition was meltin' after I'd had my second swig, but I could see she was a bit troubled.

"'Don't go, Miss,' I says, for she was beginnin' to tidy up t'ings and straighten her hat.

"'I must,' says she. 'I'm goin' to evenin' church.'

"'Blessed is them privileges,' says I, 'for them as can enjoy them. You do dead right to leave me.'

"SINGIN' AWAY TO BEAT THE BAN'."

"'Don't you never go?' she asks me.

"'Not when I'm in town, Miss,' says I, misleadin' her. 'I don't have no time when I onct get busy.'

"'Come wit' me to-night,' says she, very pleadin'. 'Nobody'll come to the shop. It don't last more'n a half hour, and you can get back before grandfather wants you.'

"Well, will you believe it, boys, I just locks that door behind me and I goes along the streets with her like I was in a maze. An' all the time I was t'inkin' it might be the savin' of me to have a nice girl like that cuddlin' me an' believin' in me. An' I t'ought how sweet we sat at the table together, just like we might sit if we was havin' supper every night. An' when we got to the church, her little t'umb was cocked up along the side of the same book wit' mine, an' she singin' away to beat the ban'. I tell you I never felt before like I felt then. An' then we come out, an' she made me put her on a car, and says she, 'T'ank you for comin' wit' me.'

"An' says I, 'can't I come no furt'er?'

"'You should get back to grandfather,' says she.

"I guess *he* don't want me *yet*,' says I. 'I'd better walk about the streets,' I says, 'an' t'ink when will I see you again.'"

The company showed strained attention.

"But I never did see her again," added Mr. Davis, with a sigh, after a moment.

"Why not?" asked some adventurous spirit.

"Well, you see, I goes back and polishes off the old man and gets away wit' a lot of stuff, like I planned," answered "Snappy" dreamily, "an' after that I feels it wouldn't be delicate. Besides, I ain't much in the sentimental line. Only that onct, just as I've been tellin' you. But she was nifty!"

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With the Procession

Happenings of the month—stories, personalities, compact epitomes of events that are making history.

THE RETURN OF PAUL JONES

For five or six years General Horace Porter, American Ambassador to France, searched, at his own expense; for the body of Paul Jones, the sea hero of the American Revolution. Jones was buried in the St. Louis Cemetery, Paris. This burying-ground is occupied by houses. General Porter's search had to be carried on by patient tunneling. At last a leaden coffin was found with Paul Jones's name on the plate. The story of the recovery and identification is strange enough. Jones died in 1792. His body was immersed in alcohol. It was well preserved after more than one hundred and twelve years. The doctors were able to make an autopsy, and found evidences of dropsy, of which Jones is known to have died. The color of the hair and the measurements of the body agreed with the record. There appears to be no doubt that the genuine Paul Jones was found, although some skeptics have jeered General Porter and insisted that he sent the wrong body to the United States. Paul Jones died in poverty. Somewhat tardily, the country for which he fought so steadily remembered him. He is to be buried in Annapolis, the school of the navy of which he was the most famous early figure.

WORRYING THE TRUSTS

Last winter and spring the Kansas Legislature passed half a dozen anti-trust or anti-discrimination bills. Kansas is fighting Standard Oil "for all she is worth" and therein she has the good wishes of most other States, and the Legislatures of some of them have taken a hand in the game. Iowa has enjoined the Standard Oil pipe-line from using the right of way of the Santa Fé Railroad in Iowa. The Texas House of Representatives adopted unanimously a resolution commending President Roosevelt for his course toward the Beef Trust. Commissioner of Corporations Garfield has investigated Standard Oil methods in Kansas. The Attorney-General of Missouri has brought suit to annul the charter of the Standard Oil Company for violation of the anti-trust law. In Chicago and New York Federal grand juries have been prying into the Beef Trust. In the South and West, at least, the trusts have no friends. What will come of all this recent or present indignation and activity? What the country wants—and nothing else will satisfy it—is to see some highly "respectable," church-going, philanthropic "trust magnates" "doing time." So long as they can keep out of jail, they will not be troubled deeply by laws or civil proceedings against them.

WHEN STEEL MEETS STEEL

At Pittsburg, in May, Mr. George Westinghouse gave an instructive entertainment to three hundred delegates to the International Railway Congress. On his own "interworks" railroad, a train of fifty new steel cars was made up. It was divided into three sections, two of which were left standing on the track, about fifty yards apart. The third section was hauled two miles away by an ordinary engine. Then the engineer pulled the throttle wide open. Back came the train, lickety-split, making forty miles an hour. The rear dashed against the stationary cars. They quivered a little, but soon settled on the track again. Meanwhile, all the sections were coupled automatically. Excellent mechanical devices. We venerate Mr. Westinghouse and his "friction draft gear"; but this anecdote teaches us that the railroads can build cars that cannot be smashed and twisted and telescoped; that it is false economy, not necessity, that is responsible for murderous col-

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lisions. Cars can be substantially collision-proof. Why not make the railroads give the public that kind of cars?

CIGARETTES

RULE for a Legislature: When in doubt, pass an anti-cigarette bill. Cigarettes became forbidden things in Indiana in April; in Wisconsin, July 1st. At least three other Western Legislatures have had under consideration laws prohibiting those "paper cigars." In Indiana it is a matter of fine and imprisonment to have cigarette papers in your possession, if you are a dealer. Test cases have been made. The Constitution will be "vindicated" in due time if these laws have done anything to hurt it; and if the sacred ægis of personal liberty has been dented, the courts will repair the injury. We are not going to grow purple over the "outrage." Yet, while of all smells in the world of malodor that of a ready-made cigarette is the most hateful to these nostrils, we must decline to regard cigarettes as the root of all evil and the chief corrupter of youth. Many persons can roll their own cigarettes, made of tolerable tobacco and with harmless papers. Many more persons smoke too many bought cigarettes, yet retain a fair share of health and reason. As to boys, they acquire painfully the habit of smoking because they regard it as manly. It is a premature inclination and a donning of the manly gown. In our green salad days, what wo we suffered, learning by means of cigars. Forbid cigarettes and you add the flavor of stolen fruit to those pernicious toys. If you want to stop boys from smoking, first stop men, their elders, whom they imitate. Is it not edifying to see how fierce against cigarettes is Hodge, who smokes a pipe, and Podge, who delights in a cigar?

MR. CLEVELAND AND THE WOMEN'S CLUBS

MR. CLEVELAND was brave when he took a hand in the trouble in Chicago in 1894. He was brave when he wrote his Venezuelan message. He was brave when he smote powerful Democratic politicians. Now, in his days of quiet and retirement, he has said and done the bravest—or rashest—word and thing of his life. He has "hurled defiance" at the General Federation of Women's Clubs. "It should be boldly declared," and boldly he has declared it, "that the best and safest club for a woman to patronize is her home." He is persuaded that "there are women's clubs whose objects and intents are not only harmful, but harmful in a way that directly menaces the integrity of our homes." Whew! What can he mean? Bridge whist clubs, "charity euchre" clubs, Bernard Shaw clubs? Not ours to ask him what. We simply wonder at his daring. He knew he would be torn in pieces. He has been.

THE WORLD'S COAL-BIN

EVERY now and then, some statistician with too much liver utters figures showing that the world's coal-supply will last only a few hundreds of years longer. Make it many, many thousands. China has coal to burn; 400,000 square miles of coal-fields, some say. Japan has plenty more. Roumania has enough for the Balkan States, if ever they stop burning powder and one another's houses. America's bin will be full for centuries on centuries. Great Britain and Germany will not be coalless soon. Let us worry about something else.

AN AMERICAN SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS

To President Butler, of Columbia University, belongs the honor of conceiving a broad and comprehensive plan for a worthy school of art in New York City. The National Academy Art Schools are to be merged with Columbia on a basis which seems to assure that Columbia will not get the worst end of the bargain. The Metropolitan Museum also comes into the partnership. Its collections will be arranged and extended with a view to instruction. They will illustrate and be illustrated by university lectures on archeology and the history of art. Columbia will teach esthetics and related subjects. The Academy of Design and Columbia will cooperate to teach painting, sculpture, and the decorative arts. New professorships will be established. The Columbia

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Department of Architecture will be reorganized and the studio system introduced. Finally, a Fine Arts building will be erected for joint occupancy by the Academy Art School and the University Art Department. There is opposition to the plan among some of the Academicians. But this is "the age of consolidation." It is possible to doubt if the production of great painters and sculptors will be much furthered by university professors and methods. First, you must find your genius; then he must learn painting or sculpture from painters or sculptors.

STILL THEY COME!

In the six months ending February 28th, more than 400,000 immigrants arrived in United States ports. Of this number some 84,000 were Russians. In April, more than 3,000 immigrants landed from one steamer in New York; and in the same month 12,000 came in one day at the same port. Immigrants or sprung from immigrants, all of us, we must all hope that the country can assimilate, to its advantage, these newcomers.

PENSIONS FOR PROFESSORS

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has given $10,000,000 of his scanty income as a trust fund, the revenue of which ($500,000 a year) is to provide retiring pensions for teachers in universities, colleges, and technical schools in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland. State and sectarian institutions are excluded from the bounty. Almost everybody who has expressed an opinion on the subject seems to think that Mr. Carnegie has done well. Professor McMaster, the historian, holds that the Carnegie pensions will "lower the profession"; yet he thinks that they "might prove acceptable to the majority of the profession." Surely the majority of professors cannot wish to lower their profession. Mr. Carnegie hopes that his fund "may do much for the cause of higher education." It may. We saw a professor the other day and asked him what he thought about the Carnegie pensions. "Oh, they will be nice soft cushions to stow away the old fossils on!" Of course we mention this brutal view only to condemn it.

THE ROCKEFELLER REVIVAL

The Protestant churches of New York City are to have a revival this summer. Great tents will be set up in various parts of the city, especially "the boozer quarters." Mr. John D. Rockefeller has given $1,000 toward the expenses. "The churches, rising above and ignoring their differences," said Bishop Greer at the preliminary meeting in Carnegie Hall, "are going to preach the Gospel to the city." And Mr. Rockefeller must think they are going to preach his gospel; and so he gladly contributes. Grab all you can; ruin thousands to grow intolerably rich; then try to bribe your way into heaven. Scatter among the churches some measly proportion of your illimitable gains. See them grovel to pick up the largess. See them start revivals. See them servilely making friends with the Mammon of unrighteousness. See them forgetting that the Gospel according to Christ and the gospel according to St. John Rockefeller are as opposed as light and darkness. Revivals, Rockefeller revivals! Revive, if you can, the dying faith in honesty and honor. Revive belief, if you can, in men and women more and more estranged from churches where "respectable" men, welcome figures in the church, pass the plate on Sunday after six days of "high finance" during which they have been squeezing the public and bilking their fellows. Revive the dead commandment, "Thou shalt not steal." Teach, if you can, that business is not a mere intellectual and profitable form of burglary, grand larceny, embezzlement, and getting money under false pretenses. But a revival of which John D. Rockefeller is one of the "angels—" Humph!

THE EYES IN THE DARKNESS

A French writer in a scientific magazine tells of the great ocean depths of 28,000 to 30,000 feet, the temperature tending toward zero, the perpetual darkness reigning below depths of about 1,280 feet. At that level plants, deprived of light, cannot exist. The animal life must be carnivorous. The organs of sight, not being used, have become atrophied

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and disappeared. Yet there is light even in that sightless world. A German exploring ship found a fish with enormous eyes at a depth of 6,400 feet. Phosphorescence is common in these hollows of the sea. Sometimes special organs flash light. Sometimes the phosphorescence is caused by a mucous secretion on the surface of the animal. The crustacean chrysophorus has not only huge eyes, but luminous organs, including what are, in effect, a reflector and a lens. Certain cephalopods have actually been photographed by their own light. The luminous organs attached to the eyes allow the animal to see its prey. The other luminous organs may perhaps be a lure to the prey. The deep-sea life that swims, sees. The eyeless creatures are sedentary, and do not need to see. Thus, even in that vast darkness, there is sufficiency of light.

RECLAIMING THE EVERGLADES

TIME and time again the draining of the Florida Everglades has been proposed. The job is worth doing. It will add three million acres of fat soil and woodland to Florida. Governor Broward has recommended the Legislature to give a company the right to dig a canal across the State, from St. John's River, along the rivers and lakes through the Everglades to the Caloosahatchee River. The canal is to be navigable by large passenger and freight boats. The canal company asks the lion's share of the timber and part of the land. Still, it is ready to set to work at once and it has plenty of money; and States cannot dig as cheaply as corporations.

LIFE-INSURANCE

THE annual report of the Superintendent of Insurance of the State of New York shows that the business and resources of the companies generally increased in 1904. Bigger assets, bigger incomes, bigger dividends to policy-holders, more policies in force (nearly 5,000,000). So far, so good. Everybody knows that in spite of many financial eccentricities, much cussedness, and enormous extravagance and waste on the part of the greater concerns, the life-insurance companies are solvent, and will pay on the nail. That does not change the fact that the cost of insurance is too high; that the policy-holders are systematically milked; that salaries are absurdly large; that nepotism and favoritism abound; that the money of the policy-holders is juggled with to the enrichment of rings; that vast sums are wasted in hunting new business; that excessive commissions are given and rebates are made; that the hungriest lot of bloodsuckers in the world has got rich or is getting rich in the insurance business.

MUSIC AS MEDICINE

DR. J. THORNTON SCHLEY, professor of suggestive therapeutics in the New York Eclectic Medical College, says that "musical therapeutics is more nearly a science than the ordinary practise of medicine." Rather a hard saying, perhaps, for the ordinary practitioner. It is well known that music is a valuable curative agent in the treatment of the insane. Dr. Dent, of the Manhattan Hospital for the Insane, avers that the influence of music is more powerful than any other, perhaps than all others, in benefiting his patients. It is particularly helpful in cases of melancholia. Pulse and respiration improve, and some patients even gain weight. In short, music has a healing effect upon body and mind, although doctors may disagree as to the method of its workings. Miss Eva Augusta Vescelius, who has made a study of the mental effects of music and its influence on children, savages, and brutes, tells us that, among the latter, the elephant and the cat are most susceptible to the concord of sweet sounds. In no hostile spirit, but for the interests of science, we set against instances of the healing power of music the case of that Chicago teacher who has been wounded, not healed, by music. Driven to despair by the bang and tinkle of many pianos, he has become a hermit, and built him a solitary hut, where sound of music may never reach him more.

IS IT WRITTEN?

"THEY say" that hoop-skirts are coming again. They may have come before these words are printed. What is it to men whether that majestic crinoline is to be revived or not? However wrapped up, the feminine contents will still be worshiped. Hoop-skirts look "funny" or awful, on the stage and in the

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pictures of years ago, but if the women can stand them, we can—and must, whether we can or not. If we understand the situation—of course, no man can or should pretend to—London frowns upon hoop-skirts; Paris is doubtful; Chicago is prepared to welcome them. If betting were not a sin, we might be inclined to bet on Chicago. P. S.—How do you get them on? How do you get into an open car with them?

THE AGE OF RENUNCIATION

"Life," says Goethe, or somebody else, "must begin with renunciation." In this age of germs, life is to consist of renunciations. Touch not, taste not, handle not anything; otherwise you may be inoculated with more diseases than you know. Here is Dr. Palier. He calmly tells us that a shaving-brush is the home and hiding-place of countless germs. Away with it! Dr. Palier has a grudge against the tooth-brush also. The mouth teems with microbes. The tooth-brush is "always loaded with micro-organisms." In fact, it is "a potent factor in the causation of many ills." Presumably a hair-brush is just as bad, according to its lights and opportunities. Well, if certain solemn prophets have read the future well, "the coming man"—and he will be pretty far gone—will be toothless, hairless, and to that extent, therefore, germless. Cheer up!

WOMEN STRIKE-BREAKERS

A new profession for women. The "dining-room girls" in a Racine hotel struck. Certain women, including the wife of a Representative in Congress, living at the hotel, volunteered to "wait on the table" until new servants could be had. We firmly believe that women can do anything; and most things they have done.

THE ITALIAN RAILWAY STRIKE

On June 30th, the Italian Government will assume the management of the Adriatic, Sicilian, and Mediterranean railway lines. After that date the proportion of Government railroads to private railroads will be a little more than five to one; and complete nationalization seems only a matter of time. The Ministry proposed to reduce the income tax of the railroad employees; give them a share in the profits (a doubtful and distant boon, perhaps); pension their widows and orphans; settle disputes by arbitration, and improve their condition generally. The employees looked the gift horse in the mouth. It was proposed to make striking a penal offense. The employees decided to strike while they could; and they "went out" in April to the great discomfiture of the traveler, who skedaddled very largely, however, before the days of trouble came. Evidently freedom to strike is the freedom most prized by the Italian railroad unions. Evidently, also, Government railroad employees cannot be permitted to strike. They must be regarded as soldiers in a sense, and must stick to their posts.

TEN-HOUR LAW SMASHED

A law passed by the New York Legislature provided, in part, that no employee should be "required or permitted" to work in a bakery or confectionery establishment more than sixty hours in any one week, or more than ten hours in any one day, "unless for the purpose of making a shorter workday on the last day of the week; nor more hours in any one week than will make an average of ten hours per day for the number of days during such week in which such employee shall labor." Other parts make sanitary prescriptions as to the bake shops, tools, etc. The New York Court of Appeals sustained the constitutionality of the part of the law relating to hours of labor as a consistent part of the whole measure, intended and regarded as a health law. By five to four the Supreme Court of the United States has overruled that decision, and pronounced unconstitutional the portion of the law regulating the hours of labor. The majority of the Court hold that this portion is a labor law, not a health law. It is not necessary for the public health that bakers should not work more than sixty hours a week. It is not injurious to the general welfare that they should work more than sixty hours a week. And the police of the State, on whom enforcement of the law would devolve, are subject to the limitations contained in the Fourteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution; that is, the State cannot deprive

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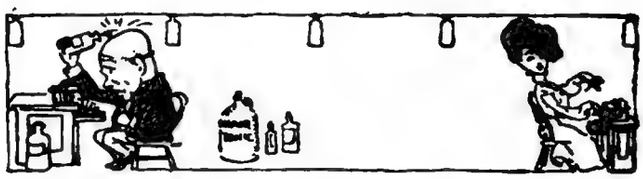
anybody of life, liberty, or property without due process of law. The liberty to work or to employ a workman more than sixty hours a week cannot be taken away unless it is clearly shown to threaten the public health, safety, or welfare. Three of the dissenting Justices maintain that it is not the business of the Court to decide whether a State law is wise or unwise. Mr. Justice Holmes, in an independent dissenting opinion, says that "a Constitution is not intended to embody a particular economic theory." Here is a statute which puts into effect certain regulations as to health and hours of labor. The people of New York regard these regulations, conflicting with no fundamental American principles, as salutary. They have a right to their views. Such is the gist of a singularly lucid and interesting opinion. It is unfortunate that there should be so many five-to-four decisions.

COMMISSION-GOVERNED CITIES

THE city of Washington, which has the reputation of being excellently governed, is not allowed to govern itself. It is in the hands of commissioners. After the great storm which almost destroyed Galveston in 1900, a commission was appointed to rule that town. Last spring the Governor of Texas signed a bill legislating out of office all the Houston city officials chosen at the last general election, and centering the municipal government in a commission of five. The head of the commission can appoint and remove all officers of the city, which is to be run like a private corporation. Houston has a heavy bonded debt and an insufficient revenue. Taxpayers and business men insisted that a satisfactory municipal administration was impossible under popular suffrage. Naturally, the politicians opposed the change. What seems curious is that popular opposition to it was overcome; that a majority of the voters were willing to admit that they were incompetent to govern themselves. In most other towns there is not so much candor and modesty.

THE MATSON LIFE-RAFT

MR. MATSON, chief steward of a steamer of the New York and Havre line, has invented a life-boat which promises to be useful. It is twelve feet by nine by three, water-tight, with food and fresh-water compartments. It rests on a platform which is supported by uprights kept in place by pins. Pull the lever chain; the lever turns; the platform tilts; the raft glides into the water. At its first trial, twenty-five men were lowered into the raft by an automatic pulley, and the raft left the side of the steamer five minutes after reaching the water.



THE HAIR OF STENOGRAPHERS

SOME observer asks a New York newspaper: "Has anybody noticed that most male stenographers are partly bald? What is the cause of this?"

It is not a problem to worry out one's life over, and before expressing a properly profound opinion as to the cause, we should like to be certain of the facts. Are most male stenographers partly bald? Are they any less bushy of hair than butchers, piano-tuners, or book canvassers? If male stenographers are partly bald, why are female stenographers so luxuriant and beautiful of locks? Is some obscure law of compensation and equilibrium involved, or is there only a given quantity of hair in the world, whereof—the hair, not the world—the women stenographers have appropriated the most?

A CALAMITY FUND

INSPIRED, perhaps, by the example of another Scotch philanthropist—Mr. Andrew Carnegie—a Pittsburg Scotchman, Robert MacFerron, has left, subject to the remote chance that two sisters and a brother (well past middle age) may have issue, a large sum which on their decease is to be a "calamity fund." The trustees are to use one-half of the annual income for the relief of victims of public calamities in the United States, "such calamities as fire, flood, tempest, explosions, epidemic diseases, and the like, and which call for prompt relief." The other half of the income is to be added to the fund. We have no disposition to look this contingent gift-horse in the mouth; but public calamities receive at once a great and generous public sympathy and aid, and Americans even contribute largely to the relief of victims of such calamities in other parts of the world.

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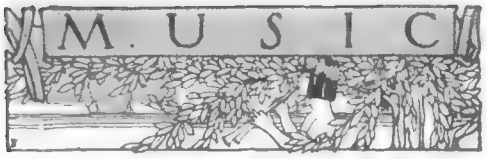

THE SEASON'S IMPORTANT SOLOISTS

The concert season just passed brought forth the usual quota of soloists, great and small, temperamental and prosaic, brilliantly successful and dully mediocre—violinists and pianists who performed feats of glittering virtuosity without inward artistic conviction, or displayed a superabundance of emotion with a modicum of technique. It is an imposing list: Among the pianists, Paderewski, d'Albert, de Pachmann, Hofmann; among the violinists, Ysaye and Kreisler.

THE GENIUS OF PADEREWSKI

Among the pianists, the particular luminary was doubtless that artist of artists, Ignace Jan Paderewski, who returned to the American concert platform and inflamed again the hearts of his innumerable adorers after several years' absence. He is still a supreme poet of the keyboard, still, as a master of tone-color and *nuance*, in a class quite by himself. He appeared toward the end of the season, shortly before his unfortunate breakdown; and again the subtle magic of his art and personality served to fill Carnegie Hall to the doors. There were many who rendered him the unquestioning homage he has been wont to receive; but there were also not a few who were inclined to feel that he has developed certain mannerisms which are not calculated to benefit his fame as a sincere musician. But whatever one may justly find to criticize in his performance, there is no resisting the sway of his genius, the conquering charm of his personality. There is no one like him—the transcendent quality of his art compensates for not a few irregularities.

A PROPHET OF CHOPIN

The popular notion that Chopin was simply and solely a miniaturist, an exquisite worker in water-colors, a poet of shadowy and twilight imaginings, is always strengthened by the public performances of his most felicitous prophet and interpreter, Vladimir de Pachmann, the eccentric Russian. De Pachmann has no concern with the larger and more virile aspects of Chopin's art. He is not himself a man of dominant and forceful personality, and it is the slighter, more evanescent side of Chopin that touches and quickens his imagination. He plays him, from this point of view, with acknowledged mastery; and his performances this season were entirely worthy of his great reputation. He still exploits his absurd mannerisms at the piano—the familiar grimaces and unworthy trifling with his auditors; but it is difficult to imagine what de Pachmann would be without such tricks—the whimsicalities, after all, of a wayward genius.

THE RETURN OF D'ALBERT

When most of us were considerably younger, Eugen d'Albert was considered a mighty figure in the pianistic world. His specialty was Beethoven, and in his interpretation of the unique Ludwig he was accounted an authority of commanding stature. He had not been heard in America for something like a decade before his reappearance here during the past season; and in the interval, his art, strangely enough, has declined rather than matured. Perhaps he has given too much of his time and thought to composition; which is a pity, for his achievements as a creative music-maker are of far less consequence than his accomplishments as an interpreter. He still plays with power, brilliancy, ripeness of sentiment; but something of the old poise and security, the old eloquence and authority, have disappeared.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF A PRODIGY

Young Josef Hofmann, whom it is difficult to think of save as an overgrown prodigy, returned to the American concert platform this season and delighted those who are disposed to see in him a pianist of fully developed powers. When he first came to America as an infant phenomenon, displaying knickerbockers and long curls, he evoked genuine wonder and admiration by his very uncommon gifts. His development was watched with expectant curiosity, and some apprehension; for the deterioration of "wonder children" is proverbial. Hofmann to-day is a sturdy youth not far from thirty, and, it need scarcely be said, a far more balanced and confident artist than he was in his phenomenal youth—when, during a memorable season, he gave fifty-two concerts in a little over two months. But there are not a few among his friends who are beginning to

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doubt his possession of the essential traits of the finest musicianship—sensibility, poetry, intellectual grasp, breadth and justness of conception. For the present, it is enough to know that this young virtuoso has astonishing technique, assurance, and force.

TWO GREAT VIOLINISTS

Among the season's violinists, the honors have been about equally divided between two of the greatest—if not actually the greatest—of living masters of that instrument, Eugène Ysaye and Fritz Kreisler. It is told of that magical virtuoso, Vieuxtemps, that during his exile in Algiers, when he was paralyzed and despondent, he yearned to hear once more the marvelous singing tone of his pupil Ysaye. The story is perfectly credible. The great Belgian plays at times—often, indeed—with a beauty and eloquence of unspeakable poignancy; at other times he plays—not to put too fine a point upon it—like a third-rate fiddler. It is for this reason that he is in some ways inferior, as an artist, to his brother violinist, Fritz Kreisler. Kreisler is a more dependable player. If he never reaches the towering stature of Ysaye, his general level of performance is more equally sustained. He is an artist of immense seriousness, of fine dignity, of superb and authentic gifts.

MISS CASSATT AS AN ETCHER

America has quite as much reason to be proud of Miss Mary Cassatt's position in the art world of Paris as of the vogue achieved by Mr. Sargent, Mr. Shannon, or Mr. Abbey in England. A generation ago the ambitious sister of President Cassatt, of the Pennsylvania Railroad, went abroad to continue her studies, and rapidly became one of the leading figures of the Impressionist group at the head of which stood Manet and Degas. The brilliant, taciturn Degas was her chief preceptor, and within a few years she had in certain respects surpassed her master. Miss Cassatt's name has long been associated with painting, but comparatively few art lovers know that she is an etcher of great charm and distinction. Being, of course, independently wealthy, Miss Cassatt has been able to give much of her time to experimental work, hence many of her plates reveal great technical beauty. On three occasions she has devoted herself to the needle, having completed a series in black and white, a series in color, and only recently another set of plates in black and white. At the Durand-Ruel Galleries are at present some exquisite examples of Miss Cassatt's work on copper, the "Little Girl in the Big Hat" being, perhaps, the most engaging, though a "Mother and Child" merits almost equal consideration.

YOUNG BLOOD AT THE SOCIETY

That which most impressed the casual visitor to the recent exhibition of the Society of American Artists was the strong showing made by the younger men. A great deal of miscellaneous praise is always lavished upon Mr. Henri, Mr. Glackens, and Mr. Prendergast, yet to the more discerning it was not these men, but Mr. Cushing and Mr. Hubbel, who claimed chief attention. Mr. Cushing was in many respects the feature of the display, his three canvases, "Woman in Pink Satin," "White and Gold," and a seated portrait of a young woman with red hair, ranking among the most novel and interesting pictures on view. Each of his three canvases was experimental, "White and Gold" being the happiest of his experiments. The refreshing part of Mr. Cushing's work is its originality, its individuality, both in color and in treatment. Mr. Henri and Mr. Glackens seem unable to shake off the somber spell of Manet. Mr. Cushing tries, almost too hard, to be himself. Mr. Hubbel sent several fine canvases, among the best of which were "The Poet" and his brilliant, solidly painted "Paris Cabman." On the whole it was the young spirits who carried off the honors, if not the prizes, though the prizes will be theirs anon.

MR. SHANNON TO THE FORE

For the past half dozen years and more, American visitors in London cannot have failed to notice with pride and pleasure the increasing vogue of their countryman, Mr. J. J. Shannon. Mr. Sargent, all agree, is overworked, and consequently his art has greatly suffered. He always has one or two brilliant things on view, but many of his recent canvases have been vastly disappointing. Not so with Mr. Shannon, who seems to im-

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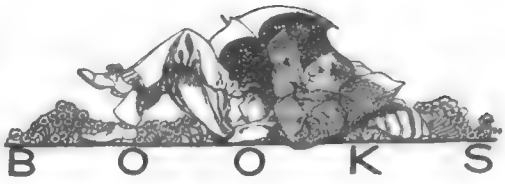
prove every year. Owing to his long residence abroad many of us have taken it for granted that Mr. Shannon must be an Englishman—or perhaps an Irishman. Such is, however, fortunately not the case, for he was born in Auburn, N. Y. Mr. Shannon's boyhood was spent in Canada, and at fifteen he went to London to enter the South Kensington Schools. At eighteen he had won all the prizes possible at the Schools and had painted his first court beauty, Miss Horatia Stopford. From the very beginning Mr. Shannon has been a success, having been taken up at the outset of his career by London's most exclusive circles. He owns a handsome house in Holland Park Road, and travels extensively. On his recent visit to his native country, for the first time in many years, Mr. Shannon duplicated his London success, having painted a number of distinguished people. He will return in the autumn vastly more welcome than certain of our tricky foreign charlatans.

PLACE AUX DAMES!

In art, as in substantially every phase of human activity, woman must perforce be reckoned with. If she keeps up her present momentum it will be difficult for man to hold his own, after a few years, or even to earn a livelihood. These timorous and prophetic reflections are inspired by every succeeding proof of woman's prowess, either in art, letters, or business, but specifically by the recent exhibition of the Woman's Art Club. Held, as customary, at the National Arts Club, this year's display was in certain respects a notable one. As with the National Academy of Design and the Society of American Artists, chief honors fell to the younger members. In portraiture Miss Jean McLane's seated female figure, though vaguely Whistlerish in feeling, was a delightful piece of work, and was ably seconded by Mrs. Cox's sumptuous version of Mrs. John Larkin. Among the landscapes Miss A. L. Wyant's "October Day" was quite unrivaled for strength and atmospheric charm, while among the decorative panels Miss Frances Delehanty's "1812" showed richness of tone and decided dramatic force. It is a pleasure to record the excellence of the display as a whole and to felicitate the club on its continued and even increased success. According to Pater, art has no sex. This we gallantly decline to believe.



Because she wanted "freedom, a wide horizon, the great winds, the hot sun, the terrible spaces" of Africa, Domini Enfilden sought "The Garden of Allah," which is the desert. The catalogue of the experiences that she found there makes an amazing story, both because of its profoundly vital interest and because of the extraordinary impressionism, at once largely vivid and painstakingly minute, that Mr. Robert Hichens has applied to the telling of it. The method may be described as a kind of verbal stippling, and as a result the style has a genuinely lustrous quality, as though tipped with bits of bright metal. But if the desert is the most congenial material that Mr. Hichens has yet found to work with, the characters he has placed there are even greater triumphs. In Domini it has been his successful effort to portray a woman of exceptional physical, mental, and spiritual strength. In Androvsky, the renegade Trappist monk, he has shown a man of essential weakness. Neither is caricatured, because each is described with an informing sympathy. The tragedy of their coming together, of their marriage while they yet know nothing of each other, is made to appear perfectly inevitable. Little by little, in the same inevitable way, Domini learns her husband's secret. She is a consistent and devoted Catholic. From the ecclesiastical point of view their marriage is invalid. She loves Androvsky and she knows their child is soon to be born. These are the elements, we venture to say, of a tragic situation which the greatest novelist might approach with hesitation. It is Mr. Hichens's peculiar triumph that he carries it through to a masterly issue. With both the capacity and the opportunity for high heroism, Domini can do but one thing: she forces Androvsky to return to the monastery he deserted and accepts the position to which this relegates her.

"I ain't ready yet to say that honesty's the best policy, fur's gittin' rich goes, but I will say this: It's mighty nice to be able to pass a lookin'-glass without feelin' like holdin' on to your watch and hollerin' for a constable."

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To this degree of regeneration was Cap'n Ezra Titcomb brought by the manliness of Bradley Nickerson, his young partner in the wrecking business—a phase of adventurous coast-life comparatively fresh to novel readers, and highly entertaining. These two are joint heroes of "Partners of the Tide," Joseph C. Lincoln's new character story of that section of the New England coast which he claimed for fiction in "Cap'n Eri" and succeeding short stories; joint heroes as well as partners—for although the action of the story centers round the boy, Cap'n Ez is the more distinctive. Yet Mr. Lincoln has not made the all too frequent error of leaving his logical hero without a character. Some one has said that it takes a woman to bring out either the devil or the angel in a man; and it is a temporarily capricious woman who saves Bradley from being a mere catalogue of virtues. As for Cap'n Ez, his wiliness in dealing with ambitious spinsters, his kindliness in spite of a deserved reputation for Yankee "slickness," and his shrewd, droll comment make him well worth knowing. And "*the* old maids," to whose spotless carpets and ministrations of pepper tea the orphaned Bradley was welcomed, are humorous and human, though stock figures in New England fiction. Altogether, "Partners of the Tide" will not disappoint those who expect from Mr. Lincoln a pleasant mixture of vigorous incident, everyday love, and homely humor.

We have few writers capable of producing as ingenious and diverting a little book as Mr. Edwin Lefevre's "The Golden Flood." Mr. Lefevre knows Wall Street well enough to avoid both hysteria and triteness in describing it, and is able to discuss millions, even billions, with no recourse whatever to rhetorical shrieks or superlatives. His two financiers are characterized with a subdued and delicate irony that demands quotation. Richard Dawson, the bank president, "had a way of being polite as though his very thoughts were punctilious." Nevertheless, "his vocal stiletto was of steel and white hot. The timorous assistant cashier left as though a stupendous draft of air had sucked him out of the room through the door." But Mr. Lefevre knows how to tell a good story as well as to suggest an entire character by a single phrase of gentle satire. The comedy in which young Mr. Grinnell, of whom no one has ever heard, produces so many millions in gold that the ablest financiers in "the Street" are forced to the conclusion that he is an alchemist, is so delightfully adroit that it would be brutal for a reviewer to reveal the springs of it. But it should at least be made plain that nobody need look askance at "The Golden Flood" because of his own unfamiliarity with financial jargon. The narrative is perfectly lucid and technicalities are kept in their proper place. If there be any capitalist who has still retained a trace of humor he ought to enjoy this book; but the man who has never cut a coupon can enjoy it just as much.

"He stood with hands in the pockets of his overcoat, smoking his cigar, watching the crane accurately swing a beam to its place and a couple of men run along it and bolt it at each end to the columns. He had a face to hold one's look—lean and long; gray, quick eyes, set close together; high cheek-bones, with the dull polish of bronze; a thin nose, with a vulturous droop; a wide tight mouth; a great bone of a chin—a daring, incisive, masterful face." This is Foley, who plays the title rôle in Leroy Scott's novel, "The Walking Delegate." The story is one of action; it deals with the inner meanings of a strike and of the larger industrial conflict. Foley, having gained power in his union, forces it to play his game with the contractors, forces the contractors to bribe him, but is himself forced to fly from justice when his conspiracy with wealthy employers is finally discovered. The book is in no sense a "pamphlet" for or against unionism; it pictures the self-interest which exists on either side of the struggle and the temptations confronting both employer and employee. It is dramatic—inevitably, and absolutely sincere; its directness has intensity. It means much to those who desire that men feel what they write and write of what is to-day of greatest importance.

Should a counterfeiter be legally pardoned, if he be a stupid old German who, bewildered at the sudden loss of a lifetime's savings, adopts the only means at hand of supporting his family, without realizing the significance of his course? This is one of the questions that Mr. Arthur Henry raises in his last novel, "The Unwritten Law," whose purpose is to criticize society for its condemnation of crimes for which it is itself responsible, and

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to plead for social honesty and enlightenment. In other sections of the loosely woven story Mr. Henry has a message for parents who fail to give their children the knowledge that would be their safeguard; and another for lovers who fear to mar romance with honesty. There is so much of sanity and soundness in Mr. Henry's theories that the faults in taste and in the construction of the story are to be deplored. Strong realistic passages cannot atone for tiresome detail and a lamentable failure to fuse the various elements into a whole that could be rightly called a novel.

The "careful man" in the title story of E. S. Martin's "The Courtship of a Careful Man," is a wealthy New York bachelor. Having prudently made up his mind to marry, for various excellent reasons, he surprises himself by falling boyishly in love, and almost misses the elected lady by failing to tell her so. "What was the use of my telling you unless you were going to have me?" he inquires. "To love a woman at twenty-two and blurt it out is a relief to the feelings, and no discredit —it is different at thirty-five." Not one of the other four love stories in the volume has a plot less well known to the readers of current magazine fiction than this; there is not one less slight, less obvious from the beginning. They are frankly unpretentious as to plot; but as examples of the story of not too smart society which unites delicate sentiment, far removed from passion, with spontaneous cleverness and brilliancy of dialogue, they are eminently successful. It is not a type that admits of greatness, but requires a lightness, a deftness of touch, deceptive in its apparent simplicity, of which Mr. Martin's essays have proved him the possessor.

Mary Austin's first novel, "Isidro," can scarcely fail to establish the reputation two volumes of sketches have given her for artistic presentation of California life. In the story, which centers around Monterey in the days just preceding the secularization of the missions, there are few new elements: certainly the slender shepherd lad, who loves and follows Isidro, a young Castilian priest in his novitiate, and who turns out to be a long-lost heiress, is not an unfamiliar figure. Nor is the consideration that Mrs. Austin has dealt successfully with most of the difficulties that such a character creates, the chief distinction of the story. Yet that is noteworthy. The boyishness of the girl's love almost up to the time when her secret is disclosed—"the love of young lads for older, the dawn soul for the soul of morning"—saves it from the potential indelicacy of the situation; and the transition to woman's passion is convincingly portrayed. Less skilfully managed is the development of Isidro's love out of regret for the loss of the lad suddenly become his wife—a regret the reader readily shares, for Jacinta, the wife, is hardly so charming as the spirited "Briar." There is careful character delineation of these two; and there is much dramatic incident—what with Indians and murder and forest-fires—though little straining for suspense and climactic effect. The total impression, indeed, is pictorial rather than dramatic. Mere plot would be of slight significance without Mrs. Austin's fine appreciation of the beauty of mesa and forest, "the lucent green of wild oats, the burnt gold of poppies"; without her gracious sympathy that includes alike priest and Indian and the forest-creatures in its scope; above all, without the power inherent in her style to transport one to the realm of romance in which the story moves. Form and content are in perfect harmony; the author's quaint seeming simplicity of expression, that nevertheless is far from simple, is an exquisite vehicle for her story, and makes the question of conviction an irrelevance.

OTHER BOOKS

"Serena." (Virginia Frazer Boyle.) A story of the South during the Civil War, with an attractive and heroic Southern girl for heroine. Not distinguished above others of its class, but sincere, wholesome, and absorbing.

"The Wanderers." (Henry C. Rowland.) Whimsically diverting story of two yachtsmen's adventures in the Orient, but careless, and a long way from Stevenson, the author's model.

"Amanda of the Mill." (Marie Van Vorst.) Significant chiefly for the chapters which portray vividly and powerfully conditions prevalent in Southern cotton-mills, and not for the love story, which follows the line of least resistance.

"The Bishop's Niece." (George H. Picard.) A fresh and readable, though unimportant, story of denominational enmity overcome by love, with a tantalizing ending.

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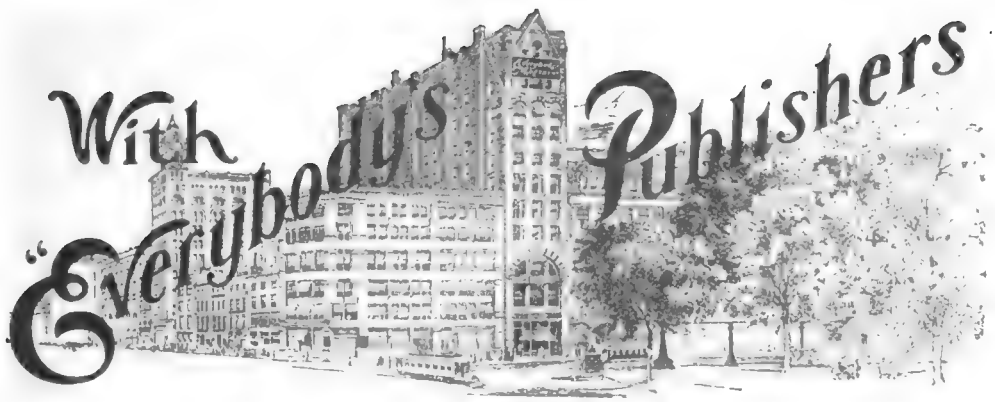

UNION SQUARE NORTH

IF you don't mind, we should like to tell you what we think of you. Our life-work is to please you. We have discovered that "trying to please" is a short cut to friendship. We have studied your purposes and your passions and your caprices. Frankly, we confess to a very warm personal regard for you.

Certain traits of yours have been especially brought home to us by your attitude toward Mr. Lawson's story which we are running in EVERYBODY'S. With the sale of the magazine as a guide, and with the hundreds of letters we have received, and the thousands of clippings from the newspapers all over the country, we can pretty nearly tell what you are thinking about, and how your attitude changes from month to month.

One of the traits which seem to be peculiar to you is your marvelous desire to learn about almost every conceivable subject—to go poking round the universe asking questions about everything you see and many things you only dream of. Your average man to-day knows more about most things than your experts did a few years ago. Doubtless this is partly due to curiosity, but in the main it is a real passion to know things and their why.

Another trait which no other people has in such a marked degree is your hero-worship. You dearly love a man who "makes good." You throw yourself before your heroes in a perfect abandon of devotion and admiration. You are almost capable of admiring John D. Rockefeller, because he is unquestionably the best in his line.

Your broad toleration is sometimes mistaken for indifference, even inertia. The summary fashion in which you dispose of a demagogue, after you have given him a chance and he has failed to prove himself, is evidence enough that it was your toleration, and not your indifference, which permitted him to thrive so long. What other people on the face of the earth, having your capacity and your strength, would permit giant monopolies to fatten for years at public expense? That you have suffered it so long is a very proof of your strength. Your Constitution guarantees freedom not only to your poor man but to your rich man, and you would not make a move to limit the freedom of your rich man until he had been given every opportunity to play fair. But the wrath of patient people is all the more terrible, once it is aroused.

Of a part with your toleration is your love of fair play. There must be no dark-lantern work. There must be no stabbing in the back. There must be no fouling. You love to watch a fair fight, and have been known to take part in one or two yourself.

When Frenzied Finance began you scented a fight. Later you discovered that the man writing the story knew all about his subject, and your desire to learn about finance kept your interest alive through chapters which you would otherwise not have read. As the story ran along there was a constant shifting of position in your attitude toward Mr. Lawson. Nearly all of you welcomed him for the light he could throw on a hitherto unlighted subject, but many questioned his motives; some were sure he would never tell the story; but everybody was enjoying the fight.

As the story warmed up to the climax with "The Crime of Amalgamated" in the June number, there was a very noticeable scurrying of doubts as to whether Mr. Lawson would tell the story or not, and in its place came a profound certainty in the minds of those who had been doubting, that whatever his purpose,

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Mr. Lawson really meant to tell the story, just as he said he would, and a consequent admiration that always goes to the man who "delivers the goods." There is not the slightest question that Mr. Lawson has your confidence to-day as he has never had it before. Even those of you who are still unconvinced as to the worthiness of his motive must be grateful to him for the good he has unquestionably accomplished; must respect him for fulfilling his contract with you to date; must take off your hats before his daring to court ruin and misery at the hands of the grueling "System."

We wish you to know that he has engaged upon one of the greatest works for humanity that have ever been attempted, and we believe that he is entitled, yes, even to your cooperation. If in the end his "Remedy" should not remedy, we have not the slightest doubt that he will have demonstrated to you the genuineness of his purpose; to make things better for you. If he should fail utterly to make his plan work we could not be very much worse off than we are at present, under a "System" where inhuman men, in the name of competition, use their brutal power not only to crush competition human and inhuman, but to rob humanity of its comforts—its very existence.

We are not Socialists, but at the risk of being accused of waving the red flag of anarchy we must ask, What right has one man to acres on acres of game forests and miles on miles of trout streams? What right has one man to a private yacht with 180 men on board to look after him? Understand, we do not believe in an equal division of property or any of that sort of thing. We do not approve of anything which would limit any man's honest ambition. What we do wish to remind you of, and in the most forcible way possible, is the wide gulf between rich and poor which has been growing rapidly wider in the last few years, and which threatens untold horrors if some plan is not evolved to bridge it.

We have heard men argue that Henry H. Rogers and the "System" back of him are entirely within their rights in giving no quarter, because they ask for none. It is pagan logic born of brute ancestry. The best blood of the centuries has gone to build up a better standard—good-will to men. "Oh, it is excellent to have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous to use it like a giant!" The mystery is that the "System's" huge structure, built and reared by the master brain of John D. Rockefeller on an island of broken hearts in a sea of salt tears, could have stood so long. It is because Mr. Lawson so thoroughly knows the substructure that he has essayed, single-handed, to pull down the superstructure. Destruction is progress when the destroyer can build better for mankind. Those of you who may still be hunting for Mr. Lawson's motives among the slimy, crawling things of creation, will find that as he has told his story to date, just as he said he would, so will he go on to the end of the chapter, and when his story is told you will have, in place of the brutal, pagan "System," a new one upon which he has been at work for years; simple, fair, benevolent. One which does not call for any revolutionary changes of present methods. One which does not destroy any real values. One which does not take away from any man anything that he owns to-day, and has come by honestly. One which does not require a state of things approximating the millennium, but which, on the contrary, takes human nature just as it is and which leaves a world of room for competition and ambition.

Mr. Lawson has enough of this world's goods, and he is clever enough to safeguard his fortune so that he and Mrs. Lawson and their children, and their children's children, need never want for anything. Is it not to his everlasting honor that he deliberately elects to risk it all in a fight which is your fight, with the hope of solving problems which are your problems, and which he understands so well that he has been able to make them as clear to you as the problems of your own every-day life? Why should not the same genius find the solution, and why should not you give Mr. Lawson Godspeed in his splendid work?

We know you. You do. You will.

FAIRBANKS, ALASKA.

Gentlemen: I am a reader of your magazine, which we receive about sixty days after its publication. My last number, just received two weeks ahead of time, having traveled about fifteen hundred miles over ice and snow.

Please let Mr. Lawson tell his story for the benefit of your far-away Alaska readers. The newsdealer has just sold out his supply of EVERYBODY'S at one dollar and fifty cents ($1.50) per copy; by the time my copy is read by all the applicants I have for it, I will have to have its pages bound in leather to keep it from falling apart.

Wishing you success, I remain, M. A. W.

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Frenzied Finance

Continued from page 40

Europe as well. Set down there were towns and villages I had never heard of, and my mind made pictures for me of fathers, mothers, and children, beguiled by my pledges and promises, embracing the opportunity to add to their scanty hordes. But it was not a moment to indulge in scares, so I slipped over the people's mites and fixed my mind on the millions.

The Lewisohns were down for eleven millions, and Mr. Rogers's old cronies, John Moore's firm, were represented by a subscription of between six and seven millions. As I ran over the names I found million after million down to Mr. Rogers's friends, which told me that he had spared no one. All the lieutenants and the queer people who do the confidential business of the "System," and invariably turn up at melon-cutting time, were down for round amounts. Conspicuous among the rest was the name of that rising votary of the "System" who won notoriety, while Comptroller of the Currency under President Cleveland, as manipulator of the slick bond deal which has gone into American history as among the queerest performances of its period. Loaded up with Government banking secrets, this young person subsequently became a prize for whom the various organizations of the "System" competed valorously. There he was, in three places—James H. Eckels, President of the Commercial Bank of Chicago, 6,000, 2,000, and 2,000 shares—or a million dollars altogether.

Another name caught my eye: "Bay State Gas Co., J. Edward Addicks, 20,000 shares,"—two millions of dollars. I leaned back and laughed as I thought of this wary old fox, with the bruises and scars of the "System's" hopper thick all over his body, dutifully bringing his contribution to his old enemy, Rogers. And Rogers, disdainful and contemptuous of the man, found his $400,000 good. This, I said to myself, is a case of spider eat spider with a vengeance; and I wondered if experience is really as good a teacher as the copy-book says.

Hour after hour I pondered over that list, "sizing up" each subscriber and wondering what his financial condition was. At last I dropped it, swearing to myself to use every effort to protect these thousands of people who had ventured so much money on the strength of my pledges.

Two days later the allotments were officially announced; in a few days more the receipts were issued and Amalgamated was fairly out in the world on its own feet. It was not listed on any of the exchanges yet, but it was very much in the mouths of people and in the papers. And every day the ominous feeling grew that something was wrong. It was a contradictory situation and no one could put a finger on the trouble. Rumors one heard, but no definite derogatory statements. The truth was that those who knew what was wrong had good reasons for saying nothing, while all who had to do with stock affairs and surmised the evil, were themselves loaded up with the stock and hoping against hope that our promises of great profits would yet be fulfilled.

It was my part to keep up these anticipations and by hook or crook prevent Rogers and Rockefeller from unloading. I bought and bought to steady the market when no one else apparently would buy; and when I found others whom I could induce to venture, I had them relieve those who were faltering and who must sell. When Mr. Rogers took me to task, I invented all manner of excuses to account for my tardiness in creating a market on which he could unload his holdings. He listened impatiently and incredulously, and I felt that sooner or later he would take the bit in his teeth.

In spite of my efforts the price of Amalgamated dropped and dropped and it was all I could do to prevent a quick crash. My profits—the immense sum of money I had

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obtained at the settlement—had been used up, together with the great sums I had borrowed on my own allotment of shares. At intervals I stopped long enough to make brief excursions into sugar or other stocks, out of which I captured additional hundreds of thousands, but every cent of such gains went toward staying the avalanche. These indeed were days of desperation and black despair, all the more trying because I had to look happy and talk hopefully; all the harder because my enemies came out of their holes and did their bit to balk my efforts; and the more painful because the public were beginning to doubt whether the second section was coming—and whether it had best come—and our Boston "Coppers" had begun to drop in value.

During all this time I had troubled myself but little about the Flower pool, which had been set going soon after the conversation in which Mr. Rogers had told me that he and Mr. Rockefeller intended to unload their stock. I concluded that the pool would surely get a share of what they had to sell, and showed no inclination to join in with it. Whereupon Mr. Rogers said to me:

"As every one is going into the pool, Lawson, it will seem strange if you are missing, so you had best send Flower your check and I will see you get it back later."

"For how much?" I asked him.

"A hundred thousand will be about right," he answered, and I had sent it, and that was all I had heard of the subject until one day after the stock had been weaker than usual I received by mail a brusk notice from Flower & Co. to mail them another hundred thousand dollars. Immediately I called up the banking-house, and learned to my horror and astonishment that the pool had accumulated over 225,000 shares. I went at once to Mr. Rogers with Flower's call and said:

"I know nothing whatever of this affair, Mr. Rogers, and as I had not been unloading any of my stock and have all I can do to keep up my end anyway, you will look after it, of course."

He took the notice and said: "I will attend to it." Remembering his intentions to unload, after what I had heard of the pool's accumulations I was not surprised at Mr. Rogers's willingness to take care of this matter of mine. It is of interest now, in looking back over our affairs, to recall that though there were several periods later when the sledding was hard, and I needed all the money I could lay hands on, he never offered to return me that hundred thousand, not even after the pool had liquidated, as will be shown later. In spite of this fact, in his readiness to hurl any charge or insult at me, he had his hireling, Denis Donohoe, recently make the accusation that I alone of all its members refused to keep up my payments to the Flower pool.

The story of "Frenzied Finance" covers the nine years of my connection with "Standard Oil," and is so replete with happenings and side issues that the preservation of chronological sequence is out of the question. To give the several great episodes as wholes seems the most logical fashion of procedure, and I am linking together related incidents, though, in some instances, months intervened between their occurrence. Our climaxes were invariably separated by torpid intervals in which some crime was being digested or lived down or some new depredation incubated. These interregnums are best covered and connected with the main narrative by means of brief résumés. Before passing from the foregoing crisis to a series of incidents hardly less sensational, which in point of occurrence preceded it, and of which I propose to treat in my next instalment, the Amalgamated history of the months that followed the crime may be briefly summarized: Amalgamated, from the day the subscription closed until the inception of the next episode in its scaly history, which was in 1900, sagged away in price until it touched 76, and during all this time there was a constant outpour of shares from mysterious sources. As my friends bought, as I myself bought, as the Flower pool bought, and as, when the consequences of the crime began to come home in the series of suicides and defalcations which occurred at this period, Marcus Daly, Morgan and his people, and even Stillman's friends all loaded up with the shares in a vain effort to support its price and still the public clamor—the dullest of my readers may easily guess who it was that kept unloading.

CHAPTER XXXV

A RETROSPECT AND A MORAL

THE crime of Amalgamated and its immediate consequences are before my readers. I have fulfilled the promise made in my foreword to expose to the people of America the

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manner in which they have been plundered and the methods by which the "System" habitually cheats them out of their savings. Robbery conducted on so gigantic a scale as I have pictured must necessarily simulate the natural processes of finance, and to understand the deep devices of the schemers requires a knowledge of banking and commercial practises which the average man has no chance to attain. If I had begun my story by stating exactly what constituted the crime of Amalgamated, my readers would not have grasped its heinousness. In the twelve months that I have taken to lead up to it they have been educated in the piratical practises of finance and financiers, and have acquired familiarity with the jugglery of corporations and the multiplication and division of stock certificates through which most of the great American fortunes have been created.

Depending still on the ignorance of its blinded dupes, the "System" again raises its brazen face from among the poison rushes of Wall Street and hisses, "Listen to what he calls a great crime—a simple business transaction. It is no crime, but a common practise of modern finance and by no means unusual or extraordinary."

No crime to take from thousands of the people by a trick thirty-six millions of the results of our great country's prosperity? Think of what this vast sum represents—the revenues of a year's work of 36,000 men earning each $1,000. Think of it, ye millions who dig and delve and bear heavy burdens for your mothers, wives, and children in exchange for a bite to eat and a couch to sleep upon!

The crime of Amalgamated, as I have explained it, constitutes a specific breach of the banking laws of the State and nation. But the legal aspects of the offense are trivial in comparison with the great moral crime which was consummated by Henry H. Rogers and James Stillman, in the National City Bank on that night in May, 1899. Through false representations and specious pledges and the credit of the names of "Standard Oil" and the National City Bank, thousands of people were beguiled into investing their savings in this Amalgamated Copper Company. Because of the promise of great gains other thousands mortgaged their homes, appropriated their wives' savings, even their employers' funds, and put them into this fair-seeming enterprise. The greatest bank in America aided and abetted the conspiracy by the loan of its funds to lure the victims deeper into the toils. All in, the trap is sprung; the thousands are despoiled of their savings by familiar devices of finance, and throughout the land is spread a wave of misery, madness, and despair.

The crime of Amalgamated, a critical correspondent writes me, is purely a Wall Street offense, important to bankers and capitalists but of no consequence to the working men, the farmers, or the toiling millions who have no savings to invest in stocks. "Of what concern is it to us," says this writer, "how one section of the rich robs another of its hoardings?"

Poor fool! A few men cannot deprive even a few thousands of so great a sum as $36,000,000 without working untold injury upon the entire body of the people. Such a stupendous sum looted from the coffers of the many and piled in the vaults of three or four men unbalances the whole economic structure of the nation. The consequences of that act do not end in the series of defalcations and bankruptcies, imprisonments and suicides, in the ruined homes and wrecked careers, that follow in its immediate wake. In the grip of these plunderers entrenched in the stronghold of finance each of these filched millions becomes a new weapon of oppression. Because of the crime of Amalgamated every pound of food that goes to sustain life in the American people, every shingle on every roof that shelters the American people, every mile of transportation for man or freight in America; in fact, every necessity and every luxury of the American people has had added to its cost some fractional increase, representing in the aggregate tens and tens of millions annually, which, flowing into the coffers of the "System," strengthen and extend its stupendous grip on the property of the nation.

Our country for a generation has been prosperous beyond the dreams of man, yet what have the masses of our people to show for it? A better, a higher, and a MORE EXPENSIVE standard of living—that is all. That this prosperity which is our national boast will last forever is incredible. Sooner or later will come one of the times when Nature frowns and sends her floods, her droughts, and her epidemics of disease. Is the American people prepared by its long-sustained prosperity to bridge over that period of want and suffering?

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The truth is that the mass of our population has not sufficient surplus laid by to last over thirty days of such an unlucky interval. All the unearned increment of national prosperity the "System" has captured and capitalized. Not only have the people been deprived of the profits of their labor, but this capitalized prosperity is the stern instrument by which new burdens are laid on their shoulders and new tithes are exacted from their wages. But for the plundering "System" the great mass of our people could sit in their tents in the shade of their husbanded harvests and laugh to scorn the frowns of fortune. Now, I say, God help the nation when Nature, tired from her great work, rests, and the people, too, are compelled to rest—then will come an awful awakening. When the millions face famine and realize for the first time that their gigantic storehouses, filled to bursting with the surplus of the past, are the property of the few who cannot even count the contents, much less use them—when they realize that these hoarded treasures are as far beyond their starved reach as are the violets and daisies beyond the picking of the galley-slave, then they will appreciate how much deeper and more damnable are the crimes of the "System," such as that of Amalgamated and its ilk, than even national tragedies like the assassinations of Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley, at each of which all the people held aloft their hands in horror.

Why is it that the millions of intelligent, able-bodied Americans, who could crush the tribe of Rockefeller as elephants crush snakes, rise with each sun and dig and delve and suffer that a Rogers may wallow in wealth and an Armour gain a greater income than the Rothschilds? Why are they so easily hoodwinked into imagining that the elaborate reports detailing the immense and growing wealth of the country represent their own well-being and affluence? Because the wise men of the "System" know human nature, know that most men and women accept unquestioningly the conditions they find surrounding them. Each day it is pounded into the heads of the people through a hundred agencies that they are the greatest and most flourishing of peoples and that the laws and customs which regulate their lives and rights are the best in all the world. How shall the people know that these glowing rumors, these propitious tidings, are but the siren songs of the "System" under the spell of which they are despoiled of their savings?

Ask yourselves, my friends, how much you know about those familiar things which are part of your lives as are the sunshine, the grass, and the flowers—your Bible, your money, your playing-cards. Each is an institution so consecrated by custom that you accept it exactly for what it meant to your father as he took it from his own father a generation before. That the Holy Book is God's message to His children, the human race, we know because we have the words of our ancestors therefor; the stamped silver and gold we take for granted as we do shoes and clothes, because money is an essential factor in the social fabric and the form in which it comes to us seems as inevitable as the moon or our ten fingers; humanity has gone on for hundreds of years considering the knave of greater value than the ten-spot and the one-spot of higher worth than all the others, because it is content to believe that the rules that have been handed down apportioning these values are the best that could be devised. With a hundred other details and appurtenances of our daily life, it is the same—we accept unreasoningly what we are told or what is given us, with no look forward or back, and, engaged with the thousand new toys and problems which Fate, the conjurer, shakes out of his hat, we become bound by habit and blinded by precedent.

The love men have for the formulas and conventions of their daily lives is the "System's" opportunity for plunder, and it is this fundamental principle of humanity that makes my work so difficult. It would be as easy to instruct the masses that their playing-cards are all wrong and that the ace is really of lower value than the two-spot as it is to awaken them to the terrors of the conditions that are confronting them; to compel them to realize that a despotism of dollars is being organized among them; that the cherished institutions of generations are the instruments by which a few daring schemers are concentrating into their own hands the money of the nation, and that this concentration can have no other result than the abject slavery of the American people.

(Mr. Lawson's story of "Frenzied Finance" will be continued in the August number.)

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Lawson and His Critics

Readers of "Frenzied Finance" are invited to relieve their minds of any perplexities created by Mr. Lawson's story. He will answer any pertinent question.

NEW YORK.

Dear Sir: I have read all that you have written in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and have been unusually interested. If you will consult the Amalgamated subscription list you will see my house is down for quite a large amount. For this reason and others, and as an old member of our Stock Exchange, I naturally follow such writings as yours. At the beginning I agreed with most bankers in believing that you were actuated by a desire to get even with Mr. Rogers, Mr. Rockefeller, or Mr. Addicks, but as your tale progressed I thought I perceived a sincere desire to carry out some genuine work of reform in the system of conducting the stock business, then when you began your advertising work last December I shifted again and felt that your efforts were probably for personal gain.

Since then I have noted your every move with an acute interest, for I became convinced you were going to work considerable mischief before you got through. Of late you have been so bold—and I believe I voice the opinions of the large majority of men connected with financial affairs when I say *dangerous*—that I cannot resist writing you as I do herewith.

You advertise through the daily press and in your "Critics" pages that you are doing all in your power to create unrest and fear among the people for the purpose of frightening them into selling their stocks and bonds, and you go further and openly make the most astounding of statements, the most dangerous and vicious—that you will endeavor to have all the people owning deposits in banks, trust, and insurance companies withdraw them in concert.

I will be frank and state that if I did not know your business career and had not read your writings, I would dismiss this latter statement of yours by calling on the proper authorities to take cognizance of you as a most dangerous lunatic, but as your business career and your writings show you to be an able financier, a successful business man, an advanced thinker and brilliant writer, I feel that mental derangement cannot be the cause of this remarkable proceeding.

Therefore, I challenge you, as one who professes to be an honest man, to answer at once the enclosed list of questions fully and unqualifiedly in your magazine before you make any more extraordinary and, I believe, perilous public requests, and I warn you that if you do not do so, I shall consider it my duty to make public through the press of this country and other places where you have been advertising your vicious theories, that you have not dared to make answer. In other words, I shall, after the next issue of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, if it does not contain your answers, publish broadcast a copy of this letter, and in all fairness and sincerity I warn you I will not be deterred from doing this by any excuse you may make that my letter was received too late for the July number of the magazine, or that more important matters take up your space. I have by diligent research ascertained that you will have to formulate your answer at least forty-eight hours from the time this letter is placed in your hands before the section containing your "Lawson and His Critics" pages is sent to press; or, to be plainer, I can have advertisements inserted in the same section as that containing your "Critics" pages if I hand in my copy forty-eight hours after you will have received my letter.

Therefore, you have sufficient time, and you know as well as I that in the present excited condition of the public mind, which has been created largely by your public statements, there can be nothing more deserving of space in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE than the answers to my questions. You must realize, sir, that in all sections of the country small holders of stocks are not only selling their holdings, but that small depositors in banks and trust companies are already beginning to withdraw their deposits, that already many small banks have failed because of this feeling of apprehension. So far as Wall Street is concerned, legitimate business is practically dead, and you have, for the time being at least, killed it. I will not add what ill your attacks have worked in the large insurance companies, for it is, I am sorry to say, patent to all that there is but little life-insurance business being done at present by the very large companies, and at best it will require years to live down the unsettlement you have wrought in the people's confidence in this worthy and time-proven institution.

These are the questions I want answers to, and answers in keeping with those broad professions of honesty and keen regard for the best interests of the people which you have been making.

Earnestly and respectfully yours,

---

1. Do you know economics and finance, money, banking, credits, corporations, and business in their broad relations to the people, the American Government, and natural law and the relation each holds to the other, or is your knowledge confined to a skimming and smattering such as any alert and bright stock speculator would naturally pick up in years of experience as a broker and manipulator?

2. Do you not know that in all times there have

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been, and must naturally be, very rich men, and that necessarily there can be but very few of these, and that where they are must be very many times more poorer ones, very poor ones?

3. Do you not know that there must be billions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds in America, and that they must not only increase but increase very rapidly, and that their existence instead of being evidence of great evil is proof positive of the great prosperity of the whole country and the whole people, and that it is the sacred duty of all the people down to the very poorest, who own none of these, to guard, protect, and maintain their price, and not the duty of any honest man to destroy or shrink the value of this evidence of real wealth?

4. Do you not know that a large portion of all these stocks and bonds are owned by the masses of the people; that if they should be frightened into selling them there would be no place to put the vast sums they would receive for them, as the banks could not profitably use this cash if it were added to what is deposited now, and that the only sufferers by this frightened and forced selling would be the people whom you profess to be working for?

5. Do you not know that if the people should start on a given day to withdraw their money from the banks and trust companies throughout this country, there would be the worst calamity in this country that the world has ever witnessed; that all lines of business would be disorganized; that the country would be set back a very long time, and that the principal sufferers would be the working people and the farmers, and, in fact, all those classes you profess to be working for; and do you not know that in the middle of this calamity you would probably be lynched and perhaps torn limb from limb by the crazed and deluded people, who would then see the danger of your teachings?

6. Do you not know that the result of the people's selling their stocks and bonds in concert would be a great drop in their price, and that the people's raiding the banks and trust companies of their deposits would also bring about a tremendous drop in the price of stocks and bonds; that the only ones who can possibly benefit are the bears who sell short; that these bears have no legitimate standing in the business world, and should have none, and that in the broadest sense of the term they are not honest men?

7. Do you not know that the greatest institution in this country to-day is life-insurance, and that if you disturb the confidence of the people in life-insurance their families will be deprived of the greatest source of income at a time when most in need of it?

8. Do you not know that there can be no new remedy for the present condition of affairs, even if it is really as bad as you picture it, and that the only remedy or cure possible is a more honest enforcement of our present laws, a more honest conduct of our present enormous business, and a more intelligent recognition by the working people and farmers of the inevitable natural laws? Also that there can be nothing more pernicious than this constant teaching them that their interests are opposed to the interests of the very rich class?

9. Did you not write your story to advertise yourself for the purpose of making money out of the following your disclosures would bring you and for the purpose of making money for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE?

10. Do you not own the largest part of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, and has not your part of the profits received from that source since you began your story been very large?

11. Do you not sell stocks short before each of your advertisements, and are not the press stories and the one now current in Wall Street that you made over a million dollars in the decline which preceded the appearance of the June EVERYBODY'S, true?

12. Are you going to commit the crime of calling out bank and trust company deposits?

13. If you make such a call, and it is answered, and there is a destructive panic and a number of the big New York banks and trust companies fail, what will you do?

14. If the masses should sell their stocks and bonds and get their money, what would then happen?

15. Do you dare say to your readers now and unqualifiedly, that you have a real remedy for the present financial evils, and that it will show when it is given that it is anything more than some new scheme by which you personally are to get the people's money?

16. Do you dare to say now to your readers unqualifiedly that this remedy will show conclusively that it has not been invented since you began your story of "Frenzied Finance"?

17. Do you dare tell your readers now and unqualifiedly that you personally did not make money out of what you call the "Amalgamated swindle"?

18. Do you dare tell your readers now and unqualifiedly that you have not made money, and an enormous amount of it—very much more than all you have spent in connection with your work of "Frenzied Finance"—out of the people since your story began?

I will state in fairness to you before you make answer to the above questions that it is now my intention to take your answers into court in a suit which will be brought, and that if you have made answers different from those you make under oath you will be held up to the scorn of the whole American people.

I admire your smartness. Of the thousands of letters I have recently received yours is the cunningest. If I do not answer your shrewd and adroitly put questions in the brief space at my disposal, you will discredit my work. If I take offense at your way of putting your questions, you will have the pretext you are evidently looking for. Then, your closing warning is so manly and generous! I must not lie, because if I do, you will expose me in court! You thought that would make good reading after I had refused to make reply in this issue, and you had advertised your letter. Again, you probably figured that as my June chapter was all taken up with my story and there was no room for the insurance article I had promised, I should need all my "Critics" space this month for it—and then you must have learned that I intended to reprint the *Col-*

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lier's Weekly controversy; so, all in all, I guess you were pretty sure I could not answer your apparently fair and honest questions.

I'll disappoint you. If my "Critics" pages had actually been on the press at the moment your questions came in, I should have telegraphed the publishers to yank off the plates and hold up the edition at my own expense until I should have time to polish off your interrogations. Before starting in let me say to you that if you will find a way of getting my answers out into the open under oath, I shall consider that you have done me and my work a good turn.

QUESTION 1. I KNOW economics and finance, money, banking, credits, corporations, and business in their broad relations to the people, the American Government, and natural laws, and the relation each holds to the other—not as well as I should like to KNOW them, but as well as any member of the "Standard Oil," of the "System," or any one of their hirelings knows them. You have been brutally blunt in putting your questions, so don't accuse me of egotism if I bluntly answer: I know them all, top, sides, and bottom, from thirty-six years' book study of them and thirty-six years' actual experience in the nine-pin alleys where they are daily and nightly set up for the express purpose of being knocked down. I know the relation of each of these important life factors to each of the now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't jokers of the "System." Make no mistake, Mr. Banker, my knowledge is not "a skimming and smattering such as an alert and bright stock speculator naturally picks up in years of experience as a broker and manipulator," but the straight brand which the "Standard Oil" and the "System" so like to impress into their service when they run up against it in their continuous robbing excursions. You may judge that my knowledge is not of the smattering kind when I say that for years, in spite of my refusal to join the band and wear the collar, whenever Rogers and Rockefeller had a particularly hard nut to crack, they called me in to try it on my "KNOWS."

2. Yes, I am aware there have always been, and that there will always continue to be, very rich men, and that there cannot be many of them, and that where they are there must be very poor ones. But I also know that no honest man, rich or poor, objects to the necessarily few very rich ones who have honestly acquired great fortunes as the reward of their own or their ancestors' labors of body or brain in the interest of all the people. Don't misunderstand me—no honest man or woman can object to the *necessary* great fortunes, but all honest American men and women do object, and are getting ready to make their objection heard, to all unnecessary great fortunes, "made dollar" fortunes gained by trick of finance or evasion of law, or the brutal and ruthless stock manipulation of recent years. The sooner the "System" and the other possessors of these "unnecessaries" realize that their doom is sealed and dig for the cyclone cellars, the quicker the American people will get through with the strenuous house-cleaning job for which they are just rolling up their sleeves.

3. I do know there must be billions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds in America. I also know that among these legitimate billions of dollars are now mixed other billions of dollars' worth that have no proper title to being, save the greed of the "System." That while the existence of certain billions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds is proof positive of the great prosperity of the whole country and the whole people, it does not follow that their existence is proof that the hands they are found in are the hands they should rest in. Further, I assert that the existence of other billions of dollars' worth of stocks and bonds is proof positive that the laws have been violated and that the great prosperity of the whole country has been used as the excuse and motive of this violation, and declare that, in my opinion, it is the duty of honest men and women to do all in their power to shrink fictitious securities and to destroy them; and, further, that it is the duty of all honest men to lend a hand so that the legitimate billions of dollars of stocks and bonds may be returned to the hands of those who are legally entitled to them.

4. I am aware that the people owned billions of these stocks and bonds three years ago, and also that if they had then sold them back to the "System," even at the price they had paid for them, and had kept their money in the banks without interest, or had even buried it in the ground or kept it in their stockings for a year, they would have been able to buy back for fifty cents on the dollar what they had sold the "System," thereby making for themselves billions of dollars and impoverishing the "System" by just as many billions as they had made. You know that the "System," after it had loaded up

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the people with its stocks, "shook them out," and thereby gathered in half the billions of money the people had paid for what they bought.

Let me illustrate. The people bought of the "System" for 760 millions of dollars the Steel Trust stocks and bonds, and after the people had the "System's" chromos and the "System" had the people's 760 millions of savings, the "System" caused the price to be cut in two. Then it bought back the Steel Trust's chromos for 380 millions, thereby transferring from the people to the "System," in this one instance alone, 380 millions. And further, after the people had been shaken out of their stocks and bonds and the millions of their savings—in the Steel Trust alone 380 millions—the "System," having these securities in its possession, began to inflate prices for the purpose of again selling to the people; in December last they had inflated the prices of billions of stocks and bonds to their old false figures, and were then preparing to unload them on to the people; in the case of the Steel Trust stocks and bonds the price had again mounted to 760 millions. In compliance with my warnings the people began in December last to unload upon the "System" the billions they then held at these inflated prices, and they have continued to do so ever since, and they have suffered no hardship by the forced selling into which I have frightened them. I further know that they will find good use for this money at a later period in buying back from the "System" these same securities at their true worth; in other words, that before I am through with my work they will be able to repurchase from the "System" for 380 millions or less the Steel stocks and bonds now selling for 760 millions.

5. I do know that one of the most colossal impositions ever perpetrated on the whole people of any nation is that formula which the "System' has so insidiously instilled into the minds of the American people during the last century, to wit: that they must do nothing which might disturb the "System" in its use at two to four per cent. per annum of all the people's savings, deposited in banks and trust companies throughout the country; that if they do there will be a Wall Street panic, and thereby all the people will be made to suffer great hardships. On the contrary, I know that if the people do what is necessary to shake off the "System's" strangling grip upon their savings, the "System" will suffer death, and everlasting profit and advantage will accrue to the nation. Though it be necessary for the people to withdraw from the banks and trust and insurance companies their billions of savings, and even though such withdrawal must cause a temporary business crash and the failure of many of the financial institutions of the country, the sacrifice would be many thousand times compensated for by the benefits that would follow in its train. I will go further and state that if such radical action should become necessary, the people should willingly face the failure and destruction of one half the banking institutions of New York if by doing so they could absolutely destroy the "System." But do not misunderstand me—the simultaneous withdrawal of the people's savings from the banks and trust companies throughout the United States would be such a terrible temporary hardship that nothing could justify it but the absolute necessity for uprooting and eradicating the "System"; I should not hesitate, however, to face the full responsibility for such a move if the "System" cannot be destroyed in any other way, even though I were sure I should be lynched or torn limb from limb by those people who have been crazed and deluded, not by my teachings, but by the damnable doctrines and acts of the "System" and its votaries.

6. I am well aware that the result of the people's selling their stocks and bonds in concert and the withdrawal of their savings would bring a tremendous drop in the price of stocks and bonds. *This is what I am working for*, but I am proceeding in such a way that I believe when the crash comes the people will be free from their stocks and bonds. Your proposition that the bears will be the only beneficiaries, I regard as rot; on the contrary, I know that the people will benefit a dollar where the combined bears will benefit a cent. Pardon my giving vou here an A B C lesson in finance—I know a bear is no more dishonest than a bull. When a man tries to put up the price of stocks and bonds, he is a bull. When he tries to put them down, he is a bear. If a bull tries to put prices to a point of fair worth, he is an honest bull. When he tries to put them any higher than fair worth, he is a dishonest bull, for he does so for the purpose of obtaining from the one to whom the stocks are sold a greater gain than they are actually worth, and always by false pretenses. When a bear tries to put stocks from an artifically high price to their fair worth, he is an honest bear.

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When he tries to put them any lower, he is a dishonest bear, because he does so for the purpose of purchasing from their owners stocks or bonds at less than their fair price, that he may pocket the difference between the artificially low price he makes and the higher price at which he has sold, and this profit is procured by false pretense. You, and thousands like you, should get out of your heads the false notion that a bear is necessarily less honest than a bull.

7. Life-insurance is a great institution, and should be a sacred institution—*provided* it is honest life-insurance. He who would, for any dishonest reason, disturb the people's confidence in honest life-insurance I consider a criminal, but I am sure that one who, having the power to awaken the people to their peril, yet stands silently by and suffers them to be bled and plundered in the name of life-insurance is even a greater scoundrel.

What is life-insurance—honest life-insurance? A contract between two parties by which the first agrees, in return for a certain fixed charge per year, to pay to the family or other beneficiary of the second party, a stipulated sum in case of said second party's death; but it is plainly understood between them that the annual charge exacted by the first party shall be only such an amount as will insure the carrying out of the contract, plus whatever is the legitimate expense of conducting the business connected therewith. Under no circumstances would I say aught in disparagement of such a contract, but if I did not lift my voice against such life-insurance as is carried on by the Mutual, New York Life, and Equitable companies, knowing what I do know, I should be a deep-dyed scoundrel.

Life-insurance as it has been conducted in the past and as it is being conducted at present by these three companies, I regard as the most damnable imposition ever practised upon the people of any nation. Under the pretense that it is necessary to enable life-insurance companies to carry out their contracts, two million policy-holders are annually tricked into contributing from their savings sums which not only insure the performance of these contracts but enable the officers and trustees —mere servants of the policy-holders—to maintain the most gigantic stock-gambling machine the world has ever known. Through its operation the companies themselves not only make and lose millions at single throws of the dice, but the bands of schemers whose services it is pretended are essential for the transaction of the life-insurance business filch for themselves huge individual fortunes. Piled on to these excessive charges are additional amounts which enable these tricksters to maintain palaces, hotels, bars, and every conceivable kind of business, to pay for armies of lackeys and employees and private servants of officers and trustees, and for debauches and banquets which vie with any given by the kings and queens of the most extravagant and profligate nations on earth; in addition, enough more to accumulate huge and unnecessary funds—which are juggled with for the enrichment of individuals. Such wicked exactions and shameful extravagances constitute an imposition of the most wanton and criminal character, and those responsible should be sent to State prison for life, as too vicious and dangerous to be allowed freedom among an honest people.

I would say further that the trickery and frauds that have been practised by the New York Life and the Mutual Companies are fully as bad as, if not worse than, those of the Equitable, now publicly confessed.

8. It is difficult for me to answer such a question—just as difficult as it is for the mature man to answer the question of the child, "If the moon is made of green cheese, what kind of rat-traps do they use in heaven?" The "System" for forty years has taught the people that it is impossible for them to improve upon the conditions which the "System" has molded for its own plundering purposes, yet I have a simple Remedy, readily understood, which I believe the people will eagerly embrace as soon as it is given them. This Remedy is adjusted to laws now in force; and when it is put into operation those who have acquired enormous fortunes by trickery and fraud will find themselves deprived of their ill-gotten gains by the simple application of natural laws to which the said Remedy affords leverage and action. All honest people, the richest as well as the poorest, will be benefited in fair and just proportion. Once the Remedy is in force, it will be out of the power of the trickster and the thief to accumulate overnight scores of millions, although the Edisons, the Stephensons, the Morses, or any man who by brain or body does those things for his fellows which they cannot do for themselves, will continue to receive that great reward which the whole

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people in their wisdom and generosity decide is fair for exceptional services; the common miner, too, when he discovers the hidden gold, silver, or copper in the earth will obtain the same return as he is entitled to under to-day's laws, or even better.

9. This story is written, as I have explained so many times before, simply and solely in performance of my duty toward my country and its people and without hope or desire for reward of any kind.

10. I do not own any part of EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, nor have I any money interest in it, directly or indirectly. I have not made a dollar from EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE directly or indirectly, but, on the contrary, have spent hundreds of thousands of dollars to assist in getting my story into the hands of the people.

11. Before my first advertisement in December, at a time when I did not know how the people would take it, and when I did not know whether stocks would go up or down, I took my chance in the open of making loss or profit and did sell large amounts of stock short, making some hundreds of thousands of dollars profit; but when in the middle of the disturbance I saw how seriously the people took my message and that there might be a great panic, I began to buy, and thereby sacrificed a million of profits. But since then, that is, after I realized that the people would respond to my warnings, I have refrained from going short in advance of these advertisements, because I desire to keep strictly apart transactions conducted for my own personal account and operations I am directing for the benefit and safeguarding of the public. I am determined to use every means in my power to keep the people out of a dangerous market and to concentrate the billions of stocks in the hands of the "System," and am not actuated by any desire or necessity for gain. Already its votaries are tottering under their load and it is certain that in the forthcoming months they will employ every possible means to persuade the public back into their trap. More than ever, then, is it necessary to be firm against their blandishments, for when the crash comes it will be a terrific one, and those who have great holdings of speculative securities will surely find their values cut in half. Since my first public announcement I have not made enough out of market operations to pay even the expenses of any particular advertisement.

12. I shall not commit any crime; I have too much veneration for the laws of our country; although let it be understood that I may, at any time, commit what some hireling judge of the "System" may call a crime, *for I am going to call upon the American people to withdraw their deposited savings at the proper time; and the proper time will be that time when I am absolutely sure they will withdraw them. But I shall not resort to this last move unless it is certain that the "System" cannot be crushed in any other way.*

13. I will first thank God and then proceed to assist in burying the corpse of the "System."

14. The "System" will be brought to its knees; stocks will fall to figures representing their legitimate values and the public will reinvest its money therein, and thus regain control of the great transportation and industrial interests of the country which the "System" has filched from them.

15. I say unqualifiedly to the American people that this Remedy of mine will, when adopted, correct the greatest evil in the financial system of this country. That while it is simple it is absolutely new, and that neither I nor any one else can possibly benefit moneywise from it except in the same proportion as all other people in the country benefit.

16. My Remedy was worked out before 1894, and in that year, one year before I had met any of the "Standard Oil" people, it was so far perfected that I laid before Joseph Pulitzer, then and now owner of the New York *World*, in London, the identical first printed plan that I will print in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE when I judge the people are ready to receive it.

17. I unqualifiedly say to you and to the American people, that I lost millions of dollars more in what you call the Amalgamated swindle than I made, and that I lost trying to make good my word to the Amalgamated subscribers.

18. I have spent much more money, hundreds of thousands of dollars more, in getting this work, "Frenzied Finance," into the hands of the people than I have made through anything in any way connected with it.

PEAK'S ISLAND, ME., May 31, 1905.

T. W. LAWSON, ESQ.

Dear Sir: Have just finished June number of "Frenzied Finance."

You are running a "primary class" of High Fi-

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nance for millions; have been able to follow you up to this number, and my apology in writing to you is to state that I don't understand this lesson and I believe I am of the average intelligence of your readers.

I am not clear on the following points, and if you can take the time and have the desire to do so, I should be glad to have you set my gray matter moving in the right direction.

1. Why should subscribers think that a company, who had as good a thing as advertised, would sell the entire stock, thus giving an opportunity to any financier to gather in fifty-one per cent. and practically take away its good thing?

2. How would it have been possible for you with the $5,000,000 from the shares it was originally the plan to sell, to protect those 50,000 shares on a bear market with 700,000 shares in Messrs. Rogers and Rockefeller's possession?

3. Why would it not have been a crime to dispose of only 50,000 shares when the whole 750,000 were advertised?

4. Messrs. Rogers and Rockefeller were the Amalgamated Company after purchasing the capital stock from the office-boys, were they not?

5. If Rogers and Rockefeller paid for their shares, what became of the Amalgamated Company's $75,000,000 secured by sale of stock?

These may sound foolish to you, but I'm interested and should like to understand.

Permit me to state that I admire your pluck and ability and wish you success in your remedy, whatever it may be.

Respectfully yours,
(Signed) ————

Your first question is a hard one to answer, as it goes to the very foundation of "the stock market." In the ideal operation of stock markets, owners of valuable properties should always allow the public to join in their "good things" at fair prices, because all who thus participated would make money and would be ready for the next "good thing," and so on to the end. On the other hand, if the public were only invited into the "bad things," in time they would not come in on anything, good or bad, and there would be no stock market. The foundation of stock markets, like all other kinds of markets, is the public interest therein—for it is the people who own the great bulk of the money in the country, and its aggregate is far beyond the amount that the few very rich men possess. Stock markets are no different, at least should be no different, from horse markets, boot and shoe markets, or mowing-machine markets. The horse markets whose dealers sell to their patrons good horses at fair prices, succeed; those whose dealers offer only the "culls" and "no goods," fail.

2. Had I been able to keep 700,000 shares in the hands of Rogers and Rockefeller with but 50,000 in the hands of the public, Rogers and Rockefeller would never have permitted the stock to go down, because they would have lost $700,000 at every point drop and by "bearing" they could make only $50,000 a point drop. Stock schemers never "bear" a stock of which they own a large majority and the public a small minority.

3. It would have been no crime if Rogers and Rockefeller had subscribed honestly—that is, according to the advertised terms—for enough to secure the stipulated 700,000 shares, because there was nothing in the conditions which excluded them or any one from subscribing. The crime was in the way they obtained the amount thus retained and in their "intentions" subsequently executed, also in the selling of $27,000,000 worth of the stock when they had pledged their word solemnly to me in my capacity of protector of the people that they would sell but $5,000,000.

4. Yes.

5. The office-boys, equipped with the check of $75,000,000 provided by the National City Bank, were organized into a corporation and turned over to the treasurer of the new corporation the $75,000,000 check in payment for the capital stock of the company. The company then turned this same check over to Rogers and Rockefeller for the mining properties comprising the consolidation, for which Rogers and Rockefeller had paid thirty-nine millions of dollars; then Rogers and Rockefeller paid back to the office-boys the seventy-five-million check and received from them the seventy-five-million stock. The check was returned by the office-boys, who stood where they stood at the beginning of the transaction, to the bank, and canceled. Thus Rogers and Rockefeller at the close of the transaction had in their possession the entire capital stock of the Amalgamated Company.

MAY 29, 1905.

MR. THOMAS W. LAWSON,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: The writer of this letter has had much experience in literary matters, but does not remember ever reading after any one who could hold his interest as you can. He is an author himself (though not so well known as you), and feels some little ability to measure and appreciate not only literary worth, but the intentions of the author in hand. From the "internal evidences" alone he has a settled conviction that you are perfectly honest in this crusade, and from the bottom of his heart wishes you God-speed.

A few points are certainly not clear to the ordinary

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reader. Closely as I have followed you I cannot see some things as you think they should be seen. For instance:

1. Just why were you so fearfully wrought up at the thought of the public's getting ten millions instead of five? If you had such confidence in the gigantic possibilities of Amalgamated, why should you not have been glad to let the poor suffering public have ten millions, or twenty millions, instead of a paltry five millions? Was this hydrophobia of yours at the mere suggestion prompted by a perfectly pure or by a selfish motive? At the first did *you* not plan to let the public have very much more than this? Was it not your thought, I mean, that the public should be in the thing about equally with you promoters? Then why not welcome the suggestion of Rogers? I do not understand this at all.

2. About that "bogus subscription." Did you not all plan to do about the same thing? Did you not intend to have Rogers put in a towering subscription, large enough to cover the situation, and to permit the bank to reject all above the five millions to be allowed the public? I believe *you* expected Rogers to make it "genuine" by really putting it in in time, and by laying down his check for the five per cent.; but, as you fully expected to realize on the thing so quickly, did you not understand that the whole of this "subscription" would not have to be paid at all, and that your "check" was after all only technical? If I am right, how did this differ so greatly from what Rogers did? Was not your avowed object to cheat the public into thinking they were to be allowed to subscribe to seventy-five millions, when actually you were only going to let them subscribe to five? And if, on that last day, you knew the subscriptions were pouring in in such a flood, and knew that offers of a big premium were then being made, how in the world did the idea of letting the outside public have twenty millions or so (on which to immediately realize this premium) seem so abhorrent to you, when you professed to be looking after their interests?

The more I think of these points, the more mixed I become, and I think many, very many of your readers are in the same boat. Your illustration of the horse-race does not clear the matter a particle. It certainly does appear on the face of the facts you present, that the people who did not get any stock were the lucky ones, whether Rogers's precise action was criminal or not. You say yourself that it would have been good all round if you had pricked the bubble that night—that is, if you had then and there prevented anybody from getting any premiums, from buying or selling a share. Then in the name of reason, why was it not really good for those who were rejected, that they were left out?

3. Now, in plain language, brief and straight, what would you have deemed the right thing, that night at the bank? With hundreds of millions subscribed, how many shares would you have thought the public should have? How many do you think now? And how should the balance have been kept for you promoters? Perhaps in answering this you will make it plain.

Sincerely yours,

All my dealings had been conducted on the basis of selling to the public a fair amount of the first section of the consolidation and I had no tremors as to consequences. I knew that whatever allotment was made them would be worth all they were to pay for it, for I was personally familiar with the value of the properties of which the section was to be composed. When Mr. Rogers, as I have explained in my story, substituted an entirely new set of mines for those programmed for the first section—properties about which I knew only what he told me, and under circumstances that rendered me defenseless—from that time on my only guarantee against the jugglery and fraud I feared, was to keep in the hands of Rogers and Rockefeller so large a part of this stock that they could play no tricks on the public without themselves suffering much more severely. If they regarded the stock as so valuable a possession that it was a security to be held as "Standard Oil," then their attitude to it guaranteed its value, and no harm could come to any one. When, however, they showed a readiness to part with more shares than the number they had promised me they would not go beyond, my fears were aroused, for all the contingencies I dreaded at once became imminent. Besides, such action was proof positive that in their opinion the mines were not worth the price at which they were selling them. Later on, when I had practical evidence that they were unloading and proof positive that they were juggling the stock, I felt certain that these facts constituted proof positive that they had lied to me about the cost and worth of the Amalgamated mines.

My answer to Question 1 practically disposes of part of Question 2, and my replies to the other inquiries above take care of another part.

I did expect Mr. Rogers to make an honest subscription for that part of the stock which we were to retain and which I was doing all in my power to have him retain, not because I desired to hold all of the good thing and so cheat the public, but because I did not think it safe for the public to hold so many shares that it would be to Rogers's and Rockefeller's interest to "bear" prices later and take shares away from the holders at slaughter prices. In one sense it was not fair to lead people to imagine that they were being offered $75,000,000 of an issue when as a matter of fact they were really offered only $5,000,000, but if only $5,000,000 were offered, no harm could come to them, because every one who got some of it would make a profit, and those who received none would not suffer.

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TO THE POLICY-HOLDERS OF THE NEW YORK LIFE, MUTUAL, AND EQUITABLE INSURANCE COMPANIES

The time has come for you to act. When, less than a year ago, I began my story, "Frenzied Finance," I exposed the function of the three great life-insurance companies in the structure of the "System." I explained that they were controlled in the interests of great financiers and that their funds were juggled with to compass the huge plundering operations of Wall Street. At that time the New York Life, the Equitable, and the Mutual Life loomed before the American people as the greatest, most respected, and most venerable institutions in our broad land. To-day they stand for all that is tricky, fraudulent, and oppressive.

A great change to have been accomplished in less than twelve months!

My readers are by this time familiar with the condition of affairs in the Equitable. The greed, juggling, and grafting practised by its officers and controllers have been fully exposed through the press. I hope none of those who have followed the terrific arraignment of rottenness and rascality made through the Frick report are so foolish as to imagine that the evils described are confined to the Equitable. In my own opinion the Equitable is much less reprehensible than the New York Life, and when that institution and the Mutual are thoroughly shaken up, as they will be in the future, indubitable evidence of the same fashion of extravagance, trickery, and fraud will be found in plenty. Conditions in the three institutions are the same; though of late the New York Life has altered the character of most of its securities. Each has piled up an immense surplus which has been used through allied trust companies for stock juggling; each has paid extravagant commissions to agents; the funds of each have been managed to afford plentiful opportunities of graft to high officials; each has its real estate, fire-insurance, low rent, and loan favor graft; in each will be found the same type of syndicates as President Alexander and Vice-President Hyde used for their personal enrichment in the Equitable. To-day President John A. McCall of the New York Life is credited with possessing a fortune of between ten and fifteen millions—a few brief years ago he was State Superintendent of Insurance in Albany. The chief associate in the management of that corporation, George W. Perkins, J. Pierpont Morgan's partner, is another very rich man, whose wealth has been achieved in a few brief years. Do you imagine for a moment that such transactions as I set forth last year in connection with the New York Security and Trust Company, in which the interest of the New York Life was sold to a syndicate of its own directors for a sum far below the market value of the shares, were put through without the connivance of President McCall and Vice-President Perkins? Even if the New York Life, as its president explains, did make a large profit on the sale of the trust company's stock, he cannot deny that the syndicate paid far less than the then market value of the shares for the insurance company's holdings.

There is something particularly vile about the crimes of these high officials and distinguished gentlemen who have been waxing fat and luxurious on life-insurance graft. In a recent number of this magazine, I drew a parallel between the confidence operator and the burglar to show that the latter despises the former for a sneak thief who takes no chances in his thieving operations. Infinitely more depraved is the high placed functionary, presiding over a great institution built up out of the savings of millions of people, paid an immense salary for his important services, trusted with vast funds because of his reputation for integrity and business sagacity—who yet uses his splendid place to line his own pocket. Of all fiduciary institutions, life-insurance should be the most sacred. Its chief function is to care for the widow, the orphan, and the helpless. The millions of revenue paid annually into the life-insurance companies of this country represent the blood and tears and sweat of millions of Americans who thus provide for the care of their dear ones for the time when death shall have put an end to their own income-earning abilities. The administrator of a trust so solemn and exalted should devote himself to its safeguarding as a priest dedicates himself to the service of his Maker. The responsibility conferred on him is the highest and holiest man can repose in his fellow man. Remembering all this, consider again the revelations of greed and plunder in the Equitable; consider that millions upon millions of dollars have been filched and wasted; analyze the Frick report and the letter of President Alexander to the directors of the Society, calling for Vice-President Hyde's removal from office. Think, ye farmers and

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laborers, of personal traveling expenses of $75,000 in a brief period, of salaries of $100,000 annually paid for a few hours of work per day, think of vast sums of your money used to provide expensive safe-deposit institutions with low-priced quarters so that the personal income of men already multimillionaires may wax still greater. Think of the great institution to whose hundreds of millions' income you contribute your hard-earned dollars, being farmed, milked, and squeezed by a pack of dissolute and greedy schemers and robbers more conscienceless and oppressive than any band of thugs in the country.

When I began to discuss in EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE the subject of the three great life-insurance companies, I stated that there is actually nothing between the two million-odd policy-holders and the possibility of their being robbed of the billions of dollars of their accumulated savings but the devotion and the honesty of the men who are in control of these institutions.

You know what happened when I said this to you the first time—less than a year ago. The officers, trustees, and hirelings of these great companies laughed to scorn my statements and called me a liar and a scoundrel. They drew the attention of the whole world to the standing and wealth and honesty of the men who managed these great corporations, and proved by the most positive asseverations that nothing could be more preposterous than that any one of them could do wrong. But the great God, who seldom allows His children to remain long deceived to their undoing, heard these loud-mouthed protestations, and to-day the world is listening to exposures of low, mean thefts and contemptible crimes far worse than any to which I had pointed.

And from whom comes the proof of the treacheries and rascalities perpetrated within the Equitable? From the men who control and manage this great institution and its hundreds of millions of accumulations. When my accusations first appeared, these men saw the handwriting on the wall and some of them, bolder than others, determined to seize these vast hoards of the public's money and at the same time get possession of all evidence of past crimes so that they might be immune forever after from punishment and restitution. In the act of grabbing, however, the robbers fell out with one another, and, presto! they are in the public square where all men, women, and children, cats, dogs, and asses may hear and see as they gouge, bite, and accuse each other of the vilest crimes.

These are the men in whose custody even now are the accumulations on which you, Mr. Policy-Holder, are depending to take care of your wife and little ones, should you die. On the honor and responsibility of men who in the past five years have "saved" out of salaries of $20,000 to $100,000, private fortunes of millions, you must absolutely rely for the safety of the billions of dollars of your savings. The future of the helpless beings whom your hard daily labors provide with a livelihood is in the hands of men who admit having expended $100,000 of your money to provide a lordly and regal entertainment for a set of extravagantly paid agents and solicitors who, spurred on by prodigal inducements, have piled up huge amounts of new business on the company's books. I have explained to you before what such business is worth, that the agent gets so large a commission that he is practically in a position to accept risks at far below their cost to the company, and that such business as this is seldom renewed. The same men have been paying personal secretaries, gardeners, and flunkies out of your earnings; they have been feasting and traveling in private cars with large parties of the New York flubstocracy at your expense; every possible extravagance they have been guilty of out of the revenues some of you have worked fourteen to eighteen hours a day to gather in. Shame, I say, on such contemptible thievery.

I cannot resist the temptation to pull back the slide from one episode of the past. When my strictures on the three great life-insurance companies first appeared, one of the vice-presidents of the Equitable, Gage E. Tarbell, in writing to an inquiring policy-holder, said: "Pay no attention to Lawson; he is only a reckless stock gambler, and every sensible person knows that any man, no matter what his position might be, who would do anything to cause loss to the class of people we insure, must be a rascal." And this is the same man Tarbell, it is now admitted by all the Equitable officers and investigating committees, who, as soon as he saw the crisis coming in the affairs of the Equitable, had his pal, President Alexander, pay to him $135,000, which he claimed was due him for commission renewals, even though he was then in receipt of a salary of $60,000 per annum for his services. It is through the operations of this same Tarbell that the vast system of rebates, one of the

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chief evils of the present system of life-insurance, came into being, and through his prodigality that the immense sum of $2,000,000 stands on the books of the company, representing advance commissions to the pampered agents.

The time has come for all you policy-holders to act, and there is but one way to act.

A thousand and one schemes are afloat to confuse and trick you at this period. The cry is—anything to hush things, to confine the fire to the Equitable, at any cost, even though it totally consumes the $400,000,000 of the people's savings in that institution. I told you at the beginning that the New York Life was worse, if anything, than the Equitable, and the Mutual Life just as bad. Therefore, I unqualifiedly advise policy-holders to:

1. Pay up this year's premium—it will be the last to these plunderers.

2. Have nothing to do with any committee or scheme.

3. Write me, at once, your name, address, and the amount and character of your policy. I want nothing more from you, and under no consideration will I divulge your name without your further consent in writing.

I already have the names of thousands of policy-holders, but to make my plan instantly effective I must have scores of thousands.

My plan has for its aim and end, this and only this:

The absolute preservation of the face value of your policy.

The reduction of future premium payments to forty cents on the dollar on what you now pay.

The restitution of millions upon millions looted from the three great companies, or as much as can be collected after a careful examination of the books—and the punishment of the thieves.

Bear in mind *that I will not have any money connection with you in the working out of my plan. I pay my own expenses. I will not ask any reward or profit, money, office, or otherwise, nor will I under any circumstances accept any.*

Policy-holders are invited to fill out the coupon below and mail it to THOMAS W. LAWSON, 33 State Street, Boston, Mass.

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"Lawson and His Critics" will be continued in the August number.

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